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# FLORENCE



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# FLORENCE



**Ballantyne Press**  
**BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.**  
**EDINBURGH AND LONDON**

# F L O R E N C E

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF 'WALKS IN ROME' 'DAYS NEAR ROME' ETC.

*THIRD EDITION*

GEORGE ALLEN

8, BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR, LONDON

AND

SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON

1890

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Price Three Shillings

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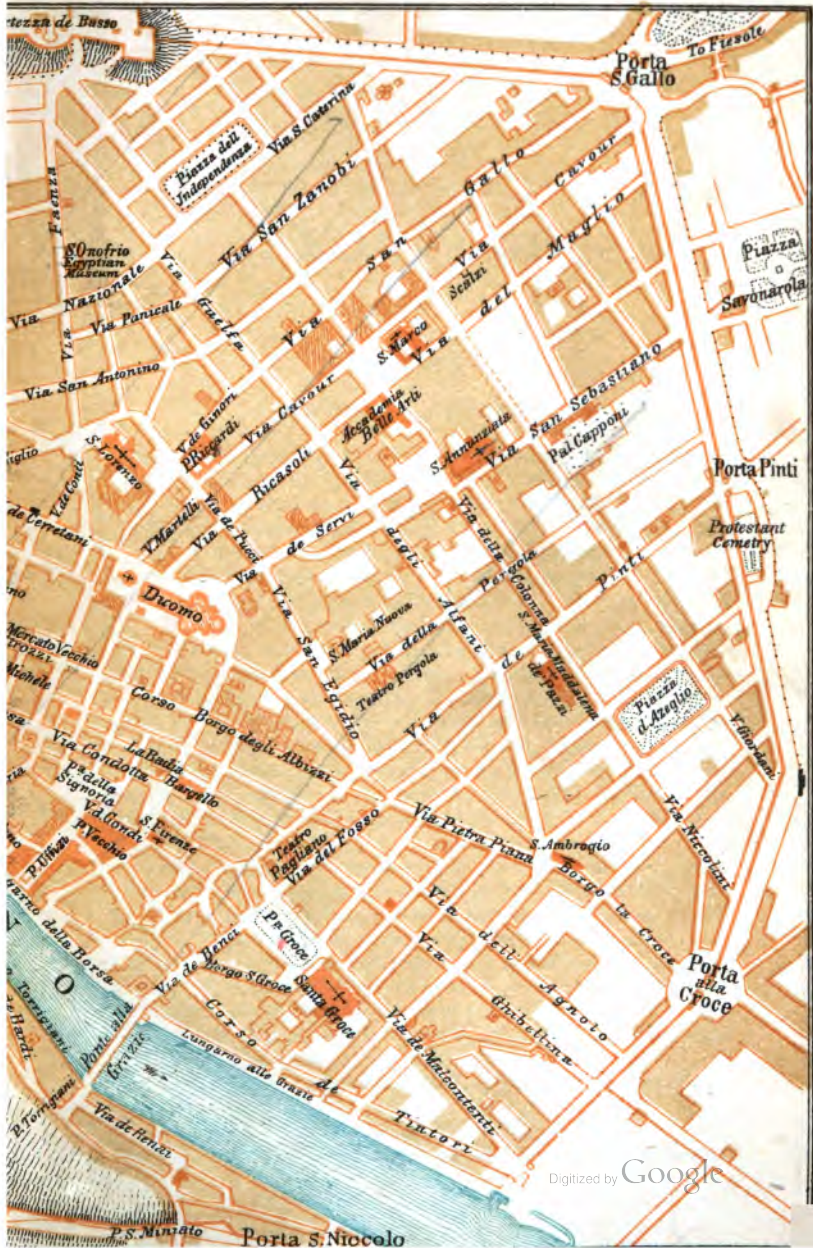
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# FLORENCE.



## CHAPTER I.

### GENERAL ASPECT.

*Hotels.* *Hôtel Europa* and *Hôtel du Nord*, Piazza della Trinità, are good hotels in a central situation. *H. New York*, *H. La Pace*, *H. de la Ville*, and *H. Vittoria*, on the Lung' Arno, have more sun and view. In a still better situation on the Lung' Arno, with a view of the Ponte Vecchio, are the *H. del Arno* and *H. de la Grande-Bretagne*, which join, and contain curious old rooms with frescoes by Poccetti, once inhabited by Cardinal Accajuoli, founder of the palace, who was murdered there. *H. Paoli*, at the end of the Lung' Arno della Zecca, near S. Croce, is a comfortable hotel and pension in a healthy, quiet situation, well suited for permanent winter quarters. Nearly in the same situation is the comfortable *Pension Lucchesi*. *La Minerva*, in a pleasant, quiet situation near S. Maria Novella, is a clean, old-fashioned hotel. The *H. Milano*, 12 Via Cerretani, and *H. d'Alleanza*, Via della Scala, are very tolerable and reasonable, receiving guests *en pension*. In the ugly Piazza dell' Indipendenza is the pension called *Villa Trollope*. The *H. Porta Rossa* is an Italian second-class hotel. The *H. de Rome* has a view of S. Maria Novella.

*Lodgings.* Good single rooms may be obtained at 30 frs. a month and 5 frs. a month for service, in sunny situations. Most of the houses on Lung' Arno and in the Borgognissanti, which are not hotels, are let in lodgings. There are many *pensions* on or near the Lung' Arno.

*Caffès.* Doney, 14 Via Tornabuoni, has a European *Restaurant* reputation. There is an inferior restaurant of the same name next door.

*Carriages.* Excellent street carriages cost: the course 80 c. The first  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, 1 fr. 30 c.; every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour after, 70 c. Outside the walls, the first  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, 2 frs.; each  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour after, 1 fr.

*Post Office.* In the Piazza of the Uffizi, opposite the entrance of the Gallery.

*Telegraph Office.* Pal. Ricciardi, 2 Via de' Ginori.

*Photographers.* For portraits the brothers Alinari, 8 Via Nazionale.

Schemboche, 38 Borgognissanti. For views of Florence, its pictures, sculptures, &c., Brogi, 1 Via Tornabuoni, also 15 Lung' Arno delle Grazie, and 17 Corso dei Tintori.

*Booksellers.* Flòr & Findel, 24 Lung' Arno Acciajoli, close to Ponte S. Trinità; Loescher, 20 S. Via Tornabuoni.

*Sights.* Those who sojourn long at Florence will probably make themselves acquainted with most of the buildings described in these pages. A week at least should be given to Florence. For those who are unfortunate enough to spend only two days here it may be suggested that they should—

*1st day, Morning.* Visit the Piazza della Signoria; the Uffizi (especially the Tribune); and walk through the Galleries to the Pitti, returning by the Ponte Vecchio.

*Afternoon.* See the frescoes in the Carmine, and drive by the Colle to S. Miniato; and, if possible, see the lower part of the Boboli Gardens afterwards.

*2nd day, Morning.* See the Medici statues in S. Lorenzo; the Cathedral and Baptistry; S. Croce; the Bargello, and return by the Casa di Dante.

*Afternoon.* See S. Maria Novella, and drive either to Fiesole or Careggi.

---

'Of all the fairest cities of the earth  
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem  
Of purest ray; and what a light broke forth,  
When it emerged from darkness! Search within,  
Without; all is enchantment! 'Tis the Past  
Contending with the Present; and in turn  
Each has the mastery.'—*Rogers.*

THE radiant loveliness of the country immediately around Florence renders it the most delightful of all Italian cities for a spring residence, and no one who has once seen the glorious luxuriance of the flowers which cover its fields and gardens, and lie in masses for sale on the broad grey basements of its old palaces, can ever forget them. May is perhaps the most perfect month for Florence. In winter the ice-laden winds from the Apennines blow bitterly down the valley of the Arno. Forsyth mentions that physicians say they can scarcely conceive how people can live at Florence in the winter, or how they can die there in summer.

Florence, 'La bellissima e famosissima figlia di Roma,' as Dante calls her, was, till 1888, less modernised than

Rome since the change of government, and though, during the short residence here of the Sardinian court, the magnificent old walls of Arnolfo, the greatest glory of the town, were destroyed, to the great injury of the place, with the towers which Varchi describes as 'encircling the city like a garland,'<sup>1</sup> several beneficial additions, such as the drive by the Colle, were introduced. Conservatism was, till recently, a natural part of the Florentine character, and there is scarcely the site of an old building or a house once inhabited by any eminent person which is not marked by an inscription. But, in the last few years, building speculations, encouraged by the Municipality, have done as much as possible to destroy the harmonious beauty of the place.

'Building anew, as though upon a barren land, without regard either to the architecture of the quarter, or any attention to the memories and associations of the past.'—*Franceschini*.

Endless buildings of interest have been swept away or are doomed to destruction.

'The ancient towers of the Amidei, the superb groups of the Piazza S. Biagio; the residence of the Arte della Seta, that of the Arte dei Rigatturi, and that of the Arte dei Linaioti, the house of the Lamberti, the palace of Dante di Castiglione, the towers of the Caponsacchi and the Ubaldini, the house and towers of the Amidei; two noble palaces of the Saosetti; the Anselmi, the Vecchietti, and the Buondelmonti palaces; the column of Santa Trinità, the interesting and ancient residences of the Via del Refe Nero and of the Vecchietti; and the mutilation or destruction of the fine xiv. palace of the Martelli, between the Via dei Cerretani and the Piazza del Olio, and of the palace of the famous Arte della Lana—all these, one and all, are condemned to destruction by the Municipality of Florence. . . .

'It has been reserved for the thankless sons of Florence, of a venal and degenerate time, to efface all that the cannon of the Spaniard spared, all that the German and Frenchman left unharmed.'—*Ouida*.

In few cities was the history of the place written more vividly and effectively upon its stones than in Florence.

Florence existed in Roman times, but never attained any importance till the Middle Ages. In 1198 it already stood at the head of a league of the Tuscan towns against Philip of Swabia. Dante complains of the changes which it strove to introduce in politics and civilisation:—

---

<sup>1</sup> Some of these were demolished in 1527.

'Quante volte del tempo che rimembre,  
 Leggi, monete, officii e costume  
 Hai tu mutato, e rinnovato membre?'

The principal families at this time were the *Buondelmonti* and *Uberti*, the *Amidei* and *Donati*. A widow of the noble house of Donati being determined to have no other son-in-law than the head of the great family of Buondelmonte, persuaded him to marry her daughter, who was of matchless beauty, while he was engaged to one of the Amidei. When the marriage was known, the Amidei, and their relations the Uberti, fell upon young Buondelmonte as he was riding across the Ponte Vecchio, and slew him at the foot of the statue of Mars. This murder threw the whole city into confusion, half the citizens siding with the Buondelmonti, half with the Uberti. But in 1246, when the Emperor Frederick II. favoured the Uberti, who as imperialists were now called Ghibellines, the Guelfs or Buondelmonti faction were expelled from Florence.

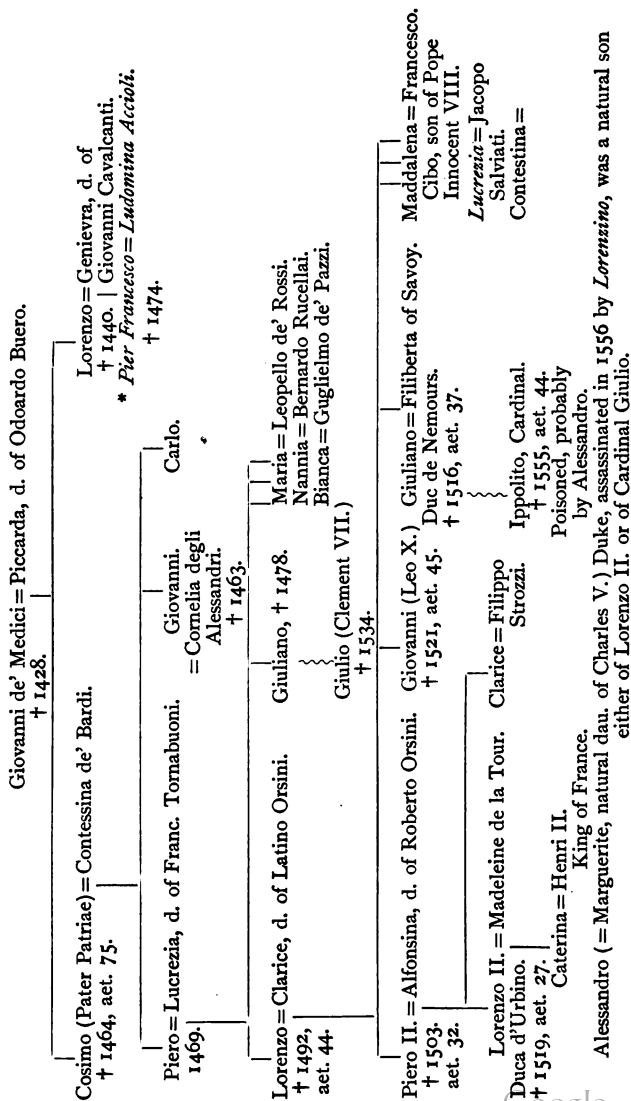
Upon the death of Frederick II. the Guelfs returned in 1250, and there was a reconciliation. A military confederation was then formed. The six divisions—*Sestiere*—of the town each chose two burgesses—*Anziani*—for a year, and, the better to avoid party spirit, two foreigners, one of whom was to serve as *Podestà*, the other as *Capitano del Popolo*. The confederation was divided under twenty standards, with an annual change of captains—*Gonfalonieri*. In battle, the *Carroccio*, a huge car, drawn by oxen with scarlet trappings, and supporting the standard of Florence, and a bell which was to ring ceaselessly, was to be the great centre and rallying-point.

When Manfred had gained possession of Naples, the Ghibellines hoped by his assistance once more to obtain the supreme power in Florence, but the Anziani discovered their plot and drove them out of the city. They fled to Siena, where, under Farinata degli Uberti, they completely defeated the Florentine army of the Guelfs in the *Battle of Montaperto*, and re-entered Florence in triumph. They would even have destroyed the city but for the noble defence of Farinata, who declared that he had only been induced to conduct the war by the hope of returning to his beloved native place. After Manfred, in fighting against Charles of Anjou, had lost his life and his kingdom, the Guelfs regained their lost power, and a new democratic constitution was formed. The town was then divided into guilds—*Arti*, and to each guild was given a responsible governor—*Consul*, with a *Capitano* and a peculiar standard—*Bandiera*. The guilds, originally only twelve, of which seven were of the upper classes (*il Popolo grasso*) and seven of the lower (*il Popolo minuto*), were afterwards increased to twenty-one, and even the nobles, if they wished to take part in the government of the town, were enrolled in a guild. When the Guelfs further established their power by calling in Charles of Anjou, before whom the Ghibellines

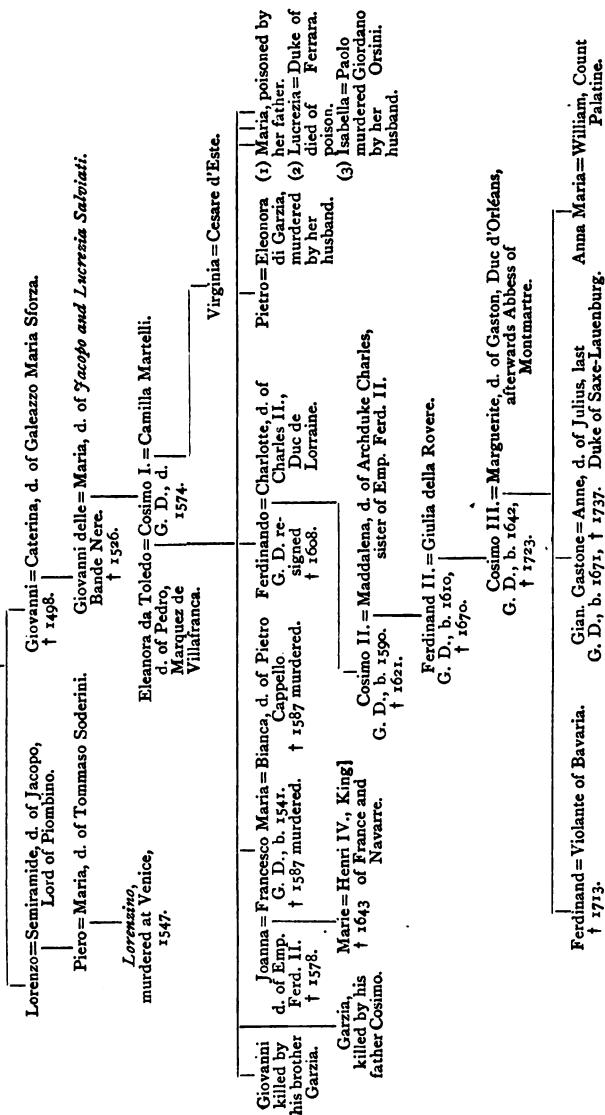
took flight, the council called *Signoria* was formed for the government of Florence. In 1289, the Florentine Guelfs, having established their own power, assisted the popular party at Arezzo in gaining the bloody *Battle of Campaldino*, in which Dante, who had been received into the Guild of Doctors, fought amongst the Guelfic troops. In 1298 the *Palazzo della Signoria* was built at Florence—*per maggior magnificenza e più securità de' Signori*, and many other new buildings were erected. Macchiavelli says—‘Never was the town in a more happy or flourishing condition than at this time, rich in population, treasure, and aspect; having 30,000 armed citizens, and 70,000 from its territory (*suo contado*); while the whole of Tuscany was either subject or allied to it.’

Florence had now such power as to fear neither the empire nor its own exiles, but its strength continued to be wasted by internal strife. Fresh elements of discord were found in the quarrels of the great family of the Cerchi, who had become powerful through trade, and the noble race of the Donati. The Cerchi adopted the name of *Bianchi*, the Donati of *Neri*, names borrowed from the Ghibelline and Guelfic divisions of the neighbouring Pistoia. Both were banished in turn, and it was the anger excited by the recall of the Ghibelline Guido Cavalcanti which led to the banishment of Dante, who was his personal friend, and who was condemned by a Guelfic court, under the influence of Corso Donati, afterwards himself exiled and put to death.

After the death of Charles of Calabria (in 1328), whose aggressions had made the foreign Signorie unpopular, foreigners were excluded from the government, till the successes of the Frenchman, Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens, as general of the Florentine army, led to his so far gaining the affections of the people, that, on Sept. 8, 1342, he was invested by popular acclamation with the sovereignty for life; but his rule of violence and pride was of short duration, and he was exiled in the following year. The Guelfs now returned to power, and strengthened their influence by the benevolence they showed during the great plague of 1348, which is described by Boccaccio (born 1313). The noble family of the *Albizzi* was now at the head of the Guelfs, and their arrogance was such that the Ghibellines and not the Guelfs became now rather the representatives of the popular party. Such was the case when the *Revolution of the Ciompi* took place under Michele Lando, who was chosen Gonfaloniere, and, in the words of Macchiavelli, ‘overcame every citizen by his uprightness, cleverness, and kindness, like a true deliverer of his country.’ The Ciompi, however, were soon expelled, and the Ghibelline family of the Medici, who had risen to wealth under the banker *Giovanni de' Medici*, coming forward as patrons of the *popolo minuto*, began to rise to power in spite of the utmost efforts of the Albizzi, who felt that their star was waning. Giovanni, who died in 1428, left an enormous fortune to his two sons, *Cosimo*, born 1383, and *Lorenzo*, born 1394. Both these were banished for a time by the influence of Rinaldo Albizzi; on their recall, Cosimo, who was made



\* *Pier Francesco de' Medici* = Ludomina, d. of Agnolo Accioli.  
† 1474.





Gonfaloniere, gained universal approbation by the magnificence with which his immense fortune enabled him to receive the illustrious guests who came to the Council of Florence in 1439, while his intercourse with men of genius led to his being regarded as a typical patron of the arts and sciences. It was at this time that Brunelleschi and Michelozzi graced Florence as architects; Donatello and Ghiberti as sculptors; Masaccio and Filippo Lippi as painters. The enthusiasm of Cosimo for Platonic philosophy led to his founding the famous Platonic Academy of Florence, in which Marsilius Ficinus, the son of his physician, was the leading spirit. The wonderful learning of Cosimo in Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages brought about the foundation of the Medicean Library, while his love of art led to the decorations of S. Marco by Fra Angelico. In the alliances of his children he thought rather of noble Florentine families than of foreign princes, in the financial world he was the Rothschild of his time, and he was so beloved by the people that shortly before his death the title of 'Father of his Country' was bestowed upon him by a public decree in 1464.

*Lorenzo de' Medici*, afterwards called 'the Magnificent,' was only in his sixteenth year when his grandfather Cosimo died, but his brilliant powers at once enabled him to take a part in public affairs, and to assist his feeble father Piero, who died five years afterwards. When the rich Luca Pitti (who was then employed in building the Pitti Palace) and others were discovered in a plot to overthrow the Medicean power, he turned them into friends, acting, in the words of Valori, on the principle that 'he who knows how to forgive, knows how to win everything.' At the famous tournament of the Piazza S. Croce (1468), which has been celebrated by Pulci and Politian, both Lorenzo and his brother Giuliano won prizes. Landino wrote a whole book upon the education of the Medici, which was chiefly carried on under Marsilio Ficino; they soon received the name of 'principi dello stato.'

Lorenzo married, in 1468, one of the noble Roman family of the Orsini. In 1469 his father died, and he was immediately requested to undertake the government of the State. He continued to seek the advice of the wisest counsellors, and then to act independently after mature consideration. He remained bound by the closest friendship to his brother Giuliano. He liberally expended for the benefit of the State the great treasure which he gained from trading speculations all over Europe. His encouragement made Florence at this time the capital of the Arts to the whole world; while a visit from Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan, introduced a fashion of display and luxury hitherto unthought of. In 1478, republican fears, mingled with private jealousies, led to the *Conspiracy of the Pazzi*, who leagued with the Riarii, nephews of Sixtus V. (whose arrogant claims had been resisted by Lorenzo), to murder both the Medici in the cathedral, and to raise a demonstration of freedom. Giuliano fell under the dagger of Francesco de' Pazzi as the Host was elevated, but Lorenzo, though wounded, was

able to take refuge in the sacristy, and when Jacopo de' Pazzi rushed with shouts of 'Freedom' through the streets, no one responded, and the people only rose for the Medici, crying 'Vivano le palle' (the arms of the Medici). The Pazzi and their co-conspirator, the Archbishop of Pisa, were executed. Sixtus V., furious, having vainly demanded the exile of the Medici, stirred up the King of Naples against Florence, when Lorenzo, to save the republic, delivered up his person, and gained over his enemy by his magnanimity ('vicit præsentia famam.'—Valori). Thenceforward the importance of Florence seemed to issue from Lorenzo as from a centre. Foreign courts sought not only his alliance, but his advice; even the Sultan placed himself in friendly relations with him, and sent him a giraffe and other animals. Commerce flourished, for since Florence had won the harbour of Leghorn from the Genoese in 1421, it had built its own ships, which traded in the ports of Asia Minor, the Black Sea, Africa, Spain, England, France, and Flanders. Till 1480, the galleys all belonged to the State, under the command of an admiral, the State letting them to the merchants as an assessment.

Florence, more than ever the centre of art and learning, had in 1471 its own printer, Cennini. Greek was the most popular of studies. Scholars, by their readiness of speech, had great weight in all political transactions; literary fame brought riches; and scientific conversation had its part in good society. Even ladies shone as philologists. Lorenzo, instructed by Landino, Filelfo, Ficino, Lorenzo Valla, Poliziano, Sannazaro, and brought up on the Platonic philosophy, was also a poet: his sonnet, 'O chiara stella, che co' raggi suoi,' is still well known. Amongst the artists he encouraged were Antonio Polajuolo and Luca Signorelli, the forerunners of Michelangelo, and he founded in the garden of S. Marco an academy for young artists, to which Michelangelo was admitted on the recommendation of Domenico Ghirlandajo. Lorenzo died at Careggi, April 8, 1492.

A partial reaction from the extreme luxury in which Florence had been revelling had been brought about two years before, by the sermons of *Savonarola*, the Dominican monk of S. Marco. His prophecies that a chastisement was at hand seemed to be fulfilled under the government of the weak *Piero de' Medici*, son of Lorenzo, who purchased the protection of Charles VIII. by the surrender, in 1494, of all the fortified places of the republic. The disgrace was so keenly felt by Florence that Pietro Capponi in the Signoria declared Pietro incapable of conducting affairs, and the Medici were expelled from Florence, amid cries of 'Abbasso le palle.'

On Nov. 17, 1494, Charles VIII. made a triumphant entry into Florence, but his exactions were restrained by the dignity of the Florentine deputy Capponi. After his departure, Savonarola was made law-giver of Florence. A council of 1000, with a select committee, like that of Venice, but with Christ as their King instead of a doge,

was the government which he advocated. In 1495, the entire organisation of the State was given up to him as the representative of the 'Christocratic Florentine Republic;' his throne was the pulpit. For three years he ruled in a manner which induced even Macchiavelli to acknowledge his greatness. During this time such an inspiration of love and sacrifice breathed throughout Florence, that unlawful possessions were restored wholesale, mortal enemies embraced each other, hymns not ballads were sung in the streets, the people received the sacrament daily, and over the cathedral pulpit and over the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio was written—'Jesus Christ is the King of Florence.' The public offices now included—'*Lustratori* (purifiers of worship), *Limosinieri* (collectors of alms), and *Moralisti*, who cleared the houses of playing-cards, musical instruments, and worldly books. In 1497 an attempt was made to restore the amusements of Carnival, but the adherents of Savonarola went from house to house collecting the *Vanità* or *Anatema*, that is, all sensuous books and pictures, which they burnt on a huge pyramidal pyre on the last day of Carnival, amid the blare of the trumpets of the Signory and the songs of the children.

But the old true Florentine spirit soon wearied of theocratic monkish government, and Pope Alexander VI., furious at Savonarola's having called his court the Romish Babylon, excommunicated the monk, who refused to recognise his prohibition to preach, saying that 'when the Pope orders what is wrong, he does not order it as Pope.' A Franciscan friar accused Savonarola of heresy, and challenged him to the ordeal by fire; he consented, but when the day came, the ordeal was postponed by trivial discussions, till a storm of rain had extinguished the flames. Then the prophet lost his glory, S. Marco was stormed, Savonarola was taken prisoner, was forced by the torture to confessions which he vainly recanted, and, on Ascension Day, 1498, he was hanged, and afterwards burnt, with his two principal followers, Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro.

It was about this time that Amerigo Vespucci of Florence, who gave his name to America, explored the coast of Venezuela.

Pietro de' Medici had died in exile in 1505, but in 1512 the Medici returned to Florence in the person of his son *Lorenzo* and his youngest brother *Giuliano*. In the same year Giovanni de' Medici ascended the papal throne as Leo X. Both the Medici who were 'restored' died very young, Giuliano in 1516, and Lorenzo in 1519, a year after his marriage, leaving an only daughter, Catherine de' Medici, afterwards the famous queen of France. Besides this infant, of descendants of Cosimo, Pater Patriæ, there only remained Pope Leo X., who was son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Cardinal Giulio, afterwards Pope Clement VII., son of Lorenzo's brother Giuliano (killed by the Pazzi), and two illegitimate youths, Alessandro, supposed to be the son of Cardinal Giulio, and Ippolito, son of Giuliano.

The illegitimate Medici were brought up at Florence by guardians appointed by their papal relatives, but after the misfortunes of Clement VII., called by Ranke—‘the very sport of misfortune, and without doubt the most ill-fated Pontiff that ever sat upon the papal throne’—the Medici were once more expelled from Florence by a revolution under Filippo Strozzi and his wife Clarice, herself the daughter of Pietro de’ Medici.

But the family fortunes again turned. Ippolito was created a Cardinal; and, in 1529, a league was made between Clement VII. and the Emperor, by which it was arranged that Alessandro should marry Margaret, the illegitimate daughter of the latter. Florence, defended by Michelangelo and his fortifications, was taken after an eleven months’ siege, and its republican freedom was finally lost August 3, 1530, at the *Battle of Gavinana* in the Apennines. On July 29, 1531, the imperial envoy announced to the Signoria the imperial decree which made Alessandro de’ Medici hereditary Duke of Florence, under the supreme sovereignty of the Emperor. Alessandro, who surrounded himself with a body-guard of 1000 men, and built a new citadel, was murdered by his relation Lorenzino in 1539, when *Cosimo I.*, son of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, succeeded in his 18th year. Cosimo imitated the great Lorenzo in founding the Academy of Florence and beginning the glorious collections of the Uffizi. In 1569 he was made *Grand-Duke* by Pope Pius V., and the title was confirmed to his son in 1575 by the Emperor Maximilian II. In 1574 he was succeeded by *Francesco I.*, who married first Joanna of Austria, sister of that Emperor, and secondly, the beautiful Venetian, Bianca Cappello, who had long been his mistress.

In 1587, upon the tragical death of Francesco and Bianca, his brother Cardinal Ferdinando de’ Medici succeeded, and was distinguished by his war against the Turks and his popularity. The next sovereign, *Cosimo II.*, who succeeded in 1609, was also distinguished as the protector of art and science. But the prosperity of Florence began to wane under the weak *Ferdinand II.*, and continued to do so under the vain *Cosimo III.* and the foolish *Gian-Gastone*, who was the last of the Medici except his sister, widow of the Elector Palatine, whom Gray the poet (1740) describes as ‘receiving him with much ceremony, standing under a huge black canopy,’ and as ‘never going out but to church, and then with guards and eight horses to her coach.’ With this childless princess, the family came to an end.

After the extinction of the Medici, in accordance with the conditions of the Peace of Vienna of 1735, Tuscany fell to Duke Francis Stephen of Lorraine (afterwards the Emperor Francis I.), the husband of Maria Teresa. Under his son and grandson it prospered exceedingly. In 1799 the French expelled the Grand-Duke, and in 1801 Tuscany was placed under the Infante Louis of Parma as the kingdom of Etruria: in 1808 it was ceded to France: in 1814 it was given back to the Grand-

Duke Ferdinand, whose son Leopold II., raised to the sovereignty in his 18th year, was the great benefactor of the lands of Tuscany, under the ministry of Count Fossombrone. In 1848 the Grand-Duke was compelled to recognise a radical ministry (Guerazzi, Montanelli, Mazzini, Prince Corsini-Lajatico). In 1849 he fled to Caieta, and for one fortnight Guerazzi ruled as Dictator. Then the Grand-Duke was recalled, imprudently strengthened himself with 10,000 Austrian soldiers, and in 1852 abolished the constitution. In 1859 he was compelled to abdicate. In 1860 Tuscany was incorporated with the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel; from 1863 to 1871 it was the capital of that kingdom. In 1871 it resigned its rank to Rome, and has since then sunk into a mere provincial city, bereft of the presence of a court, and paying more than six times the amount of taxes it paid under the Grand-Dukes. To its Medici princes and their Austrian successors it owes most of its noble buildings, and all its incomparable galleries and museums: the reign of Victor Emmanuel is commemorated by the tasteless front of S. Croce, and the total destruction of the noble walls which encircled the city, and which made Florence, with the exception of Rome, unique amongst European capitals. Under Umberto I. the historic interest of Florence has been constantly effaced.

In *Architecture*, Florence is richest in its *Palaces*, and these exceed those of any other city. The earliest architect of distinction was Arnolfo di Cambio (Cathedral, Palazzo Vecchio, Bargello); the earliest painter of importance was Cimabue (S. Maria Novella, Academy). Then came Giotto, as both architect and artist (Cathedral Tower, Pictures in Academy and Uffizi), the Orcagna (Loggia de' Lanzi, Or S. Michele, S. Maria Novella), and Fra Angelico (S. Marco, Uffizi, Academy). With the Renaissance of the fifteenth century arose Brunelleschi in architecture (Cathedral, &c.), Masaccio (Carmine) in painting, and Donatello and Ghiberti (Or S. Michele, Bargello collection, Baptistery, &c.) in sculpture. At the same time flourished Leo Battista Alberti (Palazzo Rucellai, S. Maria Novella), Michelozzo Michelozzi (S. Marco), Giuliano di S. Gallo, and others; while in sculpture the Robbias, Andrea di Verocchio, Benedetto da Majano, Rovezzano, and others, have left many incomparable works. With these came a host of noble artists, Filippo and Filippino Lippi (Carmine), Botticelli (Uffizi), Cosimo Roselli (S. Maria de' Pazzi), Domenico Ghirlandajo (S. Trinità), and Benozzo Gozzoli (Palazzo Riccardi), &c., whose glories only paled before their successors, Leonardo da Vinci (Uffizi, Pitti), Michelangelo (S. Lorenzo, Uffizi, &c.), Andrea del Sarto (Scalzi, Pitti), Fra Bartolommeo (Uffizi, Pitti), Mariotto Albertinelli (Uffizi), and others.

After the fall of Florentine freedom in 1530, Art began to decline at Florence, only finding a noble representative in the sculptor Giovanni da Bologna (Piazza della Signoria, Boboli Gardens). The works of the later architects, Buontalenti, Ammonati, &c., and of such artists as

Vasari and Allori, do not make us regret that they are few in number in comparison with those of their predecessors.<sup>1</sup>

The Galleries and Museums are due for the most part to the Medici, and after them to the Austrian Grand-Dukes, under whom they were kept up, and liberally thrown open.<sup>2</sup> Their treasures are inexhaustible, and almost every taste may be satisfied there. In the Galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti alone, a walk of several miles may be taken on a wet day, entirely under cover, and through an avenue of Art treasures the whole way. When we add to these attractions the proverbially charming, genial, honest, simple character of the Tuscan people, we feel that it would be scarcely possible to find a pleasanter residence than Florence in autumn or spring.

‘Une ville complète par elle-même, ayant ses arts et ses bâtiments, animée et point trop peuplée, capitale et point trop grande, belle et gaie—voilà la première idée sur Florence.’—*Taine*.

‘Other, though not many, cities have histories as noble, treasures as vast; but no other city has them living, and ever present in her midst, familiar as household words, and touched by every baby’s hand and peasant’s step, as Florence has.

‘Every line, every road, every gable, every tower, has some story of the past present in it. Every tocsin that sounds is a chronicle; every bridge that unites the two banks of the river unites also the crowds of the living with the heroism of the dead.

‘In the winding dusky irregular streets, with the outlines of their loggie and arcades, and the glow of colour that fills their niches and galleries, the “men who have gone before” walk with you; not as elsewhere, mere gliding shades clad in the pallor of a misty memory, but present, as in their daily lives, shading their dreamful eyes against the noonday sun, or setting their brave brows against the mountain wind, laughing and jesting in their manful mirth, and speaking of great gifts to give to the world. All this while, though the past is thus close about you, the present is beautiful also, and does not shock you by discord and unseemliness, as it will ever do elsewhere. The throngs that pass you are the same in likeness as those that brushed against Dante or Cavalcanti; the populace that you move amidst is the same bold, vivid, fearless, eager people, with eyes full of dreams, and lips

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<sup>1</sup> This account of the Florentine history is greatly indebted to that in the German work of Dr. Gsell-Fels.

<sup>2</sup> Now a fee is everywhere required.

braced close for war, which welcomed Vinci and Cimabue and fought from Monteperto to Solferino.

‘And as you go through the streets you will surely see at every step some colour of a fresco on a wall, some quaint curve of a bas-relief on a lintel, some vista of Romanesque arches in a palace court, some dusky interior of a smith’s forge or a wood-seller’s shop, some Renaissance seal-ring glimmering on a trader’s stall, some lovely hues of fruits and herbs tossed down together in a Tre Cento window, some gigantic heap of blossoms being borne aloft on men’s shoulders for a church festivity of roses, something at every step that has some beauty or some charm in it, some graciousness of the ancient time, or some poetry of the present hour.

‘The beauty of the past goes with you at every step in Florence. Buy eggs in the market, and you buy them where Donatello bought those which fell down in a broken heap before the wonder of the crucifix. Pause in a narrow by-street in a crowd, and it shall be that Borgo Allegri, which the people so baptized for love of the old painter and the new-born art. Stray into a great dark church at evening-time, where peasants tell their beads in the vast marble silence, and you are where the whole city flocked, weeping, at midnight, to look their last upon the dead face of their Michelangelo. Pace up the steps of the palace of the Signoria, and you tread the stone that felt the feet of him to whom so bitterly was known “*com’ è duro calle lo scendere e’ l’ salir per l’ altrui scale.*” Buy a knot of March anemones or April arum lilies, and you may bear them with you through the same city ward in which the child Ghirlandajo once played amidst the gold and silver garlands that his father fashioned for the young heads of the Renaissance. Ask for a shoemaker, and you shall find the cobbler sitting with his board in the same old twisting, shadowy street-way where the old man Toscanelli drew his charts that served a fair-haired sailor of Genoa, called Columbus. Toil to fetch a tinker through the squalor of San Nicolò, and there shall fall on you the shadow of the bell-tower, where the old sacristan saved to the world the genius of Night and Day. Glance up to see the hour of the evening, and there, sombre and tragical, will loom above you the walls of the communal palace on which the traitors were painted by the brush of Sarto, and the tower of Giotto, fair and fresh in its perfect grace as though angels had built it in the night just past, “*ond’ ella toglie ancora e terza e nona,*” as in the noble and simple days before she brake the “*cerchia antica.*” — *Pascarel.*

‘Il faut beaucoup aimer Florence, et on la doit étudier sans cesse, car elle est indispensable à l’humanité : elle a vu naître le poète de la *Divine Comédie*, engendré Michel-Ange—“l’homme aux quatre âmes,” et Galilée, le sublime aveugle qui lit dans les ténèbres et devine les secrets des mondes. Si Florence disparaissait de la surface du globe,

les archives de la pensée moderne auraient perdu leurs titres les plus précieux, et la race latine serait en deuil de ses aïeux.'—*Charles Yriarte.*

'Fair Florence, a city so beautiful, that the great emperor (Charles V.) said, that she was fitting to be shown and seen only upon holidays.'—*Howell, Familiar Letters.*

'O Florence, with thy Tuscan fields and hills,  
Thy famous Arno, fed with all the rills,  
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy !'—*Coleridge.*

'O ! Foster-nurse of man's abandoned glory,  
Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendour,  
Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,  
As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender :  
The light-invested angel Poesy  
Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.'—*Shelley.*



## CHAPTER II.

### FROM THE SS. TRINITÀ TO S. CROCE.

THE *Piazza SS. Trinità* is, perhaps, the most central position in Florence, and near it are many of the principal hotels. Let us therefore take this as a starting-point for our various excursions over the city.

The centre of the square is occupied by a pillar from the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, given to the Grand-Duke Cosimo I. by Pius IV. It supports a statue of Justice by *Francesco Ferrucci*. There is a pretty Florentine story that the figure is that of a beautiful girl, a servant in the opposite palace, who was executed for stealing a chain of pearls, which was found, years afterwards, in the scales of Justice, where it had been concealed by a jackdaw. The Hôtel du Nord opposite was built by the youngest of three brothers. One day, whilst they were dining, news was brought that a ship they had sent out had entered port, laden with precious treasures. Two of the brothers would not forego their midday siesta afterwards; the third went at once to secure the spoils: 'Senza dormire,' engraved over one of the doors inside the old house, commemorates this story. The neighbouring *Church of SS. Trinità* dates in its foundation from the ninth, but was entirely altered in the sixteenth century. The façade is by *Bernardo Buontalenti*. Over the entrance is a relief of the Holy Trinity by *Giov. Coccini*. Entering the church, on the right of the central door is a marble shrine delicately sculptured with arabesques by *Benedetto da Rovezzano*, 1490-1550.

*Right. 1st Chapel.* A bronze crucifix given to Florence by the Confraternity of the Bianchi.

*4th Chapel* (which has a very rich iron screen). An Annunciation by *Lorenzo Monaco*, commonly called *Don Lorenzo*, a Camaldese friar.

'The quiet grace and the thoughtful character of the two happily placed figures has given a sort of typical value to this picture.'—*Burckhardt*.

*The Sacristy*, built in 1421 by *Palla Strozzi*, contains his tomb. He was banished to Padua with the Medici, with whom he returned in 1434, to build the original Palazzo Strozzi.

*The 2nd Chapel to the right of the high-altar* has monuments of Francesco Sassetti and Nera Cosi his wife, by *Giuliano di San Gallo*. This chapel contains some of the most beautiful works of *Domenico Ghirlandajo*, executed in 1485, and in almost perfect preservation. They represent, in a series, the Life of S. Francis.

- 1 (*on right lunette*). He renounces the world.
- 2 (*central*). He receives the confirmation of his order from Pope Honorius.
- 3 (*left*). He passes unhurt through a fire, in presence of the Sultan.
- 4 (*right*). He receives the Stigmata at La Vernia. The convent is seen in the background.
- 5 (*left*). His death.

'The fresco of the death of S. Francis is not only the most important and interesting of the series, but the one which, perhaps more than any other of his works, combines the highest qualities of Ghirlandajo as a fresco painter. The body of the dying Saint, wrapped in the coarse garment of his order, is stretched upon a bier. His disciples gather round him. One looks with an expression of most lively grief into the face of his expiring master. Others, kneeling, press his hands and feet to their lips with deep emotion. A citizen, in the dress of the painter's time, opens the garment of the Saint, and places a finger on the miraculous wound in his side. Another, amazed at the sight of the "stigmata," turns to a friar beside him. At the head of the bier stands a bishop, with spectacled nose, chanting the office for the dead. On either side of him is a priest, one bearing a censer, the other ready to sprinkle the corpse with holy water. At the other end of the bier are three acolytes, carrying a cross and lighted torches. Several citizens of Florence, also in the costume of Ghirlandajo's day, appear as spectators. The one in a red head-dress immediately behind the bishop is the painter himself. The background consists of an apse with an altar, and an open colonnade of classic architecture, through which is seen a distant landscape of hill, plain, and river.'—*A. Layard*.

6 (*above the altar*). He appears in the clouds to restore to life a child of the Sassetti family, killed by falling from a window. In the background are the Palazzo Spini and Bridge of S. Trinità. On the left is the famous youth, called 'Il Bello.'

On either side of the altar are the kneeling portraits of the donors Francesco and Nera Sassetti. On the ceiling are four Sibyls.

Among the relics preserved here is the *Crucifix*, which is believed to have bowed its head to S. Giovanni Gualberto, after his forgiveness of his brother's murderer. It is a painting on canvas stretched on a wooden frame, and was brought hither in great state from S. Miniato in 1671, under a canopy supported by eight senators, and followed by all the Florentine nobles and religious orders.

On the ancient façade of the church was a mosaic representation of a pyx and consecrated wafer, commemorating a fight between the Guelfs and Ghibellines, in 1257, within the walls of the church, which was quelled by the priest bearing the sacrament, before which the armed foes first knelt to adore, and then rose in reconciliation.

Passing between the *House of Alfieri* on the right and the picturesque *Palazzo Spini* on the left, we find ourselves on the bank of the Arno, on the famous *Lung' Arno* of Florence.

'The houses, which rise out of the Arno, bright with soft tints of colour, irregular, picturesque, various, with roofs at every possible elevation, the one sole point necessary being, that no two should have the same level—the outline broken with loggias, balconies, projecting lines, quaint cupolas, and spires; the stream flowing full below, reflecting every salient point, every window on the high perpendicular line, every cloud on the blue overarching sky;—this fair conjunction gives, at the first glance, that gleam of colour, light, sunshine, and warmth which is conventionally necessary to an Italian town.'—*Blackwood*, DCCV.

If we turn to the left, and ascend the bank of the river by Lung' Arno Accajoli and the Via Archibusieri, we shall soon reach the end of the stately porticoes of the Uffizi. Here, through the arches which open towards the Arno, and between which stand statues of the Florentine heroes, Francesco Ferrucci, Giovanni delle Bande Nere, and Farnata degli Uberti, we look to the tower of the Signoria and the statues at its foot, down a long narrow square surrounded by open porticoes. It is one immense palace, and is filled with most precious art-treasures. The palace

of the Uffizi was begun for Cosimo I. by *Giorgio Vasari* in 1561, and finished by *Buontalenti* in the reign of Francesco I. The pillars of the colonnades are adorned with statues of the great Florentine sculptors, painters, poets, historians, and other eminent citizens. The best is that (fifth on left) of the Archbishop S. Antonino. At the extremity of the arcade on the left is the *Post Office*, occupying the site of the ancient *Zecca*, or Mint.

The first open staircase on the right leads to the *National Library*, occupying what was once the first Florentine Theatre. Here was first performed the 'Armida' of Tasso, who rode from Ferrara to express his gratitude to Buontalenti, the designer of its scenes. The *Library* contains about 200,000 printed volumes, and 14,000 MSS. That part of it which is called the *Magliabecchian Library* was begun in the seventeenth century by a poor man named Antonio Magliabecchia, whose talents drew the attention of Cosimo I., by whom he was made librarian. His immense learning caused Mabillon to write of him as 'Ipse museum inambulans, et viva quaedam bibliotheca.' His whole life was one of the utmost parsimony for the sake of collecting books, and he died in the Infirmary of S. Maria Novella in 1714, bequeathing his library to the city of Florence. It has since been greatly increased, and was united to the *Palatine Library* in 1864.

The halls of the Library are remarkable as having witnessed the meetings of two famous literary societies; the *Accademia della Crusca*, founded by Cosimo I., in order to improve the Italian language by separating the wheat from the bran—whence the name, from *crusca*, bran;<sup>1</sup> and the *Accademia del Pimento*, founded by Ferdinand II. in 1657, with the object of testing all discoveries by experiments. This society only lasted for twenty years.

The *Library* includes 300 volumes of letters and papers of Galileo and his contemporaries (amongst them a letter of Vincenzo Viviani, proving that Galileo was the first to apply the pendulum to a clock); the Bible of Savonarola, with

<sup>1</sup> The *Accademia della Crusca* still meets in the Convent of S. Marco.

his written comments on the margin, and his breviary with an inscription by his pupil Fra Serafino; the letters of Benvenuto Cellini (one describing the death of his child); a sketch-book of Lorenzo Ghiberti; a missal said to have belonged to the Emperor Otho III. (983-1002); and other treasures.

The second great entrance of the Uffizi leads to the famous *Gallery* (on the second floor, open daily, on payment of one franc per head), originally founded by Cosimo I., with the relics of the treasures accumulated by his Medicean ancestors, and splendidly enriched by his successors.

In the *1st Vestibule* are interesting *Busts* of the Medici, to whom we owe the collection. They do indeed present curious phases of transition from Lorenzo and Cosimo I. to John Gaston!

In the *2nd Vestibule* are the famous *Florentine Boar* and two *Wolf-Dogs*. The statues are unimportant.

Hence we enter the *Corridors*, painted with arabesques, &c., in 1581, by *Poccetti*. Among the art-treasures here are a series of *Busts* of Roman Emperors and their families only surpassed by those at the Capitol.

'Among these latter busts we count by scores,  
Half Emperors and quarter Emperors,  
Each with his bay-leaf fillet, loose-thonged vest,  
Loric and low-browed Gorgon on the breast,—  
One loves a baby face, with violets there,  
Violets instead of laurel in the hair,  
As those were all the little locks could bear.'—*R. Browning*.

Several of the *Statues* are good, though they are not first rate, and the raptures of Shelley are somewhat exaggerated; the best are:—

#### *1st Corridor:*

59. Athlete with a vase.

88. Ganymede. 'A statue of surpassing beauty. One of the eagle's wings is half enfolded round him, and one of his arms is placed round the eagle, and his delicate hand lightly touches the wing; the other holds what I imagine to be a representation of the thunder. These

hands and fingers are so delicate and light that it seems as if the spirit of pleasure, of light, life, and beauty, that lives in them, half lifted them and deprived them of the natural weight of mortal flesh. The roundness and fulness of the flowing perfection of his form is strange and rare. The attitude and form of the legs, and the relation borne to each other by his light and delicate feet, are peculiarly beautiful. The calves of the legs almost touching each other, one foot is placed on the ground a little advanced before the other, which is raised, the knee being a little bent as those who are slightly, but slightly, fatigued with standing. The face, though innocent and pretty, has no ideal beauty. It expresses inexperience and gentleness and innocent wonder, such as might be imagined in a rude and lovely shepherd-boy and no more.'—*Shelley*.

### 2nd Corridor :

*Left.* Boy taking a thorn out of his foot—most beautiful, though much restored.

*Left. Minerva.*

'Her face uplifted to heaven is animated with a profound, sweet, and impassioned melancholy, with an earnest, fervid, and disinterested pleading against some vast and inevitable wrong ; it is the joy and the poetry of sorrow, making grief beautiful, and giving to that nameless feeling which from the imperfection of language we call pain, but which is not all pain, those feelings which make not only the possessor but the spectator of it prefer it to what is called pleasure, in which all is not pleasure.'—*Shelley*.

*Right. Venus Anadyomena.*

'She seems to have just issued from the bath, and yet to be animated with the enjoyment of it. She seems all soft and mild enjoyment, and the curved lines of her fine limbs flow into each other with never-ending continuity of sweetness. Her face expresses a breathless yet passive and innocent voluptuousness without affectation, without doubt ; it is at once desire and enjoyment and the pleasure arising from both. . . . Her form is indeed perfect. She is half sitting on and half rising from a shell, and the fulness of her limbs, and their complete roundness and perfection, do not diminish the vital energy with which they seem to be imbued. The attitude of her arms, which are lovely beyond imagination, is natural, unaffected, and unforced. This perhaps is the finest personification of Venus, the Deity of superficial desire, in all antique statuary.'—*Shelley*.

Amongst the best of the *Pictures* on the walls are :—

2. *Cimabue.* S. Cecilia and the Story of her Life.

'St. Cecilia is here quite unlike all our conventional ideas of the youthful and beautiful patroness of music—a grand matronly figure seated on a throne, holding in one hand the Gospel, in the other the palm. The head-dress is a kind of veil; the drapery, of a dark-blue, which has turned greenish from age, is disposed with great breadth and simplicity; altogether it is as solemn and striking as an old mosaic. The picture stood over the high-altar of her church, and round it are eight small compartments representing scenes from her life; the incidents selected being precisely those which were painted in the portico of her church at Rome, and which in the time of Cimabue existed entire.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art,'* ii. 590.

6. *Giotto*. The Garden of Gethsemane.—The donor kneels in the corner. *see the History.*  
7. *Giotto*. (A very rare master.) The Entombment.

'Cette scène pathétique fut traitée à plusieurs reprises, et toujours avec amour, par Giotto et par ses disciples; mais ni lui ni eux ne parvinrent jamais à réaliser à ce point la manifestation d'une douleur dont il n'est donné à aucun esprit créé de mesurer la profondeur. Quelle éloquence muette dans ces clous sanglants, montrés par un des assistants et imités depuis par Fra Angelico! Quel style de draperies, et quel coloris plein d'harmonie et de vigueur!'—*Rio, 'L'Art Chrétien.'*

8. *Simone Memmi*, 1333. The Annunciation. *see 2, 3*

'The awkward drawing down of the corner of the mouth in the Madonna gives a fretful expression.'—*Burckhardt*.

12. *Lorenzetti*. The Story of a Hermit's Life.  
13. *Neri de' Bicci*. The Annunciation.  
16. *Lorenzo Monaco*. The Crucifixion, with angels catching the blood.  
18. *Lorenzo de' Bicci*. SS. Cosmo and Damian (removed from the cathedral). Beneath are the Miracle of the Moor and the Martyrdom of the sainted doctors.  
21, 28, 38. *Pietro di Cosimo*. The story of Andromeda.  
24. *Lorenzo di Credi*. Holy Family.  
26. *Giuliano Pesello*. The Coming of the Magi.  
29. *Paolo Uccello*. A Battle-Scene.  
30. *Antonio di Pollajuolo*. A Portrait.  
36. *Luca Signorelli*. Virgin and Child—a poor specimen of this great master.

'In this Madonna, the spiritual parent of Michelangelo announces himself already to those who can understand. There is nothing unusual in the figure of the Virgin in dark red and dark blue, who, as she sits, half turns round to hold with both hands the child standing at her

feet. What is unusual is the little group in the background. For the customary shepherds, there stand four naked figures modelled in strong light and shade, and showing that this, the unclothed frame and anatomy of men, is the thing the painter cares for and will have, wherever he can get it.—S. C.

41. *Gerino da Pistoia*, 1529. The Madonna and Child with saints, —on right, S. James, S. Cosimo, and S. Mary Magdalen; on left, S. Catherine, S. Louis, and S. Roch.

The second door on the left of the gallery leads into *The Tribune*, a room originally built by the Grand Duke Ferdinand I., to contain a collection of precious stones, but now devoted to the gems of painting and sculpture. Of the latter there are five *Capi d'Opera*, viz. :—

1. Facing the Entrance. *The Venus de' Medici*—one of the most perfect specimens of the art of sculpture existing—found in Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli. This statue cannot be understood in a single visit.

'We must return, and once more give a loose  
To the delighted spirit—worshipping,  
In her small temple of rich workmanship,  
Venus herself, who, when she left the skies,  
Came hither.'—*Rogers*.

'Her modest attitude is partly what unmakes her as the heathen goddess, and softens her into woman. On account of the skill with which the statue has been restored, she is just as whole as when she left the hands of the sculptor. One cannot think of her as a senseless image, but as a being that lives to gladden the world, incapable of decay or death; as young and fair as she was three thousand years ago, and still to be young and fair as long as a beautiful thought shall require physical embodiment.'—*Hawthorne*.

'The goddess loves in stone, and fills  
The air around with beauty; we inhale  
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils  
Part of its immortality; the veil  
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale  
We stand, and in that form and face behold  
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail,  
And to the fond idolaters of old  
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould  
We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart



Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—  
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,  
We stand as captives, and would not depart.'—*Byron*.

2. *Lottatori*, or Wrestlers.

'Two youthful figures are wrestling with the utmost might of a physical strength that has been trained in gymnastic exercise. Both are so ingeniously entwined in each other that the group is beautifully constructed, and yet the two figures are everywhere distinctly separable. The one thrown down seems for the moment to have the worst of it, though not to such an extent that the issue is already decided. On the contrary, the uncertainty of the result keeps the spectator in the same suspense as in similar scenes in the gymnasium. Art has here admirably transformed into marble one of those scenes which the Palaestra daily afforded to the attentive observer.'—*Lübke*.

3. *L' Arrotino*, the Slave whetting his knife.

4. *The Apollino*.

'The god is conceived in the supple form of youth, and exhibits the same position of easy rest and self-indulgence which characterises several works by Praxiteles. The left arm, which probably held the bow, is supported against the stem of a tree, and the right arm is resting on the head. The figure thus acquires an extremely finely felt contrast in its whole outline, and produces the effect of almost dreamy ease.'—*Lübke*.

'It is difficult to conceive anything more delicately beautiful than the Ganymede ; but the spirit-like lightness, the softness, the flowing perfection of these forms, surpass it. The countenance, though exquisitely lovely and gentle, is not divine. There is a womanish vivacity of winning yet passive happiness, and yet a boyish inexperience exceedingly delightful. Through the limbs there seems to flow a spirit of life which gives them lightness. Nothing can be more perfectly lovely than the legs, and the union of the feet with the ankles, and the fading away of the lines of the feet to the delicate extremities. It is like a spirit even in dreams. The neck is long yet full, and sustains the head with its profuse and knotted hair as if it needed no sustaining.'—*Shelley*.

5. *The Dancing Faun* (with restorations by Michelangelo).

The Pictures are selected as *Capi d' Opera* of the Masters, and are arranged without reference to schools or dates. They are, beginning near the door on the left :—

1104. *Spagnoletto*. S. Jerome.

1105. *Schidone*. Holy Family.

1106. *Lanfranco*. S. Peter.

1107. *Daniele di Volterra*. Massacre of the Innocents. From the cathedral of Volterra.

1108. *Titian*. Venus. From the Urbino collection, painted for Guidobaldo II.

C'est une courtisane, mais c'est une dame; en ce temps-là, la première qualité n'effaçait point l'autre.'—*Taine*.

\*1109. *Domenichino*. Portrait of Cardinal Agucchia.

1110. *Orazio Alfani*. Holy Family.

\*1111. *Andrea Mantegna*. The Adoration of the Magi, with the Circumcision and the Ascension, a triptych which belonged to the Gonzaga, who sold it to Antonio de' Medici, Prince of Capistrano. A picture full of powerful and poetic detail.

\*1112. *Andrea del Sarto*. 1517. Madonna with S. John and S. Francis.

1113. *Guido Reni*. Madonna.

\*1114. *Guercino*. The Samian Sibyl.

1115. *Vandyke*. Portrait of John of Montfort.

1116. *Titian*. (1552.) Portrait of the Papal Nuncio Beccadelli.

\*1117. *Id.* Venus. From the Urbino collection.

\*1118. *Correggio*. Rest on the Flight into Egypt.

\*1119. *Fed. Baroccio*. Portrait of Francesco Maria della Rovere II.

\*1120. *Raffaelle*. Portrait of a woman, wrongly called Maddalena Doni, sitting in sad and serene indifference. Observe the exquisite details of her dress and chair.

1121. *Andrea Mantegna*. Portrait of Elisabetta Gonzaga, wife of Duke Guido Gonzaga of Mantua, sometimes ascribed to Bonsignori.

1122. *Perugino*, 1493. Madonna with S. J. Baptist and S. Sebastian. From S. Domenico di Fiesole.

\*1123. *Raffaelle*. Female Portrait called the Fornarina. Some attribute this portrait to Sebastian del Piombo.

In the Inventory of the works of art in the Tribune in 1589, this portrait is inscribed without a name. The woman was then unknown. Passavant believes it to represent Beatrice Ferrarese, of whom Vasari mentions a portrait. She was distinguished by her mental powers, to which her crown is supposed to have reference, and she was well known to Cardinal Bembo, the friend of Raffaelle. The ordinary stories about Raffaelle's acquaintance with the Fornarina are mere modern inventions.

'La Fornarina, quelque belle qu'elle soit, ne franchit pas le seuil des sens: son œil n'a que de l'éclat, c'est la femme!'—*Madame Swetchine*.

\*1124. *Francesco Francia*. Portrait of Vangelista Scappi.

1125. *F. Francia*. Madonna and Child with S. John, falsely attributed to Raffaelle.

1126, 1130. *Fra Bartolommeo*. Two Prophets. From the Chapel of the Annunziata.

\*1127. *Raffaello*. S. John in the Wilderness—painted for Cardinal Colonna.

‘Ce tableau, comme science et goût de dessin, ne répond pas complètement à une superbe et magistrale étude d’après nature, que Raphaël en avait faite d’abord. Il a bien plus l’aspect d’une figure académique que d’une scène religieuse ou historique. On doit croire qu’un élève y a collaboré.

‘Mais, justement à cause du goût qu’on professait alors pour le nu, le saint Jean-Baptiste obtint des louanges excessives, et il fut souvent copié. Donné par le cardinal au médecin Jacopo da Carpi qui l’avait guéri d’une grave maladie, il passa ensuite chez Francesco Benintendi à Florence, et, depuis 1589, il se trouve à la Tribune.’—*Passavant*.

‘Un beau corps de quatorze ans, florissant et sain, en qui revit le plus pur paganisme.’—*Taine*.

1228. *Vandyke*. Charles V. on horseback.

\*1129. *Raffaello*. ‘La Madonna del Cardellino.’

‘The divine goodness expressed in the countenance of the Child Jesus, whilst he holds his hands over the little bird, and seems to say, “Not one of these is forgotten by my Father,” is beyond all description.’—*Frederika Bremer*.

\*1130. *Raffaello*. Portrait of Julius II. A replica of the picture in the Palazzo Pitti.

‘Dur et violent Génois, variable comme le vent de Gênes.’—*Michelet*.

1132. *Correggio*? Head of S. J. Baptist in a charger.

1133. *Ann. Caracci*. A Nymph and Satyr.

\*1134. *Correggio*. Madonna praying over the sleeping Child. A present from the Duke of Mantua to Cosimo II.

1135. *Bernardino Luini*. Herodias’ daughter with the head of S. J. Baptist.

1136. *Paul Veronese*. Holy Family with S. Catherine.

1137. *Guercino*. The sleeping Endymion.

1138, 1142. *Lucas Kranach*. Adam and Eve.

1139. *Michelangelo*. Holy Family, painted for Angelo Doni, whose portrait, by Raffaello, is in the Pitti Palace.

1140. *Rubens*. Pleasure and Duty.

1141. *Albert Dürer*. The Adoration of the Magi.

\*1143. *Lucas van Leyden*. Christ bound—a solemn and mysterious picture.

1144. *Giulio Romano*. Madonna.

1145. *Ludovico Caracci*. Eleazar and Rebekah.

The long narrow room adjoining (on the left) is devoted to small pictures of the Tuscan School. They are ill arranged. Among them are:—

1149. *Crist. Allori*. The Reading Magdalen.  
 1155. *Bronzino*. Garzia de' Medici, the murdered son of Cosimo I.  
     —a boy in a red dress with a bird.  
 1157. *Leonardo da Vinci*. A small portrait. } *both doubted*  
 \*1159. *Id.* Head of Medusa.

'Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie  
 Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,  
 Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,  
 The agonies of anguish and of death.

Yet it is less the horror than the grace  
 Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone,  
 Whereon the lineaments of that dead face  
 Are graven, till the characters be grown  
 Into itself, and thought no more can trace;  
 'Tis the melodious hues of beauty thrown  
 Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,  
 Which humanise and harmonise the strain.'—*Shelley*.

1161. *Fra Bartolommeo*, 1507. The shutters for a relief by Donatello, representing, outside, the Annunciation; inside, the Nativity and Circumcision—of exquisite beauty.  
 1164. *Bronzino*. Maria de' Medici, daughter of Cosimo I., in a white dress.  
 1165. *Cristoforo Allori*. The Child Jesus asleep upon the Cross.  
 1167. *F. Filippo Lippi* (not Masaccio). A Portrait.  
 1169. *Andrea del Sarto*. A Portrait.  
 1171. *Santi di Tito*. Portrait of a Child.  
 1177. *Andrea del Sarto*. A Portrait.  
 1178. *Fra Angelico*. The Sposalizio.  
 \*1182. *Aless. Botticelli*. Calumny, painted by Sandro Botticelli after his absence at Rome (during which his enemies had accused him of heresy), and presented to his friend Messer Antonio Segni.  
 \*1183. *Alessandro Allori*. Portrait of Bianca Cappello, painted while she was taking refuge in a portico from a storm, when on pilgrimage with her husband to Vallombrosa.  
 1184. *Fra Angelico*. Death of the Virgin.  
 1189. *Bronzino*. Portrait of 'Leonora Tolletta,' wife of Cosimo I.  
 1227. *A. Bronzino*. Portrait of Bianca Cappello.

In the next room are :—

1252. *Leonardo da Vinci*. Adoration of the Shepherds—in bistre.

\*1154 (right wall). *Andrea del Sarto*. S. James.

‘This was painted by Andrea del Sarto for the Compagnia or Confraternità of Sant’ Jacopo, and intended to figure as a standard in their processions. The Madonna di San Sisto of Raphael was painted for a similar purpose; and such are still commonly used in the religious processions of Italy. In this instance the picture has a peculiar form high and narrow, adapted to its special purpose: St. James wears a green tunic and a rich crimson mantle; and as one of the purposes of the Compagnia was to educate poor orphans, they are represented by the two boys at his feet. The picture suffered from the sun and the weather, to which it had been a hundred times exposed in yearly processions; but it has been well restored, and is admirable for its vivid colouring as well as the benign attitude and expression.’—*Jameson’s ‘Sacred Art.’*

1257. *Filippino Lippi*. The Adoration of the Magi—‘unusually beautiful in its expression of timid approach, of adoring devotion.’

‘No careful and grateful student of this painter can overlook his special fondness for seascapes; the tenderness and pleasure with which he touches upon the green opening of their chimes or coombs, the clear low ranges of their rocks. This picture bears witness to this. Beyond the farthest meadows and behind the tallest trees, far-off downs and cliffs open seaward, and farther yet pure narrow spaces intervene of gracious and silent sea.’—*Swinburne, ‘Essays and Studies.’*

\*1259. *Mariotto Albertinelli*. The Salutation—the masterpiece of the artist, painted in 1503, for the Congregation of San Martino. A most simple, grand, and beautiful picture. Below is a predella, with the Annunciation, the Nativity, and the Presentation in the Temple.

1261. *Jacopo da Empoli*. S. Ives reading the petitions of widows and orphans—a glorious specimen of the artist, most splendid in colour.

1265. *Fra Bartolommeo*. The Virgin and Child throned, with Saints, in bistre. S. Anna, who was supposed to have saved Florence from the tyranny of the Duke of Athens, is the principal figure, standing behind the Virgin. S. Reparata kneels with a palm-branch.

‘Had this grandiose creation been finished, it would have been the *chef-d’œuvre* of Fra Bartolommeo. Its interest is great, as revealing the growth of such a piece from its embryo to the first stage of completion.

We can trace each step taken by the artist, from the moment of planning to that of putting in the contours and shadows. But there is something more than science and method to be discerned, and that is the inspired air of S. Anna, the weight, the dignity, and proud bearing of the Saints, the masculine strength of the art evolved.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

'The perfect architectonic idea is not only everywhere clearly set forth in a lively manner, but also filled with the noblest individual life.'—*Burckhardt*.

- 1266. *Angelo Bronzino*. Portrait of Cosimo de' Medici.
- 1267. *Pontormo*. Cosimo, 'Pater Patriæ'—'admirably reconstructed upon a fifteenth century portrait.'
- 1267 (bis.). *Botticelli*. Holy Family. Two of the angels are supposed to be portraits of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici.
- 1268. *Filippo Lippi*. The Virgin throned, with Saints, painted 1485 for the Palazzo della Signoria.
- 1269. *Vasari*. Lorenzo de' Medici—an ideal portrait.
- 1271. *Bronzino*. The Descent into Hades. The figure of Judith is a portrait of Bianca Cappello, the unhappy wife of Francesco I.

'Vile as this picture is in colour, vacant in invention, void in light and shade, a heap of cumbrous nothingness and sickening offensivenesses, it is of all its voids most void in this, that the academy models therein huddled together at the bottom show not so much unity or community of attention to the academy model with the flag in its hand above, as a street-crowd would to a fresh-staged charlatan. Some *point* to the God who has burst the gates of death, as if the rest were incapable of distinguishing him for themselves; and others turn their backs upon him, to show their unagitated faces to the spectator.'—*Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters*,' ii. 53.

- 1272, 1273. *Bronzino*. Portraits of Ferdinand I. and his mother Eleanora of Toledo.
- \*1275. *Ridolfo Ghirlandajo* (son of Domenico). The Miracle of S. Zenobio in the Via degli Albizzi.

'Extraordinary liveliness and nature stamp the movements and expressions of the eager and wondering crowd which presses around the kneeling bishop, as with uplifted arms he restores to life the fallen boy.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

- 1276. *Cigoli*. The Death of S. Stephen—one of the best specimens of the Master.
- \*1277. *Ridolfo Ghirlandajo*. The funeral of San Zenobio.

'It is related that when they were bearing the remains of S. Zenobio through the city in order to deposit them under the high-altar of the cathedral, the people crowded round the bearers, and pressed upon the bier, in order to kiss the hands or touch the garments of their beloved old bishop. In passing through the Piazza del Duomo the body of the saint was thrown against the trunk of a withered elm standing near the spot where the baptistery now stands, and suddenly the tree, which had for years been dead and dried up, burst into fresh leaves.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

'The connexion existing between a coffin which passes, and a tree which renews its foliage, could only be explained by a verbal narration, and therefore belonged rather to the domain of legendary poetry than to that of art. With regard, however, to execution and general character, this picture leaves us nothing to desire; and I doubt if the Florentine school has ever produced anything so perfect for beauty of colouring.'—*Rio.*

- \*1279. *Sodoma.* S. Sebastian—almost in chiaroscuro, but a most glorious specimen of the artist, and the finest rendering of this well-known subject in existence. The face of the saint is divine in its beauty. (A custode should be asked to unlock this picture: at the back is a beautiful Holy Family.)

'S. Sebastian is bound to a tree, pierced by three arrows, looking up to heaven with an expression perfectly divine. This picture was formerly used as a standard, and carried in procession when the city was afflicted by pestilence:—to my feeling, it is the most beautiful example of the subject I have seen.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art,'* ii. 418.

'Sodoma's S. Sebastian, notwithstanding its wan and faded colouring, is still the very best that has been painted. Suffering, refined and spiritual, without contortion or spasm, could not be presented with more pathos in a form of more surpassing loveliness.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

1280. *Granacci.* S. Thomas receiving the 'Cintola' from the Virgin.

1285. *Crist. Allori.* The Adoration of the Magi.

In the third and farthest room—of the Old Masters—are :—

1288. *Leonardo da Vinci.* The Annunciation.

1289. *Botticelli.* Angels serenading the Holy Child.

- \*1290. *Fra. Angelico.* The Coronation of the Virgin amid the heavenly choir.

'Quite unearthly is the Coronation of the Virgin: the Madonna, crossing her arms meekly on her bosom and bending in humble awe to

receive the crown of heaven, is very lovely—the Saviour is perhaps a shade less excellent ; the angels are admirable, and many of the assistant saints full of grace and dignity ; but the characteristic of the picture is the flood of radiance and glory diffused over it, the brightest colours—gold, azure, pink, red, yellow—pure and unmixed, yet harmonising and blending, like a rich burst of wind-music, in a manner incommunicable in recital—distinct and yet soft, as if the whole scene were mirrored in the sea of glass that burns before the throne.’—*Lord Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

- \*1294. *Fra Angelico.* The predella of the great Madonna with the wreath of angels (No. 17). In the centre is the Adoration of the Magi ; on the left S. Peter preaching, with S. Mark writing his Gospel ; on the right the Martyrdom of S. Mark.
- 1298. *Luca Signorelli.* The Annunciation, Adoration of the Shepherds, and Adoration of the Magi—a predella.
- 1299. *Sandro Botticelli.* Fortitude.
- \*1300. *Piero della Francesca.* Portraits of Federigo di Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, and his wife Battista Sforza—most interesting to those who have visited their great works at Urbino. A custode should be asked to unlock the frame of these portraits, as at the back of each is a triumph, Federigo seated in a car drawn by white horses, Battista in one drawn by dun-coloured unicorns. These masterpieces of the artist were finished at least as early as 1472.
- 1301. *Antonio Pollajuolo.* S. James between S. Eustace and S. Vincent, painted for the Cardinal di Portogallo in S. Miniato.

‘ Si les teints de ce tableau étaient plus livides et les physionomies un peu plus durement accentuées, on pourrait le prendre pour une production d’Andrea del Castagno. On y remarque toutes les qualités qui la distinguent : vigueur de touche, science de dessin, contours énergiquement rendus, mais pas l’ombre de sainteté, ni même de distinction dans les types.’—*Rio.*

- 1303. *Botticelli.* Madonna and Child.
- 1306. *Pollajuolo.* Prudence throned, with a serpent in one hand and a mirror in the other, originally painted with other Virtues in the Tribune of the Mercatanzia.
- 1307. *Filippo Lippi.* Holy Family.

‘ Le petit saint Jean est un rejeton assez vulgaire de la famille des Médicis, et la Vierge un portrait cruellement déguisé de la trop fameuse Lucrezia Buti.’—*Rio.*



From the right of the Tribune we enter another series of small rooms. The first contains pictures of the Italian School, including :—

1025. *Andrea Mantegna*. Madonna and Child—the detail marvellously beautiful.

1031. *Caravaggio*. Medusa.

The next three rooms are of the Dutch School. They are chiefly landscapes. The portraits of Luther and Melancthon are by *Cranach*. The last small room in this series is devoted to the French School, and has some good portraits, especially—

695. *Philippe de Champaigne*.

On the left is the *Collection of Gems*, enclosed in six glass cases in a small circular room. Historical objects are, in

Case II. A Casket made for Clement VII. by *Valerio Belli di Vicenza*, with 24 subjects from the life of Christ. It was given as a wedding-present by Clement to Catherine de' Medici.

Three Reliefs in gold by *Giov. de Bologna*.

A Vase of rock-crystal, with a cover wrought in gold, which belonged to Diana of Poitiers.

IV. A little porphyry Statuette of Venus and Cupid by *Pier Mari da Pescia*.

V. A jasper Vase with ornaments by *Giov. da Bologna*.

Crossing the end of the gallery, we reach the opposite corridor. The first door on the left leads to the two rooms of the Venetian School, which contain :—

#### 1st Room :

\*571. *Francesco Torbido* (attributed to Giorgione). Portrait of the Venetian warrior Gattamelata—a noble picture, full of scorn and indifference.

574. *Polidoro Veneziano*. Virgin and Child with S. Francis.

575. *Lorenzo Lotto*, 1534. Holy Family.

583. *Giovanni Bellini?* The Dead Christ with the Apostles—a sketch.

584. *Gio. Batt. Cima*. Holy Family.

586. *Gio. Batt. Morone*, 1563. A male portrait with a flaming censor, and the inscription, 'Et quid volo nisi ut ardeat?'

589. *Pau. Veronese.* The Martyrdom of S. Giustina by the Moors.  
 526. *P. Veronese.* Esther and Ahasuerus.  
 599. *Titian.* Portrait of Eleanora d' Urbino, wife of Duke Francesco Maria della Rovere.  
 \*605. *Titian.* Portrait of Francesco-Maria della Rovere.

*2nd Room :*

609. *Titian.* The Battle of Cadore.  
 614. *Titian.* Giovanni (de' Medici) 'delle Bande Nere.' His name is a memorial of the great affection in which he was held by his soldiers, who all put on mourning upon his early death, in his 29th year, never to take it off again.  
 \*626. *Titian.* The 'Flora.' Supposed to be a portrait of the daughter of Palma Vecchio.  
 627. *Seb. del Piombo.* Portrait.  
 629. *Morone.* Portrait.  
 630. *Giorgione.* The Judgment of Solomon.  
 631. *Marco Basaiti.* Allegorical scene.  
 \*633. *Titian.* Holy Family.  
 638. *Tintoretto.* Portrait of Jacopo Sansovino.  
 639. *Moretto da Brescia.* Beautiful portrait of a Violin-Player.  
 642. *Morone.* Portrait of G. A. Pantera.  
 648. *Titian.* Portrait of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus.

A narrow passage begins the collection of the *Portraits of Painters*, mostly from their own hands. The passage leads to a small room, but most important sanctuary of art, called *La Sala di Lorenzo Monaco*, containing :—

- \*1310. *Gentile da Fabriano.* Four Saints. A most beautiful work, from the Church of S. Niccolò—part of a larger picture.  
 1302. *Benozzo Gozzoli.* The marriage of S. Catherine, the Resurrection, and Saints—a predella.  
 1309. *Lorenzo Monaco* (the master of Fra Angelico), a magnificent altar-piece from Certaldo, much restored. The predella curiously shows the temptations and annoyances to which young monks are subjected by the devil.  
 1305. *Domenico Veneziano*, murdered by the jealousy of Andrea del Castagno, and interesting as being the master of Piero della Francesca, whom he brought to Florence as his pupil in 1439. This, the altar-piece of S. Lucia de' Bardi, is his one extant picture.

'It bespeaks a painter whose conceptions are governed by those of Andrea del Castagno, while in technical processes he is working out experiments of his own. The Saints, John and Nicholas, and Francis

and Mary, especially the John, have strong figures and large dull heads, and that commonness with athletic vigour which marks the thorough-going realist. But the medium is new. It is a first commencement of oil-painting, and the search for the transparent effects produces a result quite different from any contemporary colouring—a scheme of light and thin greys, greens, blues, and pinks, with notes of sharp black and white on the marbles of the floor and canopy; gaiety and transparency are attained, but not harmony.’—S. C.

\*1286. *Sandro Botticelli*. The Adoration of the Magi. Cosimo de Medici kneels at the feet of the Madonna. The youths standing are Lorenzo and Giuliano de’ Medici—a deeply interesting picture, full of power and expression.

20. *Lorenzo di Credi*. Holy Family.

1297. *Domenico Ghirlandajo*. Virgin and Child throned, with kneeling bishops and saints.

‘Ce charmant tableau, qui était fait pour donner de Ghirlandajo les plus belles espérances, contribua, plus que tout autre chose, à lui procurer la distinction si encourageante d’être appelé à Rome à la décoration de la Chapelle Sixtine.’—*Rio*.

\*17. *Fra Angelico*. A grand tabernacle picture. In the centre, the Madonna and Child with a wreath of angels playing on musical instruments. On the doors, S. John Baptist and S. Mark. Executed in 1433 for the Guild of Flax Merchants.

‘In the centre is represented a very grand Madonna, surrounded with beautiful angels on the margin. Yet, solemn and dignified as is the larger figure, it is deficient in correctness of drawing. The artist was still a stranger to the accurate study of the living form—a deficiency less observable in his smaller works.’—*Kugler*.

39. *Botticelli*. The Birth of Venus (painted for the Villa of Castello, for Lorenzo de’ Medici).

‘For this picture Sandro studied and produced not only a really beautiful nude, but a charming, fairylike impression, which unconsciously takes the place of the mythological one.’—*Burckhardt*.

1296. *Bacchiacca*. Stories of Saints.

Returning to the corridor, and passing the stairs to the Pitti Palace (ch. iv.), the two next rooms on the left of the corridor are devoted to the *Portraits of Painters*. Those in the first room are mostly of modern, the second of earlier artists. The best pictures are:—

18. Millais by himself.

Unnumb. Leighton by himself.

Unnumb. Watts by himself.

223. Ant. Vandyke.

228. Rubens.

232. Holbein.

237. Quentin Matsys.

280. Andrea del Sarto.

‘His life was corroded by the poisonous solvent of love, and his soul burnt into dead ashes.’—*Swinburne*.

286. Masaccio?—or Fra Filippo Lippi?

287. P. Perugino.

\*288. Raffaele, 1506—executed in his 23rd year for his maternal uncle, Simone Ciarla of Urbino, to whom he wrote as his ‘second father,’ *carissimo in locho di Patre*. From Urbino the picture passed first to the Academy of S. Luke at Rome.

‘His heavenly face a mirror of his mind,  
His mind a temple for all lovely things  
To flock to and inhabit.’—*Rogers’ ‘Italy.’*

292. Leonardo da Vinci.

305. Giovanni di San Giovanni.

\*384. *Titian*. Painted by himself in 1521 for his own family, and presented to his cousin Tiziano Vecelli. In the common division of his property after death, this picture was declared to be ‘common property, as the incomparable and precious gift of their relation Titian.’ The picture was sold in 1728 to Marco Ricci (from whom it came to the Uffizi) by one Osualdo Zuliano, the treacherous guardian of Alessandro Vecelli. He took it to Venice under pretence of having it valued, and thence despatched it to Florence, saying that he had sent it back to Cadore. The Vecelli family next found it in the Uffizi.

471. Angelica Kauffmann, by herself.

540. Reynolds, by himself.

\*549. Madame le Brun by herself. A most admirable, refined, and speaking portrait.

The next room is called the *Hall of Inscriptions*, from the ancient inscriptions let into the walls. It contains many pieces of ancient sculpture. The best are :—

262. Bacchus and Ampelus.

‘Ampelus, with a beast-skin over his shoulder, holds a cup in his right hand, and with his left embraces the waist of Bacchus. Just as you may have seen a younger and an elder boy at school, walking in

some remote grassy spot of their playground with that tender friendship towards each other which has so much of love. The countenance of Bacchus is sublimely sweet and lovely, taking a shade of gentle and playful tenderness from the arch looks of Ampelus, whose cheerful face turned towards him expresses the suggestions of some droll and merry device.'—*Shelley*.

263. Mercury.

266. Venus Genitrix.

281. A beautiful boy in basalt.

299. Bust of Marc Antony the Triumvir.

302. Bust of Cicero.

This room opens into the *Hall of the Hermaphrodite*, which contains :—

306. The Hermaphrodite—much restored—very like the figure at Paris.

307. A Torso in basalt.

308. Ganymede, more than half a restoration by *Benvenuto Cellini*.

314. Colossal bust of Juno.

315. Torso of a Faun.

316. Bust of Antinous.

318. Bust called 'The Dying Alexander.'

An undoubted Greek original, and one of the noblest relics of ancient art ; but whether it represents Alexander, or is, as it is called, the work of Lysippus, is doubtful.

'Like a youthful Laocoon.'—*Burckhardt*.

'Il y a dans Alexandre l'étonnement et l'indignation de n'avoir pu vaincre la nature.'—*Madame de Staël*.

In a *Cabinet* opening from hence is a bust of Dante, modelled from his corpse, 1321.

The next room, on the left of the corridor, called the *Hall of Baroccio*, contains :—

154. *Angelo Bronzino*. Portrait of Lucrezia de' Pucci.

157. *Gherardo della Notta*. The Nativity.

'Mary is here no Raphaelesque Virgin of almost supernatural, bloodless beauty—she is a young, loveable, earthly woman, who, still pale from the suffering of childbirth, contemplates her heavenly child with tearful, devout joy ; and the bystanders, both young and old, who press forward also to gaze upon it, half curious, half in admiration and joyful presentiment—how they smile ! how they rejoice with sincere *naïveté*, which seems to enter into one's own soul only to behold ! The

light proceeds from the new-born child, but without visible rays. All the countenances are illumined by this light, even some small angel heads which peep forth out of the darkness up in the roofs, and who, too, participate in the human joy.'—*Frederika Bremer.*

- 158. *Bronzino.* The Deposition.
- 162. *Guido Reni.* The Cumaean Sibyl.
- 163. *Sustermans.* Portrait.
- 169. *Baroccio.* La Madonna del Soccorso.
- 170. *Ann. Carracci.* The Portrait of a Monk.
- 172. *Ang. Bronzino.* A Portrait.
- 180. *Rubens.* Portrait of his second wife, Helena Forman.
- 186. *Carlo Dolci.* The Magdalen—so well known from copies.
- 190. *Gherardo della Notte.* The Adoration of the Shepherds.
- \*191. *Sassoferrato.* The Madonna, probably the masterpiece of the artist.
- 192. *Sustermans.* Portrait of himself.
- 195. *Caravaggio.* The Tribute-money.
- 196. *Vandyke.* Portrait of Margaret of Lorraine.
- 197. *Rubens.* Portrait of his first wife, Elizabeth Brand.
- 203. *Guido Reni.* Bradamante and Fioraspina, from Ariosto.
- 207. *Carlo Dolci.* Portrait of Claudia Felicia of Austria—a comical mixture of worldliness and devotion.
- 210. *Velasquez.* Portrait of Philip IV.

Next comes the *Hall of Niobe*, so called from the figures of Niobe and her children discovered near the Porta S. Paolo at Rome in 1583. They were brought from the Villa Medici in 1775. The figure of Niobe, the 'Mater Dolorosa' of ancient art, is indescribably sublime.

'I saw nothing here so grand as the group of Niobe, if statues which are now disjointed and placed equidistantly round a room may be so called. Niobe herself, clasped by the arms of her terrified child, is certainly a group; and whether the head be original or not, the contrast of passion, of beauty, and even of dress, is admirable. The dress of the other daughters appears too thin, too meretricious, for dying princesses. Some of the sons exert too much attitude. Like gladiators, they seem taught to die picturesquely, and to this theatrical exertion we may, perhaps, impute the want of ease and undulation which the critics condemn in their forms.'—*Forsyth.*

'Sans doute, dans une semblable situation, la figure d'une véritable mère serait entièrement bouleversée; mais l'idéal des arts conserve la beauté dans le désespoir; et ce qui touche profondément dans les ouvrages du génie, ce n'est pas le malheur même, c'est la puissance que

l'âme conserve sur ce malheur. . . . Niobé lève les yeux au ciel, mais sans espoir, car les dieux mêmes y sont ses ennemis.'—*Madame de Staël*.

'Ultima restabat ; quam toto corpore mater,  
Tota veste tegens, Unam, minimamque relinque ;  
De multis minimam posco, clamavit, et unam.'

*Ovid., Met. vi. 298.*

'This figure of Niobe is probably the most consummate personification of loveliness with regard to its countenance, as that of the Apollo of the Vatican is with regard to its entire form, that remains to us of Greek antiquity. It is a colossal figure ; the size of a work of art rather adds to its beauty, because it allows the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, in which to catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed, of a mother in the act of sheltering from some divine and inevitable peril the last, we will imagine, of her children.

'The child, terrified, we may conceive, at the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother, and hiding its head in the folds of her robe and casting up one arm as in a passionate appeal for defence from her, where it never before could have been sought in vain, seems in the marble to have scarcely suspended the motion of her terror ; as though conceived to be yet in the act of arrival. The child is clothed in a thin tunic of delicatest wool, and her hair is gathered on her head into a knot, probably by that mother whose care will never gather it again. Niobe is enveloped in profuse drapery, a portion of which the left hand has gathered up and is in the act of extending over the child in the instinct of defending her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right—as the restorer of it has justly comprehended—is gathering up her child to her, and with a like instinctive gesture is encouraging by its gentle pressure the child to believe that it can give security. The countenance, which is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive anything, that masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble, expresses other feelings. There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined and produced nothing but the sublime loveliness of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find protection within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defence is of avail.

'There is no terror in the countenance—only grief, deep grief. There is no anger—of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent ? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain ; there is no panic at supernatural agency ; there is no adverting to

herself as herself ; the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotion.

‘ Everything is swallowed up in sorrow. Her countenance, in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the mere expression of her tender and serene despair, which is yet so profound and so incapable of being ever worn away, is beyond any effect of sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall have pierced her last child, the fable that she was dissolved into a fountain of tears will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of despair, in which the years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away.’—*Shelley*.

‘ O Niobe, con che occhi dolenti  
Vedev’ io te segnata in su la strada  
Tra sette e sette tuoi figliuoli spenti !’  
*Dante, Purg. xii. 37.*

‘ Orba resedit  
Exanimes inter natos, natasque, virumque,  
Diriguitque malis ; nullos movet aura capillos,  
In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina maestis  
Stant immota genis : nihil est in imagine vivi.’  
*Ovid, Met. vi. 301.*

Beyond this are the *Cabinets of Bronzes*. In the centre of the second room is :—

424. The statue called ‘L’ Idolino,’ found near Pesaro in 1530.  
The beautiful pedestal is usually attributed to Ghiberti.  
426. Is the head of a Horse found near Cività-Vecchia.  
428. A Torso found in the sea near Leghorn.

The second room contains a number of cases filled with small statuettes and objects in bronze.

Next is the entrance of the *Galleria Feroni*, bequeathed to the State by the last representative of the Feroni family. Its best pictures are :—

*Teniers*. A kitchen interior.

*Lorenzo di Credi*. The Virgin and S. John praying over the child Jesus.

*Carlo Dolci*. The Annunciation, in two pictures—the angel very beautiful.

*Schidone*. Holy Family.

On the wall of the corridor we may remark one of the curious low-life scenes for which the painter *Giovanni di S.*



*Giovanni* is remarkable. At the end is a fine copy of the Laocoon by *Baccio Bandinelli*.

'Baccio Bandinelli, who had been copying the Laocoon, boasted that he had surpassed the original. Upon which Michelangelo observed, "He whose own productions are indifferent, knows not how to appreciate duly the works of others."'—*J. S. Harford*.

On the left is the entrance to three rooms filled with the glorious *Collection of Sketches of the Great Masters*, from the time of Giotto to that of Titian. Perhaps amongst the most interesting are those of Raffaele for the Borghese 'Entombment' and for several of the Pictures in the Stanze, and that of Mariotto Albertinelli for the 'Salutation.'

The *Passage*, built by the Medici to connect the Pitti Palace with the Palazzo della Signoria, in imitation of the passage which Homer describes as uniting the palace of Hector to that of Priam (and also to be used as means of escape if required), was finished in 1564, on the occasion of the marriage of Francesco de' Medici with Joanna of Austria. It is now an additional Art Gallery, which forms a delightful walk, especially in wet weather. The first division is devoted to *Engravings*, forming a complete and most interesting history of the Art. Then comes (extending over the Jewellers' Bridge across the Arno) an extraordinary collection of 1300 portraits of the Medici and their contemporaries, including popes, sovereigns, princes, native and foreign nobles, and eminent men of all nations. Most of these pictures, brought together in 1881-2 from the different palaces, are wretched as works of art, but many are interesting and a few good. The eye will probably be arrested by three works of *Sir P. Lely*, bought by Cosimo, Prince of Tuscany, when in London, and by (left wall) a portrait of James III. of England and his sister as children, by *Larguillière*. Thus, by a series of passages, we reach the staircase of the Palazzo Pitti (ch. iv.).

Between the dark arcades of the Uffizi we have already caught glimpses of the sunlit *Piazza della Signoria*, which is the centre of Florentine life. Till the recent change of

government it had for 200 years been called the Piazza del Gran Duca, but it has now returned to its original designation. On the east is the grand old palace of the Signoria. On the south is the Loggia de' Lanzi. On the west (shading the old Post-Office) was the famous Tetto de' Pisani, built in 1364 by the Pisan prisoners, and, though a most characteristic feature, inexcusably destroyed by the present government.

'No despot ever sported more cruelly with his slaves than the Florentines with their Pisan prisoners. They were brought in carts to Florence, tied up like bale goods; they were told over at the gates, and entered at the Custom-House as common merchandise; they were then dragged more than half naked to the Signoria, where they were obliged to kiss the posterior of the stone Marzocco, which remains as a record of their shame, and were at last thrown into dungeons, where most of them died.'—*Forsyth*.

Close by is the opening to the little street called *Vacchereccia*, in which lived (1420–80) Tommaso Finiguerra, the inventor of *niello*, and where the brothers Pollajuoli had their workshops. On the north, with the tower of the Badia rising behind it, is the small *Palazzo Uguccione*, built 1550, from designs ascribed to Raffaello. Standing back, and distinguished by the shields upon its front, is the *Palazzo della Mercanzia*, inscribed, 'Omnis Sapientia a Domino Deo est.' The great *Fountain of Neptune* is the work of *Bartolommeo Ammanati* (1571), in whose favour Giovanni da Bologna was set aside as too young, though he was allowed to undertake the grand *Equestrian Statue of Cosimo I.*, which stands hard by, and which was executed in 1594, twenty years after the death of Cosimo.

The *Loggia de' Lanzi* is so called from the Swiss lancers who were placed here in attendance on Cosimo I. It was begun in 1336, eight years after the death of Andrea Orcagna, to whom it has been attributed by many recent writers, and documents prove that it is due to *Simone di Francesco Talenti* and *Benci di Cione*: the vaulting is by *Angelo de' Pucci*.

The Loggia consists of three open arches with three

pillars, enclosing a platform raised by six steps above the square. It is a combination of Gothic and Grecian architecture, and was so much admired in the time of Cosimo I., that Michelangelo proposed the continuance of the colonnade all round the piazza, an idea never carried out on account of the expense. The groups of sculpture between the arches were placed here in the sixteenth century, viz. :—

1. Judith and Holofernes in bronze, cast by *Donatello* for Cosimo Vecchio, and retained in the palace of the Medici till 1495. When they were expelled, it was placed in front of the Palazzo della Signoria, and regarded as typical of liberty ; hence the inscription, ‘*Exemplum salutis publicae cives posuere.*’ In 1560 it was brought to its present position at the head of what had been the Prior’s entrance to the Loggia.

2. The Perseus—the masterpiece of *Benvenuto Cellini*, in bronze, cast in 1545 for Cosimo I.

‘It has something of fascination, a *bravura* brilliancy, a sharpness of technical precision, a singular and striking picturesqueness which the works of elder masters want. It soars into a region of authentic, if not pure and sublime, inspiration.’—*J. A. Symonds.*

‘Quand on se rappelle les détails de sa fonte, l’intrépidité avec laquelle l’artiste, épuisé de fatigue, dévoré de la fièvre, s’élance de son lit pour rétablir et précipiter la liquéfaction du bronze dans lequel il jette tous les plats et toutes les écuelles d’étain de son ménage, sa fervente et dévote prière, sa guérison subite et son joyeux repas avec tous ses gens, cette statue devient une sorte d’action qui peint les mœurs du temps et le caractère de l’homme extraordinaire qui l’a exécutée.’—*Valéry.*

The pedestal is almost as worthy of study as the statue it supports.

‘Its central portion is occupied by the graceful figure of Andromeda, whose long tresses stream in the wind, as, shielding her eyes with her hand, she looks upward for her deliverer, who is coming down from the clouds to attack the monster, who, with open jaws, bat-like wings, claws of iron strength, and scaly body, stands ready to receive him. Upon the shore are Andromeda’s mother, Cassiopeia, and her father Cepheus, who has a stern, sad face ; while between them her disappointed lover Phineas, whose head reminds us of an antique Gem, rises from the earth like an avenging spirit, followed by a troop of warriors on foot and on horseback, the last of whom gallop furiously through the clouds.’—*Perkins’s ‘Tuscan Sculptors.’*

‘No one thinks of the pedestal when he has once caught sight of the

Perseus. It raises the demigod in air ; and that suffices for the sculptor's purpose. Afterwards, when our minds are satiated with the singular conception so intensely realised by the enduring art of bronze, we turn in leisure moments to the base on which the statue rests. Our fancy plays among those masks and cornucopias, those goats and female Satyrs, those little snuff-box deities, and the wayward bas-relief beneath them. There is much to amuse, if not to instruct and inspire us there.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

3. The Rape of the Sabines, by *Giovanni da Bologna.*

'John of Bologna, after he had finished a group of a young man hold-



From the Loggia de' Lanzi.

ing up a young woman in his arms, with an old man at his feet, called his friends together to tell him what name he should give it, and it was agreed to call it the Rape of the Sabines.'—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

'It is said that Gian Bologna, when about to model the figure of the stalwart youth represented here, was so struck with the manly proportions of the Conte Ginori, member of a noble Florentine family, whom he happened to meet one morning in a church, that he stared at him fixedly, until the Count asked him who he was and what he wanted. Upon explaining the matter, the Count consented to pose for the figure of the youth, and in return received a present of a bronze crucifix, as an acknowledgment of the artist's gratitude.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

At the entrance of the Loggia are two lions, one ancient, from the Villa Medici at Rome, the other an imitation by *Flaminio Vacca*.

Within, are several inferior pieces of sculpture; six Priestesses of Romulus from the Villa Medici; Hercules slaying Nessus, by *Giovanni da Bologna*; Ajax supporting the dying Patroclus, a restoration of a Greek sculpture found in a vineyard near the Porta Portese at Rome, which formerly stood at the end of the Ponte Vecchio; and Achilles and Polyxena, a modern work by *Pio Fedi* of Florence.

To those who have not been much abroad, it will be sufficient amusement to sit for a time in this beautiful Loggia, if it is only for the sake of watching the variations of the fluctuating crowd in the Piazza beneath. The predominance of males is striking. Hundreds of men stand here for hours, as if they had nothing else to do, talking ceaselessly in deep Tuscan tones. Many, who are wrapped in long cloaks thrown over one shoulder and lined with green, look as if they had stepped out of the old pictures in the palace above.

Sitting here, we should meditate on the various strange phases of Florentine history of which this Piazza has been the scene. Of these the most remarkable were those connected with the story of Savonarola. First came the *Auto-da-fè* for the destruction of worldly allurements, which followed upon his preaching:—

‘A pyramidal scaffold was erected opposite the palace of the Signory. At its base were to be seen false beards and hair, masquerading dresses, cards and dice, mirrors and perfumery, beads and trinkets of various sorts; higher up were arranged books and drawings, busts, and portraits of the most celebrated Florentine beauties; and even pictures by great artists, condemned, in many instances on very insufficient grounds, as indecorous or irreligious.

‘Even Fra Bartolommeo was so carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, as to bring his life-academy studies to be consumed on this pyre, forgetful that, in the absence of such studies, he could never himself have risen above low mediocrity. Lorenzo di Credi, another and devoted follower of Savonarola, did the same.’—*Harford's 'Life of Michelangelo.'*

‘At the Carnival of 1498 there was a second *auto-da-fè*, of precious things which had escaped the inquisitorial zeal of the boy censors. Burlamacci names marble busts of exquisite workmanship, some ancient,

some of the well-known beauties of the day. There was a Petrarch, inlaid with gold, adorned with illuminations valued at fifty crowns; Boccaccios of such beauty and rarity as would drive modern bibliographers out of their surviving senses. The Signory looked on from a balcony; guards were stationed to prevent unholy thefts; as the fire soared there was a burst of chants, lauds, and the *Te Deum*, to the sound of trumpets and the clanging of bells. Then another procession; and in the Piazza di San Marco dances of wilder extravagance; friars and clergymen and laymen of every age whirling round in fantastic reels, to the passionate and profanely sounding hymns of Jerome Benivieni.'—*Milman*.

This Piazza also witnessed the great closing scene in the life of Savonarola and his two principal followers.

'Three tribunals had been erected on the ringhiera; the next to the door of the Palazzo was assigned to the Bishop of Vasona; the second, on the right of the Bishop, to the Pope's commissioners; and the third, near the Marzocco, was occupied by the Gonfaloniere and the Magnificent Eight. A scaffold had been erected, which occupied about a fourth of the Piazza between the ringhiera and the opposite Tetto dei Pisani. At the end of the scaffold a thick upright beam was fixed, having another beam near the top at right angles, which had been several times shortened to take away the appearance of a cross which it still retained. From this last beam hung three halters and three chains; by the first the three friars were to be put to death, and the chains were to be wound round their dead bodies, which were to continue suspended while the fire consumed them. At the foot of the upright beam was a large heap of combustible materials from which the soldiers of the Signory had some difficulty to keep off the mob, which pressed round like waves of the sea.

'When the three friars descended the stairs of the Palazzo, they were met by one of the Dominican friars of Santa Maria Novella, the bearer of an order to take off their gowns, and leave them with their under-tunics only, their feet bare, and their hands tied. Savonarola was much moved by this unexpected proceeding; but, taking courage, he held his gown in his hand, and before giving it up he said, "Holy dress, how much I longed to wear thee! thou wast granted to me by the grace of God, and to this day I have kept thee spotless. I do not now leave thee, thou art taken from me."

'They were now led up to the first tribunal, and were placed before the Bishop of Vasona. He obeyed the orders he had received from the Pope, but appeared much distressed. Just before pronouncing their final degradation, he had taken hold of Savonarola's arm, but his voice faltered and his self-possession so forsook him that, forgetting the usual form, in place of separating him solely from the Church

militant, he said, "*I separate thee from the Church militant and triumphant*;" when Savonarola, without being in the least discomposed, corrected him, saying, "Militant, not triumphant; your Church is not triumphant." These words were pronounced with a firmness which vibrated through the minds of all the bystanders by whom they could be heard, and were for ever after remembered.

'Being thus degraded and unfrocked, they were delivered up to the secular arm, and by them taken before the apostolic commissioners, when they heard the sentence, declaring them to be schismatics and heretics. After this, Romolino, with cruel irony, absolved them from all their sins, and asked them if they accepted his absolution; to which they assented by an inclination of the head. Lastly, they came before the Magnificent Eight, who, in compliance with custom, put their sentence to the vote, which passed without a dissentient voice.

'The friars then, with a firm step and perfect tranquillity, advanced to the place of execution. Even Fra Salvestro, at that last hour, had recovered his courage, and, in the presence of death, appeared to have returned to be a true and worthy disciple of the Frate. Savonarola himself exhibited a superhuman strength of mind, for he never for a moment ceased to be in that calm state in which a Christian ought to die. While he and his companions were slowly led from the ringhiera to the gibbet, their limbs scarcely covered by their tunics, with bare feet and pinioned arms, the most furious of the rabble were allowed to come near and insult them in the most vile and offensive language. They continued firm and undisturbed under that severe martyrdom. One person, however, moved by compassion, came up and spoke some words of comfort, to whom Savonarola with benignity replied, "In the last hour God alone can bring comfort to mortal man." A priest named Neretto said to him, "In what frame of mind do you endure this martyrdom?" To which he replied, "The Lord has suffered as much for me." These were his last words.

'In this universal state of perturbation around them, Fra Domenico remained perfectly composed. He was in such a state of exaltation that he could hardly be restrained from chanting the *Te Deum* aloud; but, on the earnest entreaties of the Battuto Niccolini, who was by his side, he desisted, and said to him, "Accompany me in a low voice,"—and they then chanted the entire hymn. He afterwards said, "Remember, the prophecies of Savonarola must all be fulfilled, and that we die innocent."

'Fra Salvestro was the first who was desired to ascend the ladder. After the halter was fixed around his neck, and just before the fatal thrust was given, he exclaimed, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" Shortly afterwards the hangman wound the chain round his body, and went to the other side of the beam to execute Fra Domenico, who ascended the ladder with a quick step, with a countenance radiant with hope, almost with joy—as if he were going direct to heaven.

'When Savonarola had seen the death of his two companions, he was directed to take the vacant place between them. He was so absorbed with the thought of the life to come, that he appeared to have already left this earth. But when he reached the upper part of the ladder, he could not abstain from looking round on the multitude below, every one of whom seemed to be impatient for his death. Oh, how different from those days when they hung upon his lips in a state of ecstasy in Santa Maria del Fiore! He saw at the foot of the beam some of the people with lighted torches in their hands, eager to light the fire. He then submitted his neck to the hangman.

'There was, at that moment, silence—universal and terrible. A shudder of horror seemed to seize the multitude. One voice was heard crying out, "Prophet, now is the time to perform a miracle!"

'The executioner, thinking to please the populace, began to pass jokes upon the body before it had ceased to move, and in doing so nearly fell from the height. This disgusting scene moved the indignation and horror of all around, insomuch that the magistrates sent him a severe reprimand. He then showed an extraordinary degree of activity, hoping that the fire would reach the unhappy Friar before life was quite extinct; the chain, however, slipped from his hand, and while he was trying to recover it, Savonarola had drawn his last breath. It was at ten o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of May 1498. He died in the 45th year of his age.

'The executioner had scarcely come down from the ladder when the pile was set on fire: a man who had been standing from an early hour with a lighted torch, and had set the wood on fire, called out, "At length I am able to burn him who would have burned me." A blast of wind diverted the flames for some time from the three bodies, upon which many fell back in terror, exclaiming, "A miracle, a miracle!" But the wind soon ceased, the bodies of the three friars were enveloped in fire, and the people again closed round them. The flames had caught the cords by which the arms of Savonarola were pinioned, and the heat caused the hand to move; so that, in the eyes of the faithful, he seemed to raise his right hand in the midst of the mass of the flame to bless the people who were burning him.'—*Villari*.

'For two centuries the place where Savonarola's scaffold had stood was strewn with flowers on the anniversary of his death; lamps were kept burning before his picture; scraps of his tunic, ashes from the fire, splinters of the cross, were treasured as relics: portraits were painted and medallions struck in his honour; and numerous apologies for his life were published in the face of the persecutions of his enemies. Florence learned too late to regret the great champion of popular freedom when she fell again under the domination of the Medici, and Rome has well-nigh canonised the man whom Rodrigo Borgia burned before the Palazzo Vecchio in 1498.'—*Quarterly Review*, July 1889.



The *Palazzo Vecchio della Signoria* was built for the Gonfalonier and Priors, in whose hands was the government of the Florentine Republic, by *Arnolfo di Lapo*. The architect was restricted as to size and form, by the resolve of the then powerful Guelfs, that no foot of ground should be used which had ever been occupied by a Ghibelline building, and to which one of that faction might put forward any possible future claim. Arnolfo entreated to trespass upon the open space where the palace of the traitor Uberti had stood, but the people absolutely refused—‘Where the traitor’s nest had been, there the sacred foundations of the house of the people should not be laid.’ The square battlements are typical of the Guelfs; the forked battlements on the tower were added later when the Ghibellines came into power.

To build the Palace, part of an ancient church was demolished, called San Piero Scheraggio, in which the Carroccio of Fiesole, taken in 1010, was preserved, as well as a beautiful marble pulpit, also brought from Fiesole, which still exists in the church of S. Leonardo in Arcetri, outside the Porta San Giorgio. The tower of the Vacca family was used by Arnolfo as the substructure of his own tower, which is 330 feet high. Its bell continued to bear the name of ‘La Vacca,’ and when it tolled men said, ‘La Vacca mugghia’—‘The cow lows.’ The Via de’ Leoni, on the east of the Palace, commemorates the lions which were kept by the city of Florence, partly in honour of William of Scotland, who interceded with Charlemagne for the liberties of the town, and partly on account of the Marzocco, the emblem of the city. These were maintained in an enclosure called the Serraglio till 1550, when Cosimo I. removed them to S. Marco, and they were only finally discarded in 1777.

In 1349 a stone platform was raised against the northern façade of the Palazzo, and was called the *Ringhiera*. Hence the Signory always addressed the people, and here it was that the Prior and Judges sate and looked on, May 23, 1498, when—

‘Savonarola’s soul went out in fire.’<sup>1</sup>

The Ringhiera was not removed till 1812. Its northern angle is still marked by the famous *Marzocco* of *Donatello*, occupying the place of an older *Marzocco* erected in 1377. A still earlier *Marzocco* stood on this site, which the Pisan captives were forced ignominiously to kiss in 1364. The origin of the name *Marzocco* is unknown. It is a seated lion, with one paw resting upon a shield, which bears the *Giglio* of Florence. In ancient times it bore an enamel crown set in gold, with the motto, by Francesco Sacchetti :—

‘Corona porto, per la patria degna,  
Acciocchè libertà ciascun mantegna.’

On the left of the entrance to the Palazzo stood the David of Michelangelo, removed by the present Government.

On the right is the Hercules and Cacus of *Baccio Bandinelli*, executed in 1546 on a block of marble selected by Michelangelo at Carrara, but which he was unable to use, as he was summoned to Rome at that time for his fresco of the Last Judgment. Before reaching Florence, the marble fell into the Arno, and was extricated with difficulty, which caused the Florentine joke, that it had attempted to drown itself rather than submit to the inferior hands of Bandinelli. By the same artist are the two terminal statues called Baucis and Philemon, which were intended to support an iron chain in front of the gate.

The monogram of Christ over the entrance was placed here in 1517 by the Gonfalonier, Niccolò Capponi.

‘In order to prove his attachment to liberty, he proposed in council that Jesus Christ should be elected King of Florence, a pledge that the Florentines would accept no ruler but the King of Heaven. The contemporary historian, Varchi, describes how the Gonfalonier, when presiding at this great council, Feb. 9, 1527, repeated almost verbatim a sermon of Savonarola, and then, throwing himself on his knees, exclaimed in a loud voice, echoed by the whole council, “*Misericordia!*” and how he proposed that Christ the Redeemer should be chosen King of Florence. The old chronicler, Cambi, further relates that on the 10th of June in the following year, 1528, the clergy of the cathedral

<sup>1</sup> E. Barrett-Browning.

met in the Piazza della Signoria, where an altar had been erected in front of the palace; the word Jesus was then disclosed before the assembled citizens, who finally accepted him as their King. The shields of France and Pope Leo were accordingly removed from their place, and the name of the Saviour, on a tablet, was inserted over the entrance to the palace.'—*Horner's 'Walks in Florence.'*

Inserted, probably, at the same time, and with the same meaning, is the inscription on the parapet of the tower :—

‘Jesus  
Christus Rex Glorise venit in pace,  
Deus Homo factus est  
Et Verbum caro factum est.  
Christus vincit, Christus regnat,  
Christus imperat,  
Christus ab omni malo nos defendat.  
Barbara Virgo Dei, modo memento mei.’

This tower, which is worth ascending for the sake of the view, contains the prison of Savonarola.

‘Parmi tant de monuments dont les formes architecturales sont l’expression toujours vraie, toujours vivante, des mœurs et des passions publiques, il n’en est point qui mieux que le Palazzo Vecchio ne reproduise, dans son âpre énergie, le caractère de la vieille cité Guelfe. Véritable type de l’architecture florentine qui prit et conserva un cachet si personnel, si distinct, entre les styles roman et ogival et l’architecture de la Renaissance, cet édifice répond complètement à l’idée qu’on se fait de ce que pouvait être le palais de la Seigneurie à Florence. Par sa masse quadrangulaire, son grand appareil à bossages, sa porte étroite, ses rares ouvertures, enfin, par ses créneaux et ses meurtrières que surmonte une tour carrée portant jadis le beffroi communal, ne représente-t-il pas dans sa beauté sombre et sévère la vie essentiellement militante de la république dont il fut comme le nouveau capitole ?

‘Malgré les changements intérieurs que Vasari lui fit subir en 1540, rien n’est plus conforme à sa destination et aux données de son histoire que ce beau palais florentin. Rien ne rappelle mieux, avec une lointaine réminiscence des traditions étrusques, l’application du style roman combiné avec l’imitation des grands édifices grecs ou romains, qui, à la fin du moyen âge, couvraient encore le sol de la Toscane. Ce qui fait d’autant mieux ressentir ce caractère historique et, pour ainsi dire, tout local du Palazzo Vecchio, ce sont les écussons des divers gouvernements républicain, oligarchique et monarchique, qui se sont succédé à Florence, et qu’on retrouve dans les arcatures des mâchicoulis servant à supporter l’entablement. Là se dessinent le lys blanc de la commune, le lys rouge des Gibelins, les clefs des Guelfes, les outils des cardeurs de laine, puis

les six balles des Médicis, et même le monogramme du Christ que le peuple florentin, las d'avoir épuisé toutes les formes de gouvernement, voulut, en 1527, élire solennellement pour roi.'—*Dantier, 'L'Italie.'*

The beautiful little solemn court of the Palazzo is surrounded by a colonnade, of which the pillars were richly decorated in honour of the marriage of Francesco de' Medici in 1565. In the centre is an exquisite fountain by *Verocchio*, adorned with an animated laughing boy playing with a dolphin. It was originally ordered for Careggi by Lorenzo de' Medici.

'Nothing can be gayer or more lively than the expression or action of this child, and there is no modern bronze combining such beautiful treatment with such perfection of art. A half-flying, half-running motion is represented, its varied action still true to the centre of gravity.'—*Rumohr.*

Ascending the staircase on the left of the corridor (always open), we reach on the first floor a small frescoed gallery. On the left is the *Sala dei Dugento*, where the Councils of War assembled. Into this room, in 1378, burst Michel Lando, the wool-comber, bearing the standard of Justice, at the head of the Ciompi, or 'wooden-shoes, as they were called, in token of contempt,' and here his wild followers insisted on placing him at the head of the government, and proclaiming him Gonfalonier of Florence.

A passage leads hence to the vast *Sala dei Cinquecento*, built c. 1495, by the desire of Savonarola, to accommodate the popular Council after the expulsion of Piero de' Medici. The architect of this hall was *Simone di Tommaso del Pollaiuolo*, surnamed *Il Cronaca*. It is 170 feet long by 77 broad. Cartoons for frescoes for the walls were prepared by Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, but were destroyed upon the return of the Medici in 1512. The existing frescoes are by *Vasari* and his pupils, and commemorate the exploits of Cosimo I. In one of them (the first on the left) he is seen leading the attack upon Siena, attended by his favourite dwarf, Tommaso Tafredi, in armour. Beneath the central arch is a statue of Leo X., and on either side Giovanni de' Medici delle Bande Nere, father of Cosimo I., and Duke

Alessandro, by *Bandinelli*. Here Victor Emmanuel opened his first parliament in Florence. Another suite of chambers on this floor, called 'the Medici Rooms,' because adorned with frescoes by *Vasari* relating to that family, are approached by a different staircase.

The second flight of stairs leads (left) first to the *Sala del Orologio*, so called from the Orrery which it once contained, to show the movements of the planets, the work of *Lorenzo di Volpaia*. It has a splendid ceiling. The left wall is covered by a grand but injured fresco painted by *R. Ghirlandajo* in 1482. It represents S. Zenobio throned in state, with mitre and pastoral staff. In the architectural compartments at the sides are Brutus, Scaevola, and Camillus, Decius Mus, Scipio, and Cicero.

Hence, by a beautiful door, the work of *Benedetto da Majano*, we enter the *Sala dell' Udienza*, surrounded by frescoes from Roman history by *Francesco de' Rossi Salviati*.

'The six Priors of the Arts, composing the Council of the Signory, who were first created in 1282, exercised their duties in the Sala dell' Udienza. Their term of office was two months, and none could be re-elected within two years. They were maintained at the public cost, eating at one table, and during their two months of office were rarely allowed to quit the walls of the Palazzo. All their acts were conducted with religious solemnity; the wine brought to their table was consecrated on the sacred altar of Or San Michele, and in the small chapel of St. Bernard, leading out of this chamber, the Priors invoked Divine aid before commencing business.'—*Horner's 'Walks in Florence.'*

A door inscribed '*Sol Justitiae Christus Deus noster regnat in aeternum*' leads into the Chapel of S. Bernardo. It is beautifully painted in fresco by *Ridolfo Ghirlandajo*. The ceiling has a gold ground. In the centre is the Trinity; the other compartments are occupied by nobly solemn apostles and exquisitely beautiful cherubs: opposite the altar is the Annunciation, in which the Piazza della Annunziata is introduced. Here Savonarola received the last sacraments before his execution.

'The three friars passed the whole night in prayer, and in the morning they again met, to receive the Sacrament. Leave had been given to Savonarola to administer it with his own hands; and, holding up the

host, he pronounced over it the following prayer : “ Lord, I know that Thou art that perfect Trinity, invisible, distinct, in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; I know that Thou art the Eternal Word ; that Thou didst descend into the bosom of Mary ; that Thou didst ascend upon the cross to shed blood for our sins. I pray Thee that by that blood I may have remission of my sins, for which I implore Thy forgiveness ; for every other offence or injury done to this city, and for every other sin of which I may unconsciously have been guilty.” After this full and distinct declaration of faith, he himself took the communion, gave it to his disciples, and soon after, it was announced to them that they must go down to the Piazza.’—*Villari*.

Hence is the entrance to four rooms (not usually shown) which were given by Cosimo I. to his wife Eleanora of Toledo. The ceilings are painted with the lives of good women by *Jean Stradan* of Bruges. In the last of these rooms a cruel murder was committed in 1441.

‘A Florentine named Baldassare Orlandini, while commissary for the army during a war with the Milanese, basely abandoned a pass in the Apennines, allowing Niccolò Piccinino, the hostile general, to penetrate the valley of the Arno. His conduct was boldly denounced by Baldaccio d’Anghiari, a faithful soldier of the Republic, who led the Florentine infantry. Some years later, in 1441, when the chronicler Francesco Giovanni, who tells the story, was Prior, Orlandini, who had been chosen Gonfalonier, with apparent friendliness, sent for d’Anghiari to the palace. Suspecting treachery, he hesitated to obey, and sought advice from Cosimo Vecchio, who, fearing that the virtue and ability of D’Anghiari might be prejudicial to Medicean interest, cunningly replied, that obedience was the first duty in a citizen. Baldaccio accordingly repaired to the palace, where Orlandini received him with courtesy, and was leading him by the hand to his own chamber, when ruffians, hired by the Gonfalonier for the purpose, and placed in concealment, rushed on their intended victim, and, after despatching him with their daggers, threw his body into the cortile below. His head was cut off and his mangled remains exposed in the piazza, where he was proclaimed a traitor to the Republic. A part of his confiscated property was, however, restored to the prayers of his widow Annalena, who, after the death of her infant son, retired from the world, and converted her dwelling in the Via Romana into a convent which bore her name.’—*Horner*.

Opening from this chamber is a very small *Chapel* intended for the use of the Grand-Duchess, adorned with admirable frescoes by *Bronzino*.

In the tower is the prison called *Alberghettino*, where, in

1423, Cosimo de' Medici was imprisoned before his exile, and where Macchiavelli narrates that the future 'Father of his country' refused all nourishment except a piece of bread, through four days, from fear of poison.

Let us leave the Piazza della Signoria by the Via dei Magazzini near the Palazzo della Mercanzia.

(We cross the Via Condotta, where, turned into an inn, is the famous *Palazzo dei Cerchi*, at one time the residence of the Priors, before they moved to the Palazzo Vecchio, and for a hundred years the palace of the Bandini. Here, in the time of Bernardo Bandini, the Pazzi conspired for the assassination of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici; and hence, from the tower-top, in 1530, Giovanni Bandini, by his signals, betrayed Florence to the imperialists who were besieging the city).

The Via dei Magazzini ends at (left) the humble *Church of S. Martino*, founded 786 by an Archdeacon of Fiesole. It is interesting from the Society called the 'Buonumini di San Martino,' formed by S. Antonio for the private relief of persons of the upper class reduced to poverty by misfortune — 'I Poveri Vergognosi,' as they were called. The church contains twelve lunettes with paintings relating to the works of mercy. The old man with white hair in the central compartment is said to be a portrait of Piero Capponi.

Opposite the church is the tall tower called *Bocca di Ferro*, once the residence of the Podestàs, or foreign governors of Florence, before they removed to the Bargello in 1261. It looks down upon a house in the Via S. Martino, called *La Casa di Dante*, where an inscription tells that Dante was born in 1265. His parents belonged to the Guild of Wool. In the neighbouring church he was married to Gemma, daughter of Manetti Donati, whose house was close to that of the Alighieri.

The birthplace of Dante, 211 years afterwards, became a wine-shop of the artist Mariotto Albertinelli, to which Michelangelo, Benvenuto Cellini, and other famous men of the day were wont to resort. The house was of great interest as late as 1877, but has since been completely 'reno-

vated,' to the utter destruction of its value, not a stone of the house which Dante looked upon having been spared. Dante had seven children by Gemma, who was sister of that Corso Donati who, at the head of the Neri, overran Florence with fire and sword. She never saw him again after his exile, but, when his house was on fire, she saved his manuscripts, and restored them to him in safety.

The Via Margherita leads from the Piazza S. Martino into the Via del Corso, where, on the opposite side, is the *Church of S. Margherita dei Ricci*. It was erected to pro-



Casa di Dante, 1872.

tect a fresco of the Annunciation (formerly in the piazzetta of S. Maria degli Alberinghi), because the youth Antonio Rinaldeschi, enraged at his gambling losses, threw dirt at the picture in his passion, and was punished by a sudden death. The fresco is called the *Madonna dei Ricci*, from the family for whom it was painted. Very near the church is the old *Tower of the Donati Family*.

At the corner, where the Corso falls into the Via del Proconsolo, is the *Palazzo Salviati*, occupying the site of the house of Folco Portinari, father of the Beatrice of Dante.



In its court is shown the 'Nicchia di Dante,' where the poet is supposed to have watched for his love. On May-Day, 1274, the little Dante, then not nine years old, was brought by his father Alighiero Alighieri to a *fête* given by Folco Portinari, and then, for the first time, he saw and loved the eight-year-old Beatrice, who, in her twentieth year, married Simone de' Bardi, and died (1290) four years after.

'It was the custom in our city for both men and women, when the pleasant time of spring came round, to form social gatherings in their own quarters of the city for the purpose of merry-making. In this way Folco Portinari, a citizen of mark, had amongst others collected his neighbours at his house upon the 1st of May, for pastime and rejoicing; among these was the aforesaid Alighieri, and with him—it being common for little children to accompany their parents, especially at merry-makings—came one Dante, then scarce nine years old, who, with the other children of his own age that were in the house, engaged in the sports appropriate to their years. Among these others was a little daughter of the aforesaid Folco, called Bice, about eight years old, very winning, graceful, and attractive in her ways, in aspect beautiful, and with an earnestness and gravity in her speech beyond her years. This child turned her gaze from time to time upon Dante with so much tenderness as filled the boy brimful with delight, and he took her image so deeply into his mind, that no subsequent pleasure could ever afterwards extinguish or expel it. Not to dwell more upon these passages of childhood, suffice it to say, that this love—not only continuing, but increasing day by day, having no other or greater desire or consolation than to look upon her—became to him, in his more advanced age, the frequent and woeful cause of the most burning sighs, and of many bitter tears, as he has shown in a portion of his *Vita Nuova*.'—*Boccaccio, tr. by Theo. Martin.*

'Nine times already, since my birth, had the heaven of light returned to well-nigh the same point in its orbit when to my eyes was first revealed the glorious lady of my soul, even she who was called Beatrice by many who wist not wherefore she was so called. She was then of such an age, that during her life the starry heavens had advanced towards the East the twelfth part of a degree, so that she appeared to me about the beginning of her, and I beheld her about the close of my, ninth year. Her apparel was of a most noble colour, a subdued and becoming crimson, and she wore a cincture and ornaments befitting her childish years. At that moment (I speak it in all truth) the spirit of life which abides in the most secret chamber of the heart began to tremble with a violence that showed horribly in the minutest pulsations of my frame: and tremulously it spoke these words:—"Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi!"—"Behold a god stronger than I, who

cometh to lord it over me!" and straightway the animal spirit which abides in the upper chamber, whither all the spirits of the senses carry their perceptions, began to marvel greatly, and addressing itself especially to the spirits of vision, it spoke these words:—" *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra*"—"Now hath your bliss appeared," and straightway the natural spirit, which abides in that part whereto our nourishment is ministered, began to wail, and dolorously it spoke these words:—" *Hæu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps!*"—"Ah, wretched me, for henceforth shall I be oftentimes obstructed!" From that time forth I say that Love held sovereign empire over my soul, which had so readily been betrothed unto him, and through the influence lent to him by my imagination he at once assumed such imperious sway and masterdom over me, that I could not chose but do his pleasure in all things. Oftentimes he enjoined me to strive, if so I might behold this youngest of the angels; wherefore did I during my boyish years frequently go in quest of her, and so praiseworthy was she, and so noble in her bearing, that of her might with truth be spoken that saying of the poet Homer—

"She of a god seemed born, and not of mortal man."

And albeit her image, which was evermore present with me, might be Love's mere imperiousness to keep me in his thrall, yet was its influence of such noble sort that at no time did it suffer me to be ruled by Love, save with the faithful sanction of reason in all those matters wherein it is of importance to listen to her counsel.'—*Dante, Vita Nuova II., tr. by Theo. Martin.*

Maria Salviati, a daughter of this palace, married Giovanni delle Bande Nere, and here became the mother of Cosimo I.

The *Via degli Albizzi* (crossing the Via del Proconsolo) derives its name from an old family who dwelt here. In one corner is the *Palazzo Nonfinito* ('unfinished'), founded by Alessandro Strozzi, 1592, from the design, never completed, of *Bernardo Buontalenti*. The part which exists is exceedingly stately.

Opposite, is the *Palazzo Quaratesi*, which belonged to the Pazzi. The design was originally made by *Brunelleschi* for Andrea Pazzi, but was carried out by his son Jacopo. The courtyard is exceedingly admirable. The escutcheon in the corner is by *Donatello*. A beautiful *fanale*, or cresset, projects over the street. The 'Cantonata dei Pazzi' is still the scene of a ceremony observed from the time of the Crusades.

'Popular tradition narrates that in 1099 a Florentine of the name of Raniero led 2500 Tuscans to support Godfrey of Bouillon in his attempt to recover the Holy Land. Raniero planted the first Christian standard on the walls of Jerusalem; and in requital Godfrey permitted him to carry back to Florence a light kindled at the sacred fire on the Saviour's tomb. Raniero started on horseback to return home, but finding that the wind, as he rode, would soon extinguish the light, he changed his position, and sitting with his face to the horse's tail, conveyed the sacred relic safely to Florence. As he passed along, all who met him called out that he was *pazzo*, or "mad," and thence arose the family name of the Pazzi. The light was placed in San Biagio; and ever since, on Saturday in Passion week, a coal which is kindled there is borne on the Carroccio to the Cantonata dei Pazzi before it is taken to the cathedral; and, in both places, an artificial dove, symbolical of the Holy Spirit, by some mechanical contrivance is made to light a lamp before the sacred image at this corner, and on the high-altar of the cathedral.'—*Horner*.

On the opposite side of the street, at the corner of the Via degli Albizzi, is the *Palazzo Montalvo*, built in the reign of Cosimo I. by *Ammanati*. In the court is a bronze Mercury by *Giovanni da Bologna*. The ancient Palace of the Pazzi was demolished to build the National Bank.

On the other side of the street is the *Palazzo dei Galli*, which has a suite of rooms painted by *Giovanni di San Giovanni*. A little farther is the *Casa Londi*, which bears an inscription, saying that Galuzzi, the historian of the Medici, died there.

Immediately beyond is the interesting old frescoed *Palazzo Alessandro*, founded by Alessandro Albizzi, who, quarrelling with his brother, dropped the family name. Twenty-three priors and nine gonfaloniers sprang from the Alessandri, but amid their honours they never despised the trade from which they derived their wealth and power, and the iron cramps may still be seen upon which the cloth they continued to manufacture was spread out to dry in the sun on the roof of their palace. Some rooms, with old windows under pointed arches, are hung with cloth of gold and velvet from the palios won by the Alessandri at the horse-races in the Corso: some of the gold hangings are most magnificent. The Palace contains a few good pictures by *Botticelli*,

*Pesellino, Fil. Lippi, and Jacopo da Empoli*, and some small sculptures by *Donatello* and *Mino da Fiesole*.

Lower down the street is an arch crossing one side of a piazzetta, being all that remains of the *Church of S. Pietro Maggiore*, where (Aug. 1525) Giovanni della Robbia was buried by the side of his uncle Luca (ob. Feb. 20, 1482). The *Casa Casuccini* stands on the site of one of the towers where Corso Donati defended himself against the people in the fourteenth century. The *Palazzo Valori*, called Palazzo dei Visacci from the busts which adorn it, marks the site of the Palace of Rinaldo degli Albizzi, who died in exile at Ancona in 1452 for his opposition to the Medici. The existing palace was built by Baccio Valori, whose bust is over the entrance.

Before leaving the Via degli Albizzi we must remember that this was the scene of the miracle of S. Zenobio.

'A French lady of noble lineage, who was performing a pilgrimage to Rome, stopped at Florence on the way, in order to see the good bishop Zenobio, of whom she had heard so much, and, having received his blessing, she proceeded on to Rome, leaving in his care her little son. The day before her return to Florence the child died. She was overwhelmed with grief, and took the child and laid him down in the Borgo degli Albizzi at the feet of S. Zenobio, who, by the efficacy of his prayers, restored the child to life and gave him back to the arms of his mother.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

Returning to the Via del Proconsolo and turning to the left, we reach, on the right,

*La Badia*, founded by Willa, wife of the Marquis of Tuscany, in 993, for the Black Benedictines. She presented the Abbot with a knife, to show that he might curtail or dispose of the property at his pleasure; the staff of pastoral authority; a branch of a tree as lord of the soil; a glove, the sign of investiture; and finally caused herself to be expelled to prove that she resigned all her former rights. The abbey was greatly enriched by her son Ugo, who was governor of Tuscany for Otto III. Losing his way in a forest, he had a hideous vision of human souls tormented by devils, and selling his property, endowed therewith seven religious houses, in expiation of the seven deadly

sins. Ugo is annually commemorated on S. Thomas's Day, when, till lately, some noble young Florentine has always declaimed his praises during the celebration of Mass. Dante alludes to this custom :—

' Ciascun che della bella insegna porta  
Del gran barone, il cui nome e 'l cui pregio  
La festa di Tommaso riconforta.'—*Par.* xvi. 127.

The existing abbey was built by *Arnolfo di Lapo* in 1250, but much altered by *Segaloni* in 1625. The present graceful bell-tower was built in 1320, the original campanile having been pulled down as a punishment to the Abbot, because he refused to pay his taxes, and rang the bells to summon the Florentine nobles to support him. The door, of 1495, is by *Benedetto da Rovezzano*.

The *Church*, in the form of a Greek cross, once contained many frescoes by Giotto, which have been destroyed, but it is still interesting from its tombs. On the right of the entrance, under a delicately sculptured arch, is the sarcophagus of Gianozzo Pandolfini. Close by is an altar with beautiful reliefs by *Benedetto da Majano* (1442–97). In the north transept is an exquisite tomb by *Mino da Fiesole* to Bernardo Giugni, a famous Guelfic Gonfalonier, who died in 1466.

'The figure of Justice on this tomb is meagre in outline, though refined in conception and workmanship. The best testimony to the virtues of the occupant of this tomb, who served Florence as ambassador on several important occasions, and was made Cavaliere and Gonfaloniere, is contained in these words of his biographer : <sup>1</sup> "Beato alla città di Firenze, se avesse avuto simili cittadini."—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

In the south transept is the tomb of the semi-founder, Count Ugo of Tuscany, who died in 1000, erected by the monks in 1481.

'The architectural features of Count Ugo's monument are, like those of the finest Tuscan tombs, an arched recess, within which is placed the recumbent statue upon a sarcophagus ; a charming Madonna and Child in relief in the lunette, below which is a figure of Charity some-

<sup>1</sup> Bisticci, *Arch. St. It.* iv.

what too long in its proportions ; flying angels with a memorial tablet, two genii bearing shields, and an architrave sculptured with festoons and shells in low relief, compose its sculptured features.'—*Perkins*.

Above this tomb is an Assumption by *G. Vasari*. On the left of this transept is the Chapel of the Bianchi, containing the Apparition of the Virgin to S. Bernard, the best easel picture of *Filippino Lippi*. It was painted in 1480 by order of Francesco del Pugliese for the church at La Camfora outside the walls, and was removed hither for safety during the siege of Florence in 1529.

'Filippino fut peintre naturaliste ; mais il le fut sans scandale et en choisissant heureusement ses modèles, comme on peut le voir dans le ravissant tableau de la Badia, qu'il peignit à l'âge de vingt ans (1480) et dont toutes les figures sont des portraits de famille. Le Saint Bernard en est le principal personnage, et la Vierge qui lui apparaît, et les anges dont elle est accompagnée, sont tout simplement une mère entourée de ses enfants ; mais quelle mère et quels enfants !'—*Rio, L'Art Chrétien*.

There is a double cloister, with a well, and many frescoes in the upper storey, telling the history of S. Benedict and Subiaco, by *Niccolò d'Alunno*. Near the entrance is the tomb of the ill-fated Francesco Valori, the friend of Savonarola, who perished in the riot when S. Marco was besieged.

'Finding that scarcely a feeble resistance was made within S. Marco, whilst the enemy without were hourly increasing in number and force, Francesco Valori was desirous of getting to his own house, in order to collect his adherents, and make a more energetic defence from without. But his dwelling-place was suddenly surrounded by a great number of persons, and a mace-bearer arrived from the Signory requiring him to appear immediately before them. He showed every desire to obey, feeling sure that he should be able, by his presence and authority, to make them ashamed of their conduct ; he therefore set out immediately with the mace-bearer for the Palazzo. He passed through the crowd with a lofty air and serene countenance, like a man confident in his innocence, and who had never flinched before any danger. But they had scarcely reached the Church of S. Proculo when they were met by some members of the Ridolfi and Tornabuoni families, relations of those of whose condemnation to death in the preceding August he had been the cause, and they at once attacked and killed him. In this way a public injury met reparation by private revenge ; and thus a valiant and honest citizen, who had always been the most powerful friend of

Savonarola, perished miserably. His wife, hearing the noise, ran to the window in terror, and in the midst of the confusion and frightful cries of her husband and his murderers, a shot from a cross-bow amongst the crowd sent her to be united to him in a better world. The maddened populace immediately entered, sacked, and set fire to the house; and while they were carrying off the furniture of a bed, a baby that was asleep in it, a grandson of Valori, was suffocated. The Signory neither then nor afterwards made any inquiry into these murders and outrages.'—*Villari*.

Opposite the Badia rises the massive *Bargello*, built as the Palace of the Podestà,<sup>1</sup> the chief criminal magistrate of Florence. According to a law enacted when the office was created in 1199, the Podestà must always be a foreigner, a noble, a Catholic, and a Guelf. But in 1250 a Ghibelline named Ranieri da Montemurlo was elected, which caused an insurrection of the people, who chose a new governor, and fortified the old tower of the Boscoli and the adjoining buildings as his residence. The chief power continued in the hands of the Podestà till 1462, when it was restrained by a tribunal called (from the round stones—*ruote*—which paved the hall in which they held their meetings) Giudici alla Ruota. The office of Podestà was finally abolished by Cosimo I., when the palace castle was assigned to the Bargello or Head of the Police.

The greater part of the palace is due to *Arnolfo di Lapo*. Upon the outside of the older tower, facing the Via del Palagio, were frescoes of the Duke of Athens and his associates, hanging, but they are no longer visible. The bell within, called the *Montanara*, obtained the name of *La Campana delle Armi*, because it was the signal for citizens to lay aside their weapons and retire home.

The street below the Bargello witnessed, August 1, 1343, one of the most frightful scenes of Florentine history. The Duke of Athens had taken refuge in the fortress, and the members of the noble Florentine families, Medici, Rucellai, and others, who had suffered from his tyranny, were besieging him. They demanded, as the price of his life, that the Conservatore Guglielmo d' Assisi and his son, a

<sup>1</sup> Open daily from 10 to 4. Entrance, week-days, 1 fr., Sundays free.

boy of eighteen, who had been the instruments of his cruelty, should be given up to them. Forced by hunger, he caused them to be pushed out of the half-closed door to the populace, who tore them limb from limb, hacking the boy to pieces first before his father's eyes, and then parading the bloody fragments on their lances through the streets.



Staircase of the Bargello.

The Bargello is now entered from the Via del Proconsolo. The courtyard is intensely picturesque and most rich and effective in colour; its staircase was built by *Agnolo Gaddi*. Near the well in the centre many noble Florentines have been beheaded, including (1530) Niccolò de' Lapi, the hero of Massimo d'Azeglio's novel. The arms of the Duke of Athens hang near the entrance, followed by those of the



two hundred and four Podestàs who ruled afterwards in Florence. The beautiful upper Loggia is attributed to *Orcagna*: it was once divided into three cells, the farthest of which was for the condemned. The Loggia contains three bells, one of them from a church near Pisa, by one Bartolommeo, a popular decorative artisan under Frederick II.

On the right of the Loggia we enter the *1st Hall*, magnificent in itself, and surrounded by sculpture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. (If the visitor should have to enter by the side staircase on the left of the court, he should turn at once to the left on entering the halls and begin with the farthest.)

*End Wall:*

*Baccio Bandinelli.* Adam and Eve.

*Vincenzio Danti.* Statue of Cosimo I.

*Left Wall:*

*Michelangelo.* Bacchus and Satyr.

*Right Wall:*

\**Donatello.* David, with the head of Goliath at his feet.

*Vincenzo Danti.* L'Onore e l'Inganno.

*Opposite Wall:*

*Michelangelo.* The dying Adonis—its general effect is confused, and it is further injured by the badness of the marble.

*Michelangelo.* An unfinished group of Victory—the figure most awkwardly turned.

*Giovanni da Bologna.* Virtue conquering Vice.

Between the statues are a series of most wonderful reliefs representing music and its effects, which were originally intended for the organ-gallery of the cathedral. The larger and most remarkable are by *Luca della Robbia*, the others by *Donatello*. The reliefs of Luca della Robbia are the best.

'They represent a band of youths, dancing, playing upon musical instruments, and singing; the expression in each chorister's face is so true to the nature of his voice, that we can hear the shrill treble, the rich contralto, the luscious tenor, and the sonorous bass of their quartette.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

'These happy children standing or sitting in careless ease with their varied instruments in their hands, these fair-faced boys and maidens,

blowing long trumpets, sounding their harp and lyre, and clashing their cymbals as they go, singing all the while for gladness of heart, breathe the very spirit of music. Not a detail is left out, not a touch forgotten. We see the motion of their hands beating time as they bend over each other's shoulders to read the notes, the rhythmic measure of their feet as they circle hand in hand to the tune of their own music, the very swelling of their throats as, with heads thrown back and parted lips, they pour forth their whole soul in song. Never was the innocent



The David of Donatello.

beauty, the unconscious grace, of childhood more perfectly rendered than in these lovely bands of curly-headed children thrilled through and through with the power and the joy of their melody.'—*Church Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1885.

Hence, passing through an ante-chamber, we reach the *Audience Chamber of the Podestà* (the 3rd Hall), occupied by Walter be Brienne, Duke of Athens, during his reign, and decorated with his arms (for the restoration of which Florence apologises in an amusing inscription). The chimney-piece,

fire-irons, &c., are of his time. At the farther end was a cell where Fra Paolo, who began life as a Franciscan monk, and afterwards became a notorious brigand, was chained to the wall with an iron collar for thirty years, till he died at the age of eighty-one. The room is now used to contain the collection of Majolica and Urbino ware brought to Florence on the marriage of Vittoria della Rovere with the Grand-Duke Ferdinand II.

Beyond the Audience Chamber is the ancient *Chapel* (the *4th Hall*) covered with frescoes by *Giotto*, of 1301, but terribly 'restored.' On the entrance wall is Hell. Next, on the window wall, is the story of S. Nicholas of Bari. Between the windows is S. Venantius; beyond that the Daughter of Herodias dancing. The opposite wall is occupied by the story of S. Mary of Egypt.

On the east wall is Heaven, in which, to the right of the window, Dante is introduced, with his master Brunetto Latini. The figure of Dante has been greatly altered by restoration, but is still of great importance and interest.

'The enthusiasm of the Florentines, when this portrait was discovered, resembled that of their ancestors when Borgo Allegri received its name from their rejoicings in sympathy with Cimabue. "L'abbiamo, il nostro poeta!" was the universal cry, and for days afterwards the Bargello was thronged with a continuous succession of pilgrim visitors. The portrait, though stiff, is amply satisfactory to the admirers of Dante. He stands there full of dignity, in the beauty of his manhood, a pomegranate in his hand, and wearing the graceful falling cap of the day—the upper part of his face smooth, lofty, and ideal, revealing the Paradiso, as the stern, compressed, under-jawed mouth does the Inferno. There can be little doubt, from the prominent position assigned him in the composition, as well as from his personal appearance, that this fresco was painted in, or immediately after, the year 1300, when he was one of the Priors of the Republic, and in the thirty-fifth year of his age—the very epoch, the "mezzo cammin della vita," at which he dates his vision. In February 1302 he was exiled.'—*Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

The following rooms were the *Apartments of the Podestà*. The next room (*5th Hall*, sometimes the entrance), which has a fresco of the Madonna between two saints, contains a beautiful collection of carvings in amber and ivory.

The 6th Hall has, amongst other works of art, chiefly bronze :—

\**Donatello.* Bronze statue of David with his foot on the head of Goliath.

‘The youthful, undraped head, his face overshadowed by a shepherd’s hat wreathed with ivy, stands with one foot upon the head of his giant enemy, grasping a huge sword in his right hand, and resting his left against his hip. The care bestowed upon the whole work is visible even in the helmet of Goliath, which is adorned with a beautiful stiacciato relief of children dragging a triumphal car.’—*Perkins’s ‘Tuscan Sculptors.’*

‘With the exception of Michelangelo, no Tuscan sculptor had so marked an influence as Donatello upon the art of his time. He may, indeed, be called the first and greatest of Christian sculptors, as, despite his great love and close study of classical art, all his works are Christian in subject and in feeling, unless positive imitations of the Antique. It is not easy, therefore, to understand why many writers have called Ghiberti a Christian, and Donatello a Pagan in art. Both loved the Antique equally well, and each owed to the study of it his greatest excellence, but certainly no work of Ghiberti can be pointed out so Christian in spirit as the S. George, the S. John, the Magdalen, and many of Donatello’s bas-reliefs. As a man, as well as an artist, he approached far more closely to the ideal of the Christian character, being confessedly humble, charitable, and kind to all around him; a firm friend, and an honest, upright, simple-hearted man, whose fair fame is not marred by a single blot.’—*Perkins’s ‘Tuscan Sculptors.’*

‘Ce chef-d’œuvre réalise bien l’idée qu’on se fait, d’après le récit biblique, du jeune berger transformé en triomphateur.’—*Rio.*

*Il Vecchietto* (1412). Cast of an aged face taken after death.

*Cigoli.* Anatomical figures in bronze and wax.

The 7th Hall contains :—

\**Giovanni da Bologna.* Statue of Mercury, and two bronze models executed in preparation for it; also the sculptor’s model for the Rape of the Sabines.

‘Who does not know the Mercury of Gian Bologna, that airy youth with winged feet and cap, who, with the caduceus in his hand, and borne aloft upon a head of Aeolus, seems bound upon some Jove-commissioned errand? Who has not admired its lightness and truth of momentary action, which none but an artist skilful in modelling and well-versed in anatomy could have attained, since, Mercury-like, it has winged its way to the museums and houses of every quarter of the globe?’—*Perkins’s ‘Tuscan Sculptors.’*

*Donatello.* Figure of a Boy.

*Andrea Verocchio.* Statue of David.

'Though deficient in sentiment, it is full of life and animation. The face is very like those of Lionardo in type, the head is covered with clustering curls, and a light corselet protects the body. The left hand, which is very carefully studied, rests upon the hip, while the right grasps a sword, with which the young hero is about to cut off the head of his fallen enemy. Meagre in outline, and poor in its forms, it is nevertheless a work of much merit.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

'Verocchio's David, a lad of some seventeen years, has the lean, veined arms of a stone-hewer or gold-beater. As a faithful portrait of the first Florentine prentice who came to hand, this statue might have merit but for the awkward cuirass and kilt that partly drape the figure.'—*Symonds.*

*Benvenuto Cellini.* Model for the statue of Perseus.

\**Id.* Bust of Cosimo I.

*Lorenzo Ghiberti.* A bronze sarcophagus, with angels bearing a wreath.

*Vincenzio Danti.* The Adoration of the Brazen Serpent—a relief.

\**Lorenzo di Pietro di Lando*, commonly called *Il Vecchietto*. A scholar of Giacomo della Quercia (1412–1480). Monument of Mariano Socino, brought from S. Domenico at Siena.

'The head, which is not unlike that of Dante, appears to have been cast from life, as well as the hands and feet; the drapery is hard and unpliant.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

*Antonio Pollajuolo* (over the monument of Socino). A bronze relief of the Crucifixion.

*Brunelleschi and Ghiberti.* The bronze reliefs which they executed of the Sacrifice of Isaac, while competing for the gates of the Baptistery.

'As we look at the model of Ghiberti side by side with that of Brunelleschi, we cannot understand how the judges could have hesitated between them, for while Ghiberti's is distinguished by clearness of narration, grace of line, and repose, Brunelleschi's is melodramatically conceived and awkwardly composed. In Ghiberti's Abraham we see a father who, while preparing to obey the Divine command, still hopes for a respite, and in his Isaac a submissive victim; the angel who points out the ram caught in a thicket, which Abraham could not otherwise and does not yet see, sets us at rest about the conclusion; while the servants, with the ass which brought the faggots for the sacrifice, are so skilfully placed as to enter into the composition without attracting our attention from the principal group.

'Brunelleschi's Abraham is, on the contrary, a savage zealot, whose knife is already half-buried in the throat of his writhing victim, and

who, in his hot haste, does not heed the ram which is placed directly before him, nor the angel, who seizes his wrist to avert his blow; while the ass and the two servants, each carrying on a separate action, fill up the foreground so obtrusively as to call off the eye from what should be the main point of interest.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

Ascending to the 2nd floor we find—

The *8th Hall*. Adorned with frescoes by *Andrea del Castagno*, 1435. On the end wall is the Madonna with saints. On the right wall a beautiful figure of Justice deciding in favour of age against youth, and a Madonna by *Ptolem. de Callio Seraphinus*. The frescoes of Italian celebrities, removed from the Villa Pandolfini at Legnaia, are all by *Castagno*.

This is the best place for studying the works of this rare and remarkable painter, who, the son of a peasant, showed his chief power in the delineation of the lusty limbs and sinews which were characteristic of those amongst whom he was brought up. The features of those he painted generally reproduce the coarseness of his own passions. His greatest crime was the murder of his kindest friend Domenico Veneziano, who had taught him the secret of oil-painting, of which he sought thus to be the sole possessor—and this he only confessed upon his death-bed, in his seventy-fourth year.

'Cet artiste hypocrite, envieux, vindicatif, brutal, fut tout aussi peu attrayant dans sa personne que dans ses œuvres. Plus ces personnages de la Villa Pandolfini se rapprochent, par leur caractère réel ou supposé, du type favori d'Andrea del Castagno, c'est à dire du type le plus analogue à sa propre nature, plus il a su les rendre d'une manière vigoureuse et saisissante. La figure de Farinata degli Uberti fait presque peur à voir, et l'artiste, en la traçant, avait certainement présente à l'esprit la damnation de ce patriote athée, telle qu'elle est peinte dans le dixième chant de "l'Enfer." Il n'a pas réussi de même dans le portrait d'Accaiuoli, brave et pieux fondateur de la Chartreuse de Florence, ni dans celui de Boccace, ni surtout dans celui de Dante, dont il pouvait comprendre les rancunes beaucoup mieux que le génie. La seule figure vraiment grandiose qui soit sortie du pinceau d'Andrea est celle de la reine Esther; encore a-t-il plus consulté son imagination que le récit biblique, en transformant cette libératrice suppliante en libératrice impérieuse.'—*Rio*.

The beautiful stained glass, by *Guglielmo di Marcilla*, a Dominican monk (1470–1537), was intended for the cathedral of Cortona.

The *9th* and *10th Halls* (on the right) have some curious old furniture and beautiful works of the Robbias—many of the latter being very grand specimens. Returning hence to the room with the Castagno's frescoes, we enter the *11th Hall*, which contains the gems of the collection, which long

formed one of the most attractive parts of the Uffizi Gallery. This and the adjoining room are filled with the most touching and instructive masterpieces of mediæval sculpture.

‘One feels that there is something in common between us and the Middle Ages. Their names still exist in their descendants, who often inhabit the very palaces they dwelt in, and their very portraits by the great masters still hang in their halls; whereas we know nothing of the Greeks and Romans but their public deeds, their private life is blank to us.’—*Mrs. Somerville.*

In the centre of the room is—

*Donatello.* Statue of S. John Baptist.

### *Entrance Wall:*

\**Benedetto da Rovessano*, c. 1507. (The masterpiece of the sculptor.)

The translation of S. Giovanni Gualberto. This and the companion reliefs were brought from the tomb of S. Giovanni Gualberto in the monastery of S. Salvi, where soldiers were quartered in 1530, by whom they were terribly mutilated. The figures, however, glow with expression and power. The face of the dead saint has escaped.

‘After being left for fifteen years in the sculptor’s studio outside the Porta Santa Croce, on account of the violent dissensions of the monks who had ordered it, the monument was broken to pieces by the papal and imperial soldiers during the siege of 1530. Of the many life-size statues belonging to it, which stood in niches divided by pilasters, none escaped; and of its bas-reliefs but five:—

1. San Pietro Igneo passing unscathed through the flames, by the help of S. Giovanni Gualberto.
2. The monk Fiorenzo liberated from a demon.
3. The Death and Funeral of the Saint.
4. The Removal of his Body from Passignano.
5. The monks of S. Salvi attacked by heretics.

Though many of these figures are sadly mutilated, enough remains to attest their original excellence. The most beautiful relief is perhaps that of the funeral procession, in which the saint lies on a bier, which is borne aloft on the shoulders of monks. An angel with open wings walks beside the corpse, and a boy possessed with a devil, who has been brought to meet it in hope of cure, struggles in the arms of his keepers. His distressed countenance and writhing form contrast most strikingly with the calm repose of the dead saint and the bright beauty of the attendant angel. Another excellent composition is that in which San Giovanni is represented beside the couch of the monk Fiorenzo,

who covers his face with his hands, to shut out the sight of the demon, from whom he has been delivered by the saint's prayers. The other three bas-reliefs are mere fragments; hardly a head remains upon any one of the figures.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

Above are other fragments of the shrine.

Bust of Francesco Sassetti.

### *Right Wall:*

\**Rovezzano.* S. Giovanni Gualberti driving away the Devil from the death-bed of the monk Fiorenzo.

\**Andrea Verocchio.* The death of Selvaggia di Marco degli Alessandri, wife of Francesco Tornabuoni, a Florentine merchant. She died in childbirth at Rome, where Verocchio was employed, 1473-1476, to sculpture her monument.

'For some unknown reason it was removed from the church of S. Maria sopra Minerva (at Rome) and destroyed, with the exception of one bas-relief, representing the death of Selvaggia, who died in child-bed. Around the couch upon which the dying woman sits, supported by her attendants, stand her relatives and friends, one of whom tears her hair in an agony of grief, while another, in striking contrast, crouches in silent despair upon the ground, her head enveloped in the folds of a thick mantle.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

'It is altogether an admirable piece, quite in the spirit of the comedies of Terence.'—*Shelley.*

Relief of Galeazzo Sforza.

Relief of Federigo di Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino.

### *Left Wall:*

\**Rovezzano.* S. Pietro Igneo passing through the fire at Settimo.

\**Mino da Fiesole.* Virgin and Child.

\**Donatello.* The young S. John.

'The hair is wonderfully treated, growing in the most natural way from the head, and falling about it in ringlets perfectly graceful in line, and almost silken in quality. The ancients were, indeed, unrivalled in their treatment of hair in the abstract, but no sculptor, ancient or modern, ever surpassed Donatello in giving it all its qualities of growth and waywardness.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

*Il Rossellino.* Bust of Matteo Palmieri (1468).

*Benedetto da Majano.* Bust of Pietro Mellini (1474).



## 12th Hall:

## ENTRANCE WALL:

*Michelangelo.* Leda.

✓ *Mino da Fiesole.* Virgin and Child.

✓ *Id.* Bust of Piero de' Medici, 'Il Gottoso,' at thirty-seven. 1483.  
Bust of Niccolò Macchiavelli, 1495—marvellous in character and expression.

## LEFT WALL:

*Verocchio.* Madonna and Child.

*Matteo Civitale.* Faith, 1484.

This figure embodies the best qualities of the artist—viz., earnestness and religious feeling. When we see how trustfully Faith gazes towards heaven, we feel, as when looking at his angels at Lucca, and his Zacharias at Genoa, that the artist who sculptured them must have been a devout Christian, who himself knew how to pray. We would insist upon this quality in his works, because it is peculiar to them among those of his century. Many other cinquecento sculptors treated Christian subjects almost exclusively, and often with great expression, but no one did so with so little conventionality and such depth of feeling as Civitale.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

\* *Jacopo della Quercia.* A lovely relief of boys with a garland, sold after the fall of the Guinigi, Lords of Lucca, from the exquisite tomb of Ilaria Guinigi in the cathedral at Lucca, 1150.

✓ *Rossellino.* Virgin and Child—'like a Lorenzo di Credi in marble.'  
*Id.* Statuette of S. John Baptist.

## END WALL:

✓ *Luca della Robbia.* Crucifixion of S. Peter, and S. Peter delivered from prison.

*Michelangelo.* Bust of Brutus I.

*Id.* Martyrdom of S. Andrew—an unfinished relief.

*Id.* Mask of a Satyr, executed in his fifteenth year.

*Id.* Holy Family—a relief.

Bust of Giovanni de' Medici.

## WINDOW WALL:

Bust of Battista Sforza, wife of Federigo da Montefeltro, taken after death.

Coronation of Charlemagne, thirteenth century.

## In the centre of the room:

*Benedetto da Majano.* Statue of S. John Baptist.

*Sansovino.* Statue of Young Bacchus.

✓ *Michelangelo.* Statue of Apollo.

Unknown statue of a youth standing on a buckler.

The 13<sup>th</sup> Hall has some fine French tapestries.

In the left corner of the courtyard is a room containing some good tombs and Gothic fragments. In the court are some architectural remains belonging to Giotto's front of the Cathedral. On the right of the court, beneath the staircase, is the entrance of a Great Hall, now *the Armoury*, which was used as a torture-chamber. A round stone in the floor marks a trapdoor, beneath which quantities of human bones have been found. The door on the left of the room, by which condemned prisoners were brought in, is called *La Porta della Morte*.

Just below the Bargello is the *Piazza S. Firenze*, at the upper end of which stood the Church of S. Apollinare, where Beccheria, Abbot of Vallombrosa, a leader of the Ghibellines, was beheaded in 1258. Dante places him with Ugolino amongst the traitors in the *Inferno*:—

'Se fossi domandato, altri chi v' era,  
Tu hai dallato quel di Beccheria,  
Di cui segò Fiorenza la gorgiera.'—xxxii. 118.

The uninteresting *Church of S. Firenze* is supposed to occupy the site of a Temple of Isis. Close by, is the *Palazzo Gondi*, built 1501, from designs of *Giuliano di San Gallo*: the magnificent chimney-piece of the entrance hall is also due to him. At the head of the staircase is a fine statue of a Roman Senator, found in excavating for remains of the Temple of Isis. The Borgo dei Greci leads hence to Santa Croce: those especially interested in Florentine history may diverge to the right and visit the *Piazza del Grano*, with the picturesque loggia for corn, built 1619 by Cosimo II., whose bust decorates the front. Hence, a narrow street leads to the *Piazza de' Castellani*, or *de' Giudici*, where stood the Castle of Altafronte, afterwards sold to the Castellani. An inscription on the opposite river-parapet commemorates a horse of the Venetian ambassador killed by a shell in the siege of 1529.

Hence, it is only a few steps to the *Ponte alle Grazie*. The extreme picturesqueness of the ancient bridge was annihilated in 1874. It was built by *Lapo*, father of Arnolfo de' Lapi, in 1235, for Rubaconte da Mandella, a Milanese Podestà.

'Come a man destra, per salire al monte  
Dove siede la Chiesa, che soggioga  
La ben guidata sopra Rubaconte.'—*Purg.* xii. 100.

The name *Alle Grazie* came from an image of the Virgin in a little chapel on the right bank. The quaint houses which stood on the piers were originally hermitages erected by nuns who were shocked at the immorality of their convents, and who lived here in retreat—Romite del Rubaconte—under the direction of one Madonna Apollonia. In one of these little houses was born the Beato Tommaso de' Bellacci, and in another the poet Benedetto Menzini, in 1646.

The street leading from the bridge to the Piazza S. Croce was once almost lined by the palaces and towers of the Alberti family. At the *Canto delle Colonnini*, at the corner of the Borgo S. Croce, is a loggia which belonged to them, and which was once the workshop of Niccolò Grossi, surnamed Caparra (pledge) by Lorenzo de' Medici, because he refused to undertake any work unless he was partially paid in advance. Opposite this stood the Church of S. Jacopo tra Fossi, occupying part of the site of the Roman Amphitheatre, in which San Miniato was twice exposed to wild beasts in the reign of Decius. In the neighbouring Borgo S. Croce lived Giorgio Vasari. On one side of the Palazzo Cocchi, at the corner of the Piazza S. Croce, is a huge hinge—a remnant of the Porta delle Pere, spoken of by Dante,—

'Nel picciol cerchio s' entrava per porta  
Che si nomava da quei della Pera.'—*Par.* xvi. 125.

The *Borgo dei Greci* is so called because the Byzantine Emperor and his brother, the Greek Patriarch, were lodged there during the Council of Florence, 1436.

The *Piazza S. Croce* was formerly used for the game of

*Calcio*, which, out of bravado to the enemy, was publicly played here during the siege of the town in 1529. In 1250 the first popular parliament was held here, and here, in 1342, Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens, first roused the populace against the nobles. The statue of Dante, by *Pazzi*, was placed here on the sixth centenary of his birth, 1864.

‘Tender Dante loved his Florence well,  
While Florence now to love him is content.’

*E. Barrett-Browning.*

Around are palaces, *Barberini*; *Seristori*, by *Baccio d' Agnolo*; and *Stufa*, once Antella, by *Giulio Parigi*, with remains of frescoes; and, beneath the third window, a disk, marking a line drawn for those playing at *Calcio*. Some of the houses have hatched ornament—*allo sgraffiato*.

The *Church of Santa Croce* was begun in 1297, by Franciscan monks, from the designs of *Arnolfo di Lapo*, but little remains of the original building externally; the modern façade, a feeble work of *Nicola Matas*, due to the generosity of an Englishman, Mr. Francis Sloane, was only finished in 1863. In the north porch are some mediæval sarcophagi.

The interior is striking from its vast size, and the beautiful stained glass gives some richness of colour, but it is spoilt by the brown and white wash with which it is covered and by its barn-befitting roof. It is a great feature of the nave that it has no side chapels. The chancel is almost entirely of the time of *Arnolfo di Lapo*. Many of the beautiful frescoes which it once contained were destroyed in the sixteenth century, but, from its tombs, the church may, in a manner, be regarded as the Westminster Abbey of Italy.

‘In Santa Croce, as at Westminster Abbey, the present destination of the building was no part of the original design, but was the result of various converging causes. As the church of one of the two great preaching orders, it had a nave large beyond all proportion to its choir. That order being the Franciscan, bound by vows of poverty, the simplicity of the worship preserved the whole space clear from any adventitious

ornaments. The popularity of the Franciscans, especially in a convent hallowed by a visit from S. Francis himself, drew to it not only the chief civic festivals, but also the numerous families who gave alms to the friars, and whose connection with the church was, for this reason, in turn encouraged by them. In those graves, piled with the standards and achievements of the noble families of Florence, were successively interred—not because of their eminence, but as members or friends of those families—some of the most illustrious personages of the fifteenth century. Thus it came to pass, as if by accident, that in the vault of the Buonarroti was laid Michelangelo; in the vault of the Viviani the preceptor of one of their house, Galileo. From these two burials the church gradually became the recognised shrine of Italian genius.’—*A. P. Stanley.*

‘The church of Santa Croce would disappoint you as much inside as out, if the presence of great men did not always cast a mingled shadow of the awful and beautiful over our thoughts.’—*Leigh Hunt.*

‘In Santa Croce’s holy precincts lie  
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is  
Even in itself an immortality,  
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,  
The particle of those sublimities  
Which have relapsed to chaos :—here repose  
Angelo’s, Alfieri’s bones, and his,  
The starry Galileo, with his woes ;  
Here Machiavelli’s earth, return’d to whence it rose.’  
*Byron, ‘Childe Harold.’*

In 1514 S. Croce became celebrated for the extraordinary religious revival under Fra Francesco da Montepulciano, who preached sermons so awful that his vast audience would sometimes cry ‘Misericordia !’ with one voice, at other times almost seemed as if they had lost their senses with horror and grief.

Over the interior of the west door is a statue of S. Louis of Toulouse by *Donatello*—not a good work of the sculptor, who said that it was quite good enough for a man who had been so foolish as to exchange his kingdom for a monastery. The rose-window is from a design of *Lorenzo Ghiberti*. Below it is a tablet with the monogram of our Saviour and the inscription—‘In nomine Jesu omne genu flectatur coelestium, terrestrium, et inferorum.’ This, originally placed by S. Bernardino himself (1437) on the façade of

the church, is of the greatest interest as connected with his story.<sup>1</sup>

The church is almost surrounded by monuments to the great men of Italy.

'Cette église de Santa-Croce contient la plus brillante assemblée de morts qui soit peut-être en Europe.'—*Madame de Staël*.

Few, however, of these tombs have any artistic interest.

'See those huge tombs on your right hand and left, with their alternate gable and round tops, and the paltriest of all possible sculpture, trying to be grand by bigness, and pathetic by expense.'—*Ruskin*.

Making the round of the church we see :—

*Right of main Entrance.* The great modern tomb of A. G. B. Niccolini, and the monument, with a portrait, of Domenico Sestini, the numismatist, ob. 1837.

*Right Aisle.* A monument to Daniel Manin, the Venetian patriot.

*Beyond the 1st Altar.* The tomb of Michelangelo, ob. 1567, by *Giorgio Vasari*. Michelangelo is said to have himself chosen the position of his monument, that when the doors were open the cupola of the cathedral might be visible from his tomb. At the funeral of the great artist (March 16) Bronzino and Vasari walked as the representatives of painting; Cellini, appointed as the representative of sculpture, was prevented by illness from attending.

On the opposite column (making a bit of interior dear to artists) is a Madonna and Child by *Ant. Rossellino*, as a monument to the Nori family. This monument is said to have served as a model to the relief of Michelangelo, in his first manner.<sup>2</sup> Beneath lies Francesco Nori, President of the Republic, who threw himself in the way to receive the blow intended for Lorenzo de' Medici, in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and died in his stead. Læo X. granted an indulgence to all who should pray for the soul of Francesco Nori.

*Between the 2nd and 3rd Altars.* The monument to Dante (buried at Ravenna), by *Ricci* (1829). Michelangelo offered to undertake this work, and was refused.

*3rd Altar. Vasari.* Christ before Caiaphas—much faded.

*Between the 3rd and 4th Chapels.* The monument of Alfieri (1749–1803), erected by *Canova* for his widow, the Countess of Albany.<sup>3</sup> Near this, the remains of Ugo Foscolo, who died in England, 1827, are temporarily laid.

<sup>1</sup> See the Chapter on Siena in 'Cities of Central Italy.'

<sup>2</sup> See Rio, 'Christian Art.'

<sup>3</sup> Alfieri said that the love of fame first came to him as he was walking amongst the illustrious dead in this church of Santa Croce.

*Between the 4th and 5th Altars.* Tomb of Macchiavelli, by *Innocenzo Spinazzi*, erected in 1787.

'Le grand-duc Léopold lui fit ériger ce tombeau de marbre, sur lequel on grava cette épitaphe, dont la forme concise ne dissimule pas la pompeuse expression :

e l o g i u m  
" Tanto nomini nullum par ingenium."

Ce nom est grand, sans nul doute ; mais si grand ou plutôt si tristement célèbre qu'il soit, l'éloge, bien que dise l'épitaphe, ne saurait lui être appliqué sans les plus expresses réserves. Mort dans l'obscurité, méconnu en Italie, ignoré en Europe, Nicholas Machiavel avait caché jusque-là son génie et sa gloire sous la modeste appellation de secrétaire des *Dix*, qu'il garda même dans ses légations les plus importantes, où il ne fut jamais, à cause de sa pauvreté, honoré du titre d'ambassadeur. Or, par une étrange fortune, à peine est-il mort, que la renommée se saisit de son nom. Elle l'emporte au loin dans son vol, pour le livrer, quatre siècles durant, à des jugements aussi contradictoires que les principes de l'écrivain et que les doctrines de cette politique immorale née en Italie au temps des Borgia, inaugurée en France par Catherine de Médicis, et stigmatisée pour la première fois par Bayle du nom de machiavélisme.—*Dantier*, ' *L'Italie*.'

Near the tomb of Macchiavelli is buried Filippo Poggio, the satirist, who served the Church for half a century with great personal devotion, yet was relentless in the sarcasm with which he pursued the vices of the clergy and the follies of the monks.

*Between the 5th and 6th Altars.* Tomb, with a medallion, of Luigi Lanzi (1732-1810), who wrote the 'History of Painting.'

Close by, above the tomb of Benedetto Cavalcante, a monk of S. Croce, is the fresco of S. John Baptist and S. Francis, which is the only remnant of the paintings which once covered the side walls of the church. It is by *Andrea del Castagno*. Close beside this is an Annunciation by *Donatello*.

Beyond the side door is the interesting contemporary monument of Leonardo Bruno, surnamed Aretino (ob. 1444), who tells us in his 'Commentaries' how, as a boy, he used to gaze on the portrait of Petrarch, and pray that he might be his worthy follower ; and who, amongst many other works, reached the height of reputation in his 'History of Florence,' a work then unique in Italy, which was laid upon his breast at his funeral, when his corpse was crowned in S. Croce by Gianozzo Manetti. The tomb is by *Rossellino*, with a lunette above by *Verocchio*.

'L'œuvre et l'artiste étaient également dignes d'un tel continuateur ; car depuis Donatello on n'avait rien vu d'aussi grandiose en fait de sculpture sépulcrale. Ce caractère est empreint non seulement sur les lignes principales, mais aussi sur les détails accessoires, qui sont traités

avec une largeur de style tout à fait imposante. Les ornements latéraux, le sarcophage, les deux aigles à ailes déployées qui le soutiennent, tout cela est exécuté non seulement avec le goût le plus exquis, mais avec la verve d'une imagination véritablement poétique. La figure principale est aussi caractérisée que le permet l'affaissement des traits après la mort, et l'on voit que l'artiste s'est surtout attaché à exprimer l'idée d'une grande puissance intellectuelle.'—*Rio, 'L'Art Chrétien.'*

Near the entrance of the transept is a monument to Leopoldo Nobili (1784–1833), remarkable for his scientific discoveries. The slab tombs in the pavement near this deserve notice.

*South Transept.* Passing the tomb of the minister, Prince Corsini, is the *Chapel of the Holy Sacrament*, originally adorned with frescoes by *Gherardo Starnina* (1354–1406), but these were probably retouched and altered by *Agnolo Gaddi*. They relate to the lives of our Saviour, of S. Anthony, and S. Nicholas of Bari. Here are two large Robbia statues of S. Dominic and S. Bernardino. The tomb of the Countess of Albany (ob. 1824) is by *Santarelli*.

*South Transept. Baroncelli Chapel.* On the right of the entrance is a beautiful Gothic monument by *Niccolò Pisano*. On the left wall are some interesting frescoes relating to the life of the Virgin, by *Taddeo Gaddi*, the favourite pupil and godson of Giotto; and, facing these, a fresco of the Virgin giving the Cintola to S. Thomas, by *Sebastiano Mainardi* of S. Gimignano (the brother-in-law of Ghirlandajo)—his best work. A marble figure of the dead Christ is by *Baccio Bandinelli*.

Beyond this chapel a door opens into a passage. Here is a wooden crucifix attributed to *Margheritone* (1236), and supposed to have been presented by him to the Ghibelline chieftain, Farinata degli Uberti, in gratitude for his having saved Florence from being razed to the ground in 1260.

'Ma fu' io sol colà, dove sofferto

Fu per ciascun di torre via Fiorenza,

Colui, che la difese a viso aperto.'—*Dante, Inf. x. 91.*

Hence we enter the

*Cappella Medici*, where the body of Galileo rested, from his death in 1642 till 1757, when it was removed to the nave of the church, together with that of his pupil, Vincenzo Vivani (ob. 1703), who had been laid beside him.

The chapel is now a museum of the best Church art. We see, beginning from the right :—

*Mino da Fiesole* (1433–84). A Ciborium.

25. *Lorenzo di Niccolò Fiorentino*. The Coronation of the Virgin.

36. *School of Giotto*. Madonna and Child with Saints.

*Mino da Fiesole*. Madonna and Child with Angels.

*Altar. Luca della Robbia*. A grand Coronation of the Virgin.

*Lorenzo di Credi*. The Circumcision.



24. *Giotto*. Madonna and Child enthroned, with Saints.

21. *Orcagna*. S. Giovanni Gualberto, with four scenes from his life.

\**Giotto*. The Coronation of the Virgin—a magnificent altar-piece, in five panels, inscribed 'Opus magistri Jocti.'

'This picture has long been a standing-piece for the critics of Giotto's style. Let the student mark how admirably the idea of a heavenly choir is rendered—how intent the choristers on their canticles, the players on their melody—how quiet, yet how full of purpose—how characteristic and expressive are the faces, how appropriate the grave intentness and tender sentiment of some angels, how correct the action and movement of others—how grave, yet how ardent the saints, how admirably balanced the groups.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

On the left of the passage leading to the chapel is *The Sacristy*, built by the Peruzzi, ornamented with frescoes by the pupils of Giotto, and fine intarsiatura by *Giovanni di Michele*. The Sacristy opens into the *Cappella Rinuccini*, entirely covered with frescoes by *Taddeo Gaddi*.

'The history of the Virgin is represented on the left wall, that of the Magdalen on the right. In the former series the Dedication of the Virgin is peculiarly beautiful. She ascends the steps of the temple, looking up at the High Priest, who stands under the archway in readiness to receive her, while from an adjacent cloister the band of maidens, whom she is about to join, press forward with curiosity to see their new playmate, the foremost of them holding a guitar. Immediately at the foot of the staircase stand two little children, a boy and a girl, the brother with his arm round the sister's neck; other children look on in the right corner, their parents kneeling in adoration, and at the opposite extremity of the fresco stand Joachim and Anna, gazing after the light of their old eyes, whom they have thus parted from, it would seem, for ever. No less beautiful are the three frescoes on the opposite wall, representing our Saviour in the house of Lazarus, the Resurrection of the latter, and the "Noli me tangere." In the first, Mary is seen seated on a little stool at the feet of our Saviour, looking calmly and humbly up in his face, while Martha, immediately behind her, expostulates; the composition is admirable, and the expression full of sweetness. The Resurrection is a repetition, or rather variation, of Giotto's in the chapel of the Bargello, and the "Noli me tangere" similarly recalls the master's memory; the two women, to whom the angels are saying, "He is not here, but is risen," to the right of this, though in the same compartment, are more original, and full of grace and beauty.

'These frescoes are full of calm but deep feeling; the composition is singularly simple and dramatic; the heads are full of character, and there are many new ideas; the composition also is excellent. It is his simple unstudied grace on which Taddeo's character must rest, as one of the steps in the ladder of early art.'—*Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

Returning to the east end of the church, the next chapel is

- The *Cappella Velluti*, adorned with the legend of Monte Gargano in fresco by a pupil of Giotto. The altar-piece is an Assumption by *Crist. Allori*.

The *Cappella Soderini* has a ceiling by *Giovanni di S. Giovanni*.

The *Cappella Riccardi* contains the tombs of Joseph Bonaparte, his wife Julia Clary (1845), and his daughter Charlotte. The chapel was bought by Joseph in 1840, because arms of the Bonaparte family, dating from 1300, were found in its vaults. The body of King Joseph was exhumed and removed to France by the Emperor Napoleon III. in 1863.

The *Cappella Peruzzi* contains frescoes by *Giotto*, which were rescued from whitewash in 1863, and the admirer of Giotto may now study here the finest series of pictures which he ever produced. One side of the chapel is devoted to the life of the Evangelist, the other to that of the Baptist. Perhaps the most remarkable of the series are the Raising of Drusiana and the Ascension of the Evangelist.

‘Giotto imagined S. John rising from the tomb in the centre of the church whose lines are broken by the descent of the Saviour and his celestial guard, who, stooping, help the aged apostle to ascend, and shed around him the rays of their glory. To the right of the opening, a prostrate form seems to have been struck down by the wondrous brightness that prevails, and hides his head in his hands. Another, looking up, is forced to guard his eyes with his palm. Behind appear the ministers of religion with the cross, the book, and tapers. To the left of the grave, one stands with his finger to his mouth in doubtful thought. Immediately in front of him an aged disciple bends an inquiring glance into the grave; a third, in rear of the latter, has looked, and seems to rise from a stooping attitude with an expression of conviction; a fourth, satisfied, expresses wonder; whilst a fifth, looking up, is surprised, for he sees S. John ascending. In these five figures, Giotto realised a sequence of ideas as plainly almost as if he had spoken; and this is one of the greatest triumphs of art.’—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

The *Cappella Bardi* was adorned with frescoes by *Giotto* treating of his favourite subject, the life of S. Francis, but modern ‘restoration’ has replaced them by some coarse tempera paintings. The finest scene was that of the Sultan throned, with S. Francis on his left, offering to undergo the trial by fire, and his terrified courtiers on his right. The figures on either side the window were also very fine, especially that of S. Elizabeth of Hungary, which might be regarded as a masterpiece of the artist. The altar-piece is the famous portrait of S. Francis by *Cimabue*, surrounded by little scenes from his life.

In the *Choir*, the walls have frescoes by *Agnolo Gaddi*; on the left the History of the True Cross, which is told in eight compartments, viz. :—

1. Seth, during an illness of Adam, praying at the gate of Paradise, receives a branch from the Tree of Knowledge from an angel, who instructs him to plant it in his father's heart, who will be healed of his sickness when it grows into a tree.
2. The tree, having been cut down by Solomon to be used in the building of the Temple, and being found unsuitable and thrown aside, is seen by the Queen of Sheba, who, in a vision, beholds the Saviour crucified upon it, and, falling down, worships.
3. The tree, having been cast by Solomon into the pool of Bethesda, and having given it healing powers, is found floating there by the Jews, and taken out to be used as the Cross of our Saviour.
4. The Cross, after the Crucifixion, having been buried for 300 years, is discovered by the Empress Helena, who distinguishes the True Cross from the others by its powers in healing a sick woman.
5. The Cross is carried in procession by Helena, and becomes an object of veneration.
6. Chosroes, King of Persia, takes Jerusalem, and carries off the part of the True Cross left there by Helena.
7. Chosroes is conquered by the Christian Emperor Heraclius, and beheaded in his tower, and the Cross is rescued.
8. Heraclius attempts to bring the Cross in triumph to Jerusalem, but is rebuked by an angel for riding on his charger through the gates which our Lord entered on an ass, and walks barefoot into the city with the Cross upon his shoulder. In the corner of this fresco, the painter, Agnolo Gaddi, is introduced, with a red hood.

The next remarkable chapel is the fifth to the left of the altar—

The *Cappella S. Silvestro*, containing the tomb of Bettino de' Bardi, with a fresco portrait of him rising from his tomb at the Resurrection, by *Giottino* (the 'Maso' of Ghiberti.)

'Our Saviour appears in the sky, coming in judgment, attended by angels blowing the trumpet and holding the instruments of the passion; —the sarcophagus is of stone, but all the rest within and beneath the arch in fresco; the background is a rocky wilderness of mountains; Ubertino rises in armour, a pale but composed countenance, his hands joined in prayer, feature and attitude alike expressive and sublime.'—*Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

Another fine Bardi tomb stands by that of Bettino.

The right wall of the chapel is covered with frescoes by the same artist relating to the history of S. Silvester.

'A work of great merit, more especially as regards the attitudes of the figures, which are most beautiful.'—*Vasari*.

Next, at the end of the North Transept, is the

*Cappella Nicolini*, where the Laudesi, who sang the praises of the Virgin, were buried. The indifferent statues are by *Francavilla*.

The next chapel,

*Cappella SS. Lorenzo e Stefano*, with a beautiful iron screen, has another fine monument of the Bardi family.

In the adjoining chapel,

*Cappella Salviati*, is the touching tomb of the Countess Zamoïska, ob. 1837, by *Bartolini*. Here is a monument to Luigi Canina, the archæologist, 1836.

Returning to the nave, we find the tombs of Raphael Morghen, by *Fantacchiotti*, and of Antonio Cocchio with a fine bust. Then comes the glorious tomb of Carlo Marsuppini, Chancellor of Florence, secretary to Pope Eugenius IV., celebrated for his lectures on classical literature, ob. 1455; it is by *Desiderio de Settignano*, described by Giovanni Santi, father of Raffaele, as 'Il bravo Desider si dolce e bello.'

'This is one of the three finest tombs in Tuscany—the best example of the delicate, sweet, and captivating manner of its sculptor. Desiderio has represented Marsuppini dressed as a civilian, with a book upon his breast, lying upon a sarcophagus, whose base, at each end of which stand genii holding shields, is adorned with sphinxes, festoons, and various ornamental devices; the arched recess in which the monument stands is crowned by a flaming vase, with graceful angels holding festoons which fall upon the sides of the arch. The lunette contains a group in alto-relief of the Madonna and Child adored by angels. Although every part of its surface is covered with elaborate ornament, yet, owing to the exquisite delicacy with which its details are sculptured, the effect of the whole mass is extremely rich without being overloaded.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

Beyond the door of the north aisle is the tomb of Fossombroni, minister to the Grand-Dukes Pietro, Leopoldo, and Ferdinando III., ob. 1844. Then a plaster monument, with a statue, commemorates Donatello. Lastly, we reach the tomb of Angelo Tavanti, the jurist, 1781; of the learned Pompeo Signorini, 1812; of the historian, Giovanni Lamio; and the monument of Galileo by *Foggini*. Two huge monuments near the last columns of the nave, by *Santorelli* and *Bartolini*, commemorate members of the Alberti family. In the centre of the nave is a flat tomb, with an incised figure and mosaic border, to John Ketterick (spelt Catrick), Bishop of Exeter, who died here in 1419, on a mission from Henry V. to Pope Martin V. Many others of the monumental slabs and incised figures let into the pavement are deserving of study, especially one in bold relief of 'a Galileo of the Galilei, who in his time was head of philosophy and medicine, and who also in the highest magistracy loved the republic marvellously.' The *Pulpit*, of 1493, is a beautiful work of *Benedetto da Majano*.

Left of the main entrance is the tomb of Gino Capponi.

Outside the church on the south is an arcade ornamented in fresco by pupils of Taddeo Gaddi. It looks down upon a very picturesque cloister which ends in the *Chapel of the Pazzi*, one of the best works of Filippo Brunelleschi. The dome outside and the friezes within are richly ornamented with Della Robbia work. In the cupola are the Twelve Apostles and the Four Evangelists. The chapel was used as a chapter-house, and in it four thousand monks listened to the regulations issued by Pius V. for the establishment of the Inquisition in Florence.

Near the entrance of the chapel, amongst other monuments, is the fine tomb of Gastone della Torre da Milano, Bishop of Aquileja, ob. 1317.

‘A chaque pas qu’on fait dans la ville natale de Dante, on rencontre des objets qui rappellent quelques peintures ou quelques allusions de son poème. Pour en citer un entre mille, dans le cloître de Santa-Croce sont des tombeaux du moyen-âge, soutenus par des cariatides qui, le cou plié et la tête penchée, semblent gémir sous le fardeau qu’elles soutiennent. Dante avait en vue de telles cariatides quand il leur comparait l’attitude des superbes, courbés sous le poids des rochers qu’ils portent, attitude exprimée dans des vers que je n’essaie pas de traduire, mais qui peignent admirablement l’espèce de fatigue qu’on éprouve à regarder ces figures. Il semble, en lisant les vers du poète, qu’on voit poser devant lui son modèle.’—*Ampère*.

On the left of the Cloister is the *Refectory*, which contains the Cenacolo of *Giotto*. Above it is the Crucifixion with the Tree of Jesse leading up to it. At the sides are scenes in the lives of S. Benedict and S. Francis.

‘A long table extends across the picture from side to side; in the middle, and fronting the spectator, sits the Redeemer; to the right, St. John, his head reclining on the lap of Christ; next to him, Peter; after Peter, St. James Major; thus placing together the three favourite disciples. Next to St. James, St. Matthew, St. Bartholomew, and a young beardless apostle, probably St. Philip.

‘On the left hand of our Saviour is St. Andrew; and next to him St. James Minor (the two St. Jameses bearing the traditional resemblance to Christ); then St. Simon and St. Jude; and lastly a young apostle, probably St. Thomas. Opposite to the Saviour, and on the near side of the table, sits Judas, apart from the rest, and in the act of

dipping his hand into the dish. It is evident that the moment chosen by the artist is, "He that dippeth with me in the dish, the same shall betray me."

'The arrangement of the table and figures, so peculiarly fitted for a refectory, has been generally adopted since the time of Giotto in pictures painted for this especial purpose. The subject is placed on the upper wall of the chamber; the table extending from side to side; the tables of the monks are placed, as in the dining-rooms of our colleges, lengthways; thus all can behold the divine assembly, and Christ appears to preside over and sanctify the meal.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

Since the suppression of the convents many other fragments of frescoes by *Taddeo Gaddi*, *Cimabue*, &c., have been collected here. In the inner and smaller refectory is a fine fresco by *Giovanni di S. Giovanni*, of the multiplication of loaves by S. Francis.

In this part of the Convent, the Inquisition held its tribunals from 1284 to 1782. It was in the Convent of S. Croce that Sixtus V., as a monk, went stooping as if in decrepitude, 'looking for the keys of St. Peter.'

In the *Palazzo della Crocetta* near S. Croce (Via della Colonna) is the *Museo Etrusco*, containing a fine collection of ancient vases, cippi, &c. Here also is a fine collection of ancient tapestries, removed from the galleries between the Uffizi and Pitti and brought from the old Tuscan palaces.

The *Via de' Malcontenti* (so called because criminals were led along it to execution), on the north of S. Croce, contains the *Pia Casa di Lavoro*, or Workhouse, erected on the site of two convents, the Monte Domini and the Monticelli.

'It was in the old convent of Monticelli that Piccarda Donati, the sister of Corso Donati, and a cousin of Gemma Donati, the wife of Dante Alighieri, took the veil, as Sister Costanza. Piccarda became a nun to avoid a marriage with Messer Rossellino della Tosa; but her father, Simone Donati, and her brother Corso carried her forcibly from her refuge, and insisted on her union with Della Tosa. No sooner had the marriage ceremony ended, than Piccarda threw herself on her knees before the Crucifix, entreating for protection, when she suddenly became so ill that her father was constrained to yield to her request, and to send her back to her convent, where she died in eight days. Dante has placed Piccarda in Paradise in the moon, or lowest heaven, reserved for those who have involuntarily broken their vows.'—*Horner.*

The next street which runs parallel to the 'Malcontenti' is the *Via Ghibellina*, named, in 1261, after the Ghibelline victory at Monte-Aperto. Here was the convent of the *Murate*, whither the famous Caterina Sforza, Duchess of Forli, retired after a most adventurous life, in 1498, being then only in her thirty-ninth year, and where she continued to reside till her death in 1509. She was buried in the convent chapel, but her tomb was wilfully broken up, and her remains thrown away (!) on the recent conversion of the building into a State prison. Here, in 1529, Catherine de' Medici was placed under the protection of the nuns, being then only seven years old.

In the *Via Allegri*, which crosses the Ghibellina, was the studio of Cimabue (1240-1300), who, says Vasari, 'gave the first light to the art of painting.' His most important works remain in his native city.

'Cimabue knew more of the noble art than any other man; but he was so arrogant and proud withal, that if any one discovered a fault in his work, or if he perceived one himself, he would instantly destroy that work, however costly it might be.'—'*Anonimo*' commenting on *Dante*.

The *Accademia Filarmonica* and the *Pagliano Theatre*, in the *Via Ghibellina*, occupy the site of the historical prisons, called the *Stinche*. On the stairs of the *Accademia* is a curious fresco called the 'Scimia della Natura,' attributed to *Giottino*: it is an allegory relating to the expulsion of the Duke of Athens. A tabernacle, on the exterior of the *Accademia*, of a merchant bestowing alms upon the prisoners, while the Saviour and angels look on, is by *Giovanni di San Giovanni*.

In the neighbouring *Via del Fosso* is the *Palazzo Conte Bardi*, a graceful work of *Brunelleschi*.

Behind the *Pagliano* is the little *Church of S. Simone*, where *Raffaellino del Garbo* is buried.

Opposite the *Pagliano* (No. 64 *Via Ghibellina*) is the *House of Michelangelo Buonarroti* (No. 7588), which, in 1858, was bequeathed to the city of Florence by *Cosimo*

Buonarroti, a descendant of the brother of the great master. The house is shown on Thursdays.

In the *1st Saloon* is a statue of Michelangelo by *Antonio Novelli*. The *2nd Saloon* is surrounded with oil-paintings relating to the life of Michelangelo, and contains a picture called the Virgin and Saints (never was anything less saint-like), and beneath it, a hopelessly confused and ugly relief called the Battle of Hercules and the Centaurs. From the *3rd Saloon* is an entrance to the tiny study of Michelangelo, where his table and crutches are preserved, and a picture said to represent Vittoria Colonna. The *4th Saloon* contains a bust of Michelangelo by *Giov. da Bologna*, sketches of the Crucifixion, and a Holy Family in marble and bronze. In the *5th Saloon* are a wax model for the David, and some autographs of the sculptor.

In the neighbouring *Via Giraldi* were the houses of the historic family of the Villani. At the end of the *Via Ghibellina* we again find ourselves at the Bargello.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE NORTH-EASTERN QUARTER.

OR S. MICHELE, THE CATHEDRAL AND BAPTISTERY, S. LORENZO, PALAZZO RICCARDI, S. MARCO, THE ACCADEMIA, THE ANNUNZIATA.

AT the left corner of the Piazza S. Trinità is a quaint Palace, called the *Palazzo del Municipio*, built by the father of Arnolfo in the thirteenth century.

Hence the narrow street called *Borgo degli SS. Apostoli* leads to the Uffizi. It was once remarkable as containing the houses of the famous family of the Buondelmonti.

The *Church of the SS. Apostoli* (right, in the Piazza del Limbo), whose foundation is apocryphally attributed to Charlemagne, was much admired and studied by Brunelleschi. It contains, at the end of the left aisle, at the '*Altare degli Angeli*,' a lovely specimen of Robbia work, and the tomb of Oddo Altoviti of Prato by *Benedetto da Rovezzano*.

'Il y a dans la petite église romane des Santi-Apostoli un tabernacle d'un goût si exquis, tant pour le dessin général que pour les détails de l'ornementation, qu'il serait impossible de n'y pas voir un ouvrage, et même un des meilleurs ouvrages, de Lucca della Robbia, si la lourde guirlande, aux couleurs ternes, qui retombe des deux côtés, n'accusait pas une main beaucoup moins habile et moins délicate que celle qui a fait les deux anges, dont la beauté frappe d'abord les regards. Cette première impression est encore fortifiée par l'espèce de fluide lumineux dont les figures et les moulures paraissent revêtues, par suite des teintes qu'y ont laissées les dorures dont elles étaient rehaussées, et dont on aperçoit encore quelques traces. Or, nous savons que ce procédé supplémentaire était pratiqué par le chef de la famille; et c'est une raison de plus pour regarder ce délicieux monument comme une œuvre commune de l'oncle et du neveu.'—*Rio*.

The adjoining *Palazzo del Turco* or *Borgherini* was built

by *Baccio d'Agnolo*. In its walls is a lovely relief of the Virgin and Child by *Rovezzano*, and at the corner of the building wrought-iron torch-holders. The art-treasures of this house were courageously and successfully defended in 1529, against the agent of the King of France, by a woman, Margharita Acciajuoli, who declared that she would spend the last drop of her blood in defence of that which had been her father-in-law's wedding-gift. In the collection still preserved here are—

*Giovanni Sanzio* (father of Raffaello). SS. Sebastian and Pietro Martire.

*Pinturicchio*. Madonna and Child.

*Fra Bartolommeo*. Portrait of his friend, the good Bishop S. Antonino.

*Bronzino*. Copy of Raffaello's S. John in the Wilderness.

*Lorenzo di Credi*. Holy Family.

*Andrea Castagno*. S. Jerome.

*Murillo*. Sketch for his famous Assumption.

This street enters that of the Por (Porta) Santa Maria, just under the old *Tower of the Amidei*, so celebrated in their feuds with the Buondelmonti.

Opposite is another highly picturesque old tower, once the *Dwelling of San Zenobio*, and still decorated with flowers on his festa.

A little beyond this, on the right, is the *Church of S. Stefano*, called 'ad Portam Ferream' from its iron gate, upon which may be seen the historic horse-shoe of the palfrey of Buondelmonti. Here Boccaccio lectured in 1378 on the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante.

The Por Santa Maria leads (left) to the *Mercato Nuovo*, with a loggia built by *Bernardo Tasso* for Cosimo I. in 1547. On one side is a fountain with a bronze boar by *Tacca*, a pupil of John of Bologna. From the corner of the Mercato the Via Capaccio leads to the *Church of S. Biagio*, now used for firemen. It occupies the site of Santa Maria sopra Porta, where the Carroccio, or war-chariot was kept, and where a bell called 'La Martinella'—the 'Little Hammer'—told continuously for a month before the commencement of a

war. The adjoining palace belonged to the Lamberteschi, and was afterwards used for the Guild of Silk.

North of the Mercato Nuovo runs the Via Porta Rossa, which leads into the Piazza della Signoria. Here, turning to the right, we enter the Via Calzaioli, or 'Stocking-Makers' Street.'

'Calzaioli will always talk if you will listen—here on the stones that are still called the Song of the Lily it has heard the soft footfall of Ginevra's bare and trembling feet; here, where Guardamortà rose, it saw the Lion tremble before a mother's love; here in its workshop the Bronzino dwelt, and here, in its church, his bones were laid to rest; here Donatello and Michelozzo laboured for the love of arts and men hard by yonder against the little Bigallo; here flame and steel ravaged their worst after red Arbia; here the White Bands shivered and fled before their old hereditary foes; here, on Ascension Day, the Signoria went up with the gold and purple of ripe fruits, to lay them at the feet of that Madonna of Ugolino whose manifold miracles sustained the soul of Florence beneath the Devil's Plague; here, on the Feast of Anna, it saw Walter of Athens driven out of the city, and all good men and true trooping thither to render her thanksgiving, and all the Arts raising in memory the statue of their patron saint and the shields of their blazonries—all these things, and a million more, has Calzaioli seen since its old towers and casements crowded hard on one another.'

—Pascarel.

On the left is the famous church called the *Or San Michele*, erected in 1380 by *Simone Talenti* (on the site of a loggia for the shelter of corn, built by Arnolfo del Cambio), in order to shelter a miraculous image of the Madonna by Ugolino da Siena. The original building is commemorated in the present name, actually 'Horreum Sancti Michaelis'; indeed, for two centuries after the lower storey had been converted into a church the upper storey of the building continued to be used as a granary.

'Or San Michele was held in such veneration that strict laws were passed prohibiting any noise in its vicinity. No gambling was allowed within a prescribed limit, and the infringement of these rules was punished by a fine; and if it was not paid, the defaulter was either imprisoned for a month in the *stinche*, or he had to undergo what was called baptism—namely, immersion several times in the Arno from one of the bridges.'

—Horner.

The exterior of Or San Michele (which no one would take for a church) is adorned with windows of exquisite tracery and a noble series of statues erected by the different Guilds. Beginning from the south, they are :—

*Baccio di Montelupo.* S. John the Evangelist (as an old man—very unusual in art), erected by the Silk-Merchants ('L'Arte di Seta.').



S. George of Donatello.

*Donatello.* S. George of the Armourers, occupying the place of the Madonna of Simone da Fiesole, now inside the church. Given by the Physicians and Apothecaries ('L'Arte dei Medici e Speciali').

'St. George is in complete armour, without sword or lance, bare-headed, and leaning on his shield, which displays the cross. The noble, tranquil, serious dignity of this figure admirably expresses the Christian warrior: it is so exactly the conception of Spenser that it immediately suggests his lines :—

“ Upon his shield the bloodie cross was scored,  
For sovereign help which in his need he had.

Right faithful, true he was, in deed and word ;  
 But of his cheere did seem too solemn sad ;  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.”

*Jameson's 'Sacred Art,'* ii. 403.

‘Saint George est le type chevaleresque par excellence, à la fois libérateur et missionnaire, administrant le baptême après la délivrance, et ne soupirant après d’autres gloires ni après d’autres couronnes que celle du martyre. Saint George semble méditer ou comprimer un élan, et sa main délicate et ferme, si admirablement dessinée sur son bouclier, complète l’idée que ses formes sveltes et élancées donnent de son organisation exquise. Donatello, qui avait vu un si grand nombre des statues antiques, a eu le mérite de ne se laisser inspirer ni dominer par aucune réminiscence dans la production de cette œuvre incomparable.’—*Rio, 'L'Art Chrétien.'*

*Nanni di Banco.* S. James—by the Furriers (‘L’Arte dei Vajai’).

*Donatello.* S. Mark—by the Flax-Merchants (L’Arte dei Linajuoli’).

‘Michelangelo stopped before the statue of S. Mark by Donatello, and, in allusion to its animated expression, exclaimed, “Mark, why don’t you speak to me?”’—*J. S. Harford.*

(*West front*) *Nanni di Banco.* S. Eloy—by the Blacksmiths (‘L’Arte dei Maniscalchi, e degli Orafi’).

*Lorenzo Ghiberti.* S. Stephen—by the Guild of Wool (‘L’Arte della Lana’).

‘Cette ravissante figure rappelle l’une des fresques de la chapelle du pape Nicolas au Vatican.’—*Rio.*

*Lorenzo Ghiberti* (1420). S. Matthew—by the Stockbrokers (‘L’Arte del Cambio’). The admirable statuettes relating to the Annunciation, on either side, are by *Niccolò di Piero de’ Lamberti di Arezzo.*

(*North front*) *Nanni di Banco.* ‘I Santi Quattro Incoronati’ martyred under Diocletian—by the Sculptors.

‘When the saints were finished, Nanni discovered that they were too big for the niche destined for their reception, and in despair consulted Donatello, who promised to help him out of his trouble, if he would give a supper to him and his workmen ; to which Nanni joyfully consented. Donatello set to work, and after knocking off portions of the shoulders and arms of the four saints, brought them into such close contact, that they could be placed in the niche without difficulty.’—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

*Nanni di Banco.* S. Philip—by the Hosiers (‘L’Arte delle Calze’).

'Donatello was at first asked to make this statue, but the Hosiers considered the price he asked exorbitant, and therefore commissioned Nanni; such, however, was their confidence in Donatello's probity that they consulted him as to what they should pay his substitute. To their surprise, he named a sum exceeding that which he had asked for himself; and when they remonstrated, he replied that, as Nanni was less experienced, he would find more difficulty, and require to give up more of his time to the work, which ought therefore, in justice, to receive higher remuneration.'—*Horner*.

*Donatello*. S. Peter—by the Guild of Butchers ('L'Arte dei Beccai').

*Giovanni da Bologna*. S. Luke—by the Advocates ('L'Arte dei Giudici e dei Notari').

*Andrea Verocchio*. Our Lord and S. Thomas—by the Tribunal of the Mercanzia.

*Lorenzo Ghiberti*. S. John Baptist—by the Guild of Foreign Wool-Merchants ('L'Arte di Calimala').

'Cette statue n'est pas exempte d'une certaine roideur, qui trahit plutôt l'inexpérience que le défaut d'inspiration.'—*Rio*.

The interior of the church is filled with beauty and glowing with harmonious colour. The windows have rich remains of stained glass. The faded frescoes are by a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, *Jacopo Landini da Casentino*.

On the right of the high-altar is the beautiful Gothic shrine (1348–59), containing Ugolino's sacred picture of the Madonna.

'In the great plague of 1348 Florence suffered fearfully; citizens without number, pest-stricken themselves, after seeing their whole families die before them, bequeathed their all to the Company (which had been formed in honour of the Madonna of Orsanmichele) for distribution to the poor in honour of the Virgin; the offerings of gratitude, after the plague had ceased, were also considerable, and the total sum thus accumulated was found, on final computation, to amount to more than three hundred thousand florins. The captains of the Company resolved to expend a portion of this treasure in erecting a tabernacle or shrine for the picture to which it had been offered, and which should exceed all others in magnificence. They entrusted the execution to Orcagna, who completed it in 1359, after ten years' labour, having sculptured all the bas-reliefs and figures himself, while the mere architectural details and accessories were executed with equal care by subordinate artists, under his own eye and direction.

'And there it stands!—lost, indeed, in that chapel-like church, from which one longs to transport it to the choir of some vast cathedral—but

fresh in virgin beauty after five centuries, the jewel of Italy, complete and perfect in every way—for it will reward the minutest examination. It stands isolated—the history of the Virgin is represented in nine bas-reliefs—two adorning each face of the basement, and the ninth, much larger, covering the back of the tabernacle, immediately behind the Madonna; one of the three Theological Virtues is interposed between each couple of bas-reliefs, on the Western, Northern, and Southern faces respectively, the corresponding space at the East end, immediately below the large bas-relief, being occupied by a small door;—while, laterally, in the angles of each several pier that supports the roof, five small figures are sculptured, a Cardinal Virtue, in each instance, occupying the centre, attended, to the right and left, by a Virtue of sister significance and by two apostles, holding scrolls of prophecy or gospel—each series of five having reference apparently to the peculiar merits exemplified by the Virgin at the successive periods of her history, as commemorated in the bas-reliefs—the series of these bas-reliefs beginning with her birth, on the North side of the basement, and running round from left to right. I may mention her Marriage and the Adoration of the Kings as peculiarly beautiful, and among the single figures those of Obedience, Justice, and Virginity.

‘The general adjustment and the *commettitura*, or placing of the different parts in this extraordinary shrine, is wonderful; Orcagna used no cement, but bound and knit the whole together with clamps of metal, and it has stood firm and solid as a rock ever since. In point of architecture, too, the design is exquisite, unrivalled in grace and proportion,—it is a miracle of loveliness, and though clustered all over with pillars and pinnacles, inlaid with the richest marbles, lapis-lazuli, and mosaic-work, it is chaste in its luxuriance as an Arctic iceberg—worthy of her who was spotless among women. We cannot wonder, considering the labour and the value of the materials employed on this tabernacle, that it should have cost eighty-six thousand of the gold florins treasured up in the Orsanmichele—or hesitate in agreeing with Vasari, that they could not have been better spent.’—*Lord Lindsay’s ‘Christian Art.’*

A poem by Sacchetti celebrates the beauties of this tabernacle:—

‘Che passa di bellezza, s’ io ben recolo,  
Tutti gli altri che son dentro del secolo.’

The altar of S. Anna was erected by the Signory after the expulsion of the Duke of Athens in 1349. The statue of S. Anna holding the Virgin on her lap was executed by *Francesco di San Gallo* in 1526. On the left of the altar is Simone’s statue of the Virgin, which once stood in a niche outside.

Over the altar on the right of the church is a rude wooden Crucifix carefully preserved, because when it was attached to a pillar of the Loggia, the good Bishop Antonino used to pray before it in his childhood. Before this Crucifix also Savonarola used to be seen kneeling for hours.<sup>1</sup>

At the west end of the church, connected with it by an arch, is the grand old battlemented Palace of the Guild of Wool, repeatedly adorned with their emblem, the Lamb bearing a banner. On the opposite side of the Via Calzaioli is the Gothic church of *S. Carlo Borromeo*.

‘Or San Michele would have been a world’s wonder had it stood alone, and not been companioned with such wondrous rivals that its own exceeding beauty scarce ever receives full justice.

‘Surely that square-set strength, as of a fortress, towering against the clouds, and catching the last light always on its fretted parapet, and everywhere embossed and enriched with foliage, and tracery, and figures of saints, and the shadows of vast arches, and the light of niches gold-starred and filled with divine forms, is a gift so perfect to the whole world, that, passing it, one should need say a prayer for the great Taddeo’s soul.

‘Surely, nowhere is the rugged, changeless, mountain force of hewn stone piled against the sky, and the luxuriant, dream-like, poetic delicacy of stone carven and shaped into leafage and loveliness, more perfectly blended and made one than where Or San Michele rises out of the dim, many-coloured, twisting streets, in its mass of ebon darkness and of silvery light.

‘The other day under the walls of it I stood, and looked at its Saint George, where he leans upon his shield, so calm, so young, with his bared head and his quiet eyes.

“‘That is our Donatello’s,” said a Florentine beside me—a man of the people, who drove a horse for hire in the public ways, and who paused, cracking his whip, to tell this tale to me. “Donatello did that, and it killed him. Do you not know? When he had done that Saint George, he showed it to his master. And the master said, ‘It wants one thing only.’ Now, this saying our Donatello took gravely to heart, chiefly of all because his master would never explain where the fault lay; and so much did it hurt him, that he fell ill of it, and came nigh to death. Then he called his master to him. ‘Dear and great one, do tell me before I die,’ he said, ‘what is the one thing my statue lacks.’ The master smiled, and said, ‘Only—speech.’ ‘Then I die happy,’ said our Donatello. And he—died—indeed, that hour.”

<sup>1</sup> Bartoli.



'Now, I cannot say that the pretty story is true; it is not in the least true; Donatello died when he was eighty-three, in the street of the Melon; and it was he himself who cried, "Speak, then—speak!" to his statue, as it was carried through the city. But whether true or false the tale, this fact is surely true, that it is well—nobly and purely well—with a people, when the men amongst it who ply for hire on its public ways think caressingly of a sculptor dead five hundred years ago, and tell such a tale standing idly in the noonday sun, feeling the beauty and the pathos of it all.

"Our Donatello" still for the people of Florence—"Our own little Donatello," still, as though he were living and working in their midst to-day, here in the shadow of the Stocking-Makers' street, where his Saint George keeps watch and ward.'—*Pascarel*.

The northern part of the Via Calzaioli was occupied by the palaces of the Adimari family.

An inscription at the corner of the Corso records the site of the Church of Santa Maria Nipaticosa, where S. Antonino used to preach from an outside pulpit. The site of the Loggia degli Adimari Caricciuli is also commemorated by an inscription.

On the left (by the Via degli Speciali) is, or was, the *Mercato Vecchio* of which Pucci wrote—

'Mercato Vecchio al mondo è alimento  
Ed ad ogni altra piazza il pregio serra ;'  
and—

'Le dignità di mercato son queste,  
Ch' ha quattro chiese ne' suoi quattro canti  
Ed ogni canto ha due vie manifeste.'

*La Proprietà di Mercato Vecchio.*

'On montre au milieu, sur le sol, un espace circulaire formé de tranches de marbre alternativement blanches et noires, et régulièrement taillées suivant six rayons, en souvenir de l'antique char de guerre, le *carroccio*, que la république traînait à tous les combats, et qu'on remisait là avant l'édification du marché. Quand le *carroccio* eut disparu, on fit de ce même endroit un usage singulier. C'était cette étroite place que les faillis, en vertu d'une ancienne coutume, devaient frapper trois fois de leur siège mis à nu avant d'obtenir leur concordat. A la façon dont la pierre est usée, on devine qu'elle a servi quelques fois.'<sup>1</sup>—*L. Simonin*.

This most interesting part of Florence was doomed to destruction by its ignorant and short-sighted Municipality in

<sup>1</sup> See the verses of the Tuscan poet Lippi, in allusion to this custom.

1889, and it is difficult to say how much of it may remain when this edition appears. Portions of three of the four churches existed till 1890: of *S. Maria in Campidoglio* only the double flight of steps which once led to the entrance; *S. Pietro Buonconsigli* had, over the entrance, a beautiful lunette by *Lucca della Robbia*, and an outside pulpit; *S. Tommaso* was the parish church of the Medici. In one corner of the piazza was a *Column*, brought from the Baptistery, supporting a statue of Abundance. The graceful and beautiful Loggia was designed by *Vasari* for Cosimo I.



Il Mercato Vecchio.

This, which was the 'Old Market' even in the eleventh century, was the oldest part of Florence, intersected by narrow alleys and full of quaint old houses. A cook-shop, five hundred years old, in the Mercato itself, had interesting majolica decorations. In the Via dei Vecchietti is, or was, the place called *Palazzo della Cavajola* (of the Cabbage-woman) which belonged to the Vecchietti. Here Bernardo Vecchietto received Giovanni da Bologna, who made the quaint, charming bronze figure of the Devil, low down at

the corner of the house, marking the site of a pulpit from which S. Pietro Martire exorcised the Evil One.<sup>1</sup> The *Piazza dei Vecchietti* is, or was, surrounded by a number of old houses bearing noble shields with the arms of the families they belonged to. The simple habits of the Vecchietti are commemorated by Dante :—

‘E vidi quel de’ Nerli e quel del Vecchio  
Esser contenti alla pelle scoperta,  
E le sue donne al fuso e al penneccchio.’—*Par.* xv. 115.

The quarter south of the Mercato Vecchio was occupied



Diavolo del Mercato Vecchio.

by the Amieri, whose chief, Messer Foglia, decorated the walls of his houses with sculptured fig-leaves, in allusion to his name. These may still be traced on houses near the Church of S. Andrea. Close to this spot stood the beautiful tabernacle of Fra Angelico, now in the Uffizi, in a sculptured marble frame which is preserved in the Bargello. Near the *Piazza di S. Miniato tra Due Torre*<sup>2</sup> is the old palace of

<sup>1</sup> Formerly there were two of these Devils; one was stolen a few years ago; the other has been recently (1890) removed.

<sup>2</sup> The name bears witness to the former abundance of the towers, which were a necessity with the ancient Florentine nobles.

the Castiglione, of whom was the giant-warrior Dante da Castiglione, celebrated for his share in the famous duel fought in 1529 in the presence of the Florentine and Imperialist armies.

The doomed *Via Pelliceria*, or 'Street of Furriers,' was once the Goldsmiths' quarter, where the father of Baccio Bandinelli instructed his son in the goldsmith's art, and also had Benvenuto Cellini as a pupil. The doomed *Via Calimala* (from *καλὸς μαλλὸς*, 'beautiful fleece') was the quarter of the foreign Wool-merchants. Over the interesting residence of the Guild of Wool is, or was, a lamb bearing a banner, and the *rastrello*, or rake of the Guelfs, with the lilies of Florence. At the corner of this street is a tabernacle, containing an image of the Virgin, supposed to have arrested a great fire, inscribed :—

'Ruppe, spezzò l' orribil fuoco, fin qui volando,  
Ma l' Imagin pia pote troncarlo in questo loco.'

Returning to the *Via Calzaioli*, on the right (near the end), an inscription marks the house where the poet Salomone lived, and died in 1815.

On the left, where the street falls into the *Piazza del Duomo*, is the exquisitely beautiful little building called the *Bigallo*, a Gothic loggia attributed to *Andrea Orcagna*, enclosed with iron gates by *Francesco Petrucci da Siena*.

The statuettes are by *Niccolò Pisano*.

'The Madonna is interesting as the prototype of all future Madonnas of the Pisan school. In strict accordance with the spirit of early Christian art, which demanded the concealment of her figure, she is amply draped; and in token of her peculiar mission of showing Christ to the world, she holds Him far from her, as though her natural affections were absorbed in reverence for His divine nature.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

The chambers of the Bigallo contain some interesting frescoes relating to the Temporal Works of Mercy. In the oratory is a beautiful predella, composed of what Vasari calls 'superb miniatures' by *Ghirlandajo*, and an image of the Virgin by *Alberto Arnoldo*, 1359.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Bigallo was terribly injured by 'restorers' in 1881-82

'It is the only known work of the artist. The Madonna is a dignified matron, rigid in attitude and impassive in countenance, enveloped in a once star-spangled drapery, of which the massive and carefully arranged folds fall over the lower half of the body of the Child, who sits poised upon her left arm. Although without beauty or expression, this group has a certain grandeur, from its impassiveness, like Egyptian statues, which seem immutable as fate, mocking at all approach to human sympathy.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

The Bigallo is connected with the *Hospital of the Misericordia*, on the other side of the Via Calzaïoli, and the foundation of both had its origin in the piety of Pietro Borsi, who, in 1240, persuaded his young companions to agree that any one of them who used blasphemous language should pay a fine for the assistance of sick or wounded persons; from that time the 'Brothers of Mercy' have existed in Florence.

'The Misericordia continues faithful to its work of six centuries. At a sound from the Canpanile of the Cathedral, the Giornante, or day-worker, hastens to the residence in the Piazza, to learn his duties from the captains, or Capo di Guardia: a half-hour glass is turned to mark the interval between the summons and his arrival. Every Giornante is provided with his long black dress, and the hood which covers his face, only leaving holes for the eyes, so that he may not be recognised when upon his labour of mercy. The captain repeats the words, "*Fratelli, prepariamoci a fare quest'opera di misericordia*"—"Brothers, let us prepare to perform this work of mercy;" and, kneeling down, he adds, "*Mitte nobis, Domine, charitates, humilitates et fortitudines*;" to which the rest reply, "*Ut in hac opera te sequamur*:" after a prayer the captain exhorts the Brethren to repeat a Pater Noster and Ave Maria for the benefit of the sick and afflicted; then four of the number take the litter on their shoulders, and, preceded by their captain, the rest follow, bearing the burden in turns, and repeating every time when another set take it up, "*Iddio le ne renda il merito*," to which those who are relieved answer, "*Vadano in pace*"—"Go in peace." When sent for by a sick person, the Brothers assist in dressing the patient, and carry him down to the litter, where he is gently and carefully laid. The Brethren sometimes act as sick-nurses, to which office they are trained; but they may never receive any remuneration, nor taste anything except a cup of cold water. As the Brothers of the Misericordia passed along the streets of Florence, all persons formerly raised their hats reverentially; but this custom has not been generally observed during the last few years.'—*Horner.*

'The Grand-Duke wore the black robe and hood, as a member of

the Compagnia della Misericordia, which brotherhood includes all ranks of men. If an accident takes place, their office is to raise the sufferer, and bear him tenderly to the hospital. If a fire breaks out, it is one of their functions to repair to the spot and render their assistance and protection. It is also among their commonest offices to attend and console the sick; and they neither receive money, nor eat, nor drink, in any house they visit for this purpose. Those who are on duty for the time are called together, at a moment's notice, by the tolling of the great bell of the tower; and it is said that the Grand-Duke might be seen, at this sound, to rise from his seat at table and quietly withdraw to attend the summons.'—*Dickens*.

We are now at the centre of Florentine interest, in the Square of the Cathedral.

S. Reparata was for six hundred years (from 680 to 1298) the chief patroness of Florence. According to the old Florentine legend, she was a virgin of Cesarea, in the province of Cappadocia, and bravely suffered a cruel martyrdom in the persecution under Decius, when only twelve years old. She was, after many tortures, beheaded by the sword; and as she fell dead, her pure spirit was seen to issue from her mouth in form of a dove, which winged its way to heaven.

'The Duomo at Florence was formerly dedicated to S. Reparata; but about 1298 she appears to have been deposed from her dignity as sole patroness; the city was placed under the immediate tutelage of the Virgin and S. John the Baptist, and the Church of S. Reparata was dedicated anew under the title of Santa Maria del Fiore.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

'The Duomo was called S. Maria del Fiore, in allusion to the lily in the city arms, which marks the tradition that Florence was founded in a field of flowers. The noble document by which the building of this cathedral was decreed shows that the city was then governed by a body of men representing all the force and intelligence of the State. "Since," it says, "the highest mark of prudence in a people of noble origin is to proceed in the management of their affairs so that their magnanimity and wisdom may be evinced in their outward acts, we order Arnolfo, head-master of our commune, to make a design for the restoration of S. Reparata in a style of magnificence which neither the industry nor power of man can surpass, that it may harmonise with the opinion of many wise persons in this city and State, who think that this commune should not engage in any enterprise, unless its intention be to make the result correspond with that noblest sort of heart which is composed by the united will of many citizens."'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

The effect of the admirable grouping of the buildings is

greatly enhanced by the confined space in which they are situated.

‘We must consider all the conditions under which the great works of the old architects were constructed, and that it is probable in many cases that the very confined space in which they were built was considered in their design, and by increasing the space around them we may seriously belittle them.’—*Signor del Moro, in charge of the architectural works at Florence.*

By the side of the cathedral stands the beautiful *Campanile of Giotto*, occupying the site of an oratory of S. Zenobio, ‘in which the Seven Servants of the Blessed Virgin were miraculously called to lead a life of contemplation.’

‘The characteristics of Power and Beauty occur more or less in different buildings, some in one and some in another. But all together, and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto. . . . In its first appeal to the stranger’s eye there is something unpleasing; a mingling, as it seems to him, of over-severity with over-minuteness. But let him give it time, as he should to all other consummate art. I well remember how, when a boy, I used to despise that Campanile, and think it meanly smooth and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the Northern Gothic, when I afterwards stood, for the first time, beneath the front of Salisbury. The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those grey walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude, mouldering, rough-grained shafts and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martins’ nests in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of growing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the Eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud and chased like a sea-shell. And if this be, as I believe it, the model and mirror of perfect architecture, is there not something to be learned by looking back to the early life of him who raised it? I said that the Power of human mind had its growth in the Wilderness; much more must the love and the conception of that beauty, whose every line and hue we have seen to be, at the best, a faded image of God’s daily work, and an arrested ray of some star or creation, be given chiefly in the places which He has gladdened by planting there the fir-tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence, but among the far-away fields of her

lilies, was the child trained who was to raise that head-stone of Beauty above her towers of watch and war. Remember all that he became; count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of Italy; ask those who followed him what they learned at his feet; and when you have numbered his labours and received their testimony, if it seem to you that God had verily poured out upon this His servant no common nor restrained portion of His Spirit, and that he was indeed a king among the children of men, remember also that the legend upon his crown was that of David's:—"I took thee from the sheepcote, and from following the sheep."—*Ruskin, 'Seven Lamps of Architecture.'*

The bas-reliefs round the basement storey of the tower were all designed by *Giotto*, who himself executed those of Sculpture and Architecture; the rest being carried out by *Luca della Robbia* and *Andrea Pisano*. Above these are statues, several of them by *Donatello*.

The *Cathedral*—*Santa Maria del Fiore*—was begun in 1298 by Arnolfo di Cambio, who was desired to build 'the loftiest, most sumptuous edifice that human invention could devise or human labour execute.' The magnificent conception of Arnolfo—'lavoro di poesia'—was, however, dwarfed in execution. In 1331 the work begun by Arnolfo was entrusted to Giotto, who erected the tower and continued to work on the original design. A beautiful façade, on which many of the best sculptors of the time were employed, was erected soon after the death of Giotto, but was destroyed in 1575-87. The uninteresting modern façade, commemorating the short period during which Florence was the Italian capital, is from the designs of *E. de Fabris*.

The exterior of the cathedral is encrusted with precious marbles and filled with beautiful sculpture. The northern porch is especially rich; also the southern side-door nearest the apse, with a garland of fig-leaf by *Pietro di Giovanni*.

Until the fifteenth century, the cathedral had only a wooden cupola designed by Arnolfo. Brunelleschi first suggested an octagonal cupola to rest upon a drum raised above the roof in 1417, and in 1420 he was accepted as architect. Then, as Michelet says, 'the colossal church stood up simply, naturally, as a strong man in the morning rises from his bed without the need of staff or crutch.' It



is the earliest double cupola, and probably the widest, in Europe. When, a century afterwards, Michelangelo was desired to surpass, in S. Peter's at Rome, the work of Brunelleschi, he replied :—

‘Io farò la sorella  
Più grande già, ma non più bella.’

The ball and cross were added by *Andrea Verocchio* in 1469.

The general effect of the *Interior* is bare, modern, and chilling. The pillars and arches are painted a uniform brown. The only colour comes from the rich stained glass of the narrow windows. The arches are of such great width that there are only four columns on either side of the nave.

‘Like all inexperienced architects, Arnolfo seems to have thought that greatness of parts would add to the greatness of the whole, and in consequence used only four great arches in the whole length of his nave, giving the central aisle a width of fifty-five feet clear. The whole width is within ten feet of that of Cologne, and the height about the same, and yet, in appearance, the height is about half, and the breadth less than half, owing to the better proportion of the parts and to the superior appropriateness in the details on the part of the Gothic cathedral.’  
—*Fergusson*.

Proceeding round the church from the west door, we find, on the right of the entrance, the frescoed memorial to Giovanni Aguto, or Sir John Hawkwood, a captain of Free Companies, who, from 1364, for thirty years, ‘led a soldier's life in Italy, fighting first for one town and then another—here for bishops, there for barons, but mainly for those merchants of Florence from whom our Lombard Street is named.’<sup>1</sup> He did not scruple to transfer his services from one state to another for higher payment, and Forsyth not inaptly describes his portrait as ‘prancing over the military praise which he obtained by traitorously selling to Florence the Pisans who paid him to defend them.’ He was sumptuously buried by the grateful Florentines, after lying in state, wrapped in cloth-of-gold. His body is no longer here,

<sup>1</sup> See Ruskin, ‘*Fors Clavigera*.’

for it was begged by Richard II. from the magistrates of Florence, who wrote :—

‘Although we should consider it glorious for us and our people to possess the dust and ashes of the late valiant knight, nay, most renowned captain, Sir John Hawkwood, who fought most gloriously for us as the commander of our armies, and whom at the public expense we caused to be interred in the Cathedral Church of our city ; yet, notwithstanding, according to the form of the demand, that his remains may be taken back to his own country, we freely concede the permission, lest it be said that your sublimity asked anything in vain, or fruitlessly, of our reverential humility.’

‘Hawkwood appears to me the first real general of modern times ; the earliest master, however imperfect, in the science of Turenne and Wellington. Every contemporary Italian historian speaks with admiration of his skilful tactics in battle, his stratagems, his well-conducted retreats. Praise of this kind is hardly bestowed, certainly not so continually, on any former captain.’—*Hallam*.

The monument is by *Paolo Uccello*, who obtained his surname from his love of birds. By the same artist are four heads of prophets, at the angles of the clock.

In the *South Aisle* are the monuments of Brunelleschi, with a bust of the obscure *Buggiani*, and an epitaph by Carlo Marsupini ; and of Giotto, placed here in 1490 by Lorenzo de’ Medici, with a bust and ornamental frame by *Benedetto da Majano*, and an epitaph by Politian. On the opposite column is a portrait of S. Antonino, the good Dominican bishop, by *Francesco Morandi*.

Over the first door is the monument of Pier Farnese, another captain of Free Companies, who died of the plague in 1363. It was formerly surmounted by an equestrian statue. Beyond the next column is a statue of Ezekiel by *Donatello*. Then comes the monument of Marsilio Ficino, a Greek, who was first President of the Platonic Academy. His bust is by *Andrea Ferrucci*.

Over the second door is the monument by *Tino di Camaino* of the Bishop Antonio d’ Orso, who led his cathedral canons out in full armour against Henry VII. when he was besieging Florence.

The stained windows of the southern transept are good works of *Domenico Livi da Gambassi*, c. 1434.

The lunettes over the doors of the two Sacristies—simple white on a blue ground—are the earliest works of *Luca della Robbia*, and represent the Ascension and the Resurrection. It was to the Sagrestia Vecchia that Lorenzo de' Medici escaped, after seeing his brother Giuliano killed before the altar, in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, April 26, 1478. Politian, who was with him, secured the door against the enemy, while Antonio Ridolfi sucked his wound, lest it should have been poisoned.

Behind the high-altar is a *Pietà*, an unfinished and, the inscription says, the last work of Michelangelo, executed in 1555, when he was in his eighty-first year. The crucifix over the altar is by *Benedetto da Majano*. Beneath the central altar of the apse is the famous *Shrine of San Zenobio* (the 'Arca di S. Zenobio') by *Ghiberti*, 1440.

'Beautiful, indeed, is the relief upon its front, which represents the miraculous restoration of a dead child to life by the Saint, in the presence of his widowed mother. In the centre lies the body, over which the spirit hovers in the likeness of a little child, between the praying Saint and the kneeling mother, around whom cluster a crowd of spectators. The story is exquisitely told, the kneeling figures are full of feeling, the bystanders of sympathy, and the vanishing lines of the perspective are managed with wonderful skill, so as to lead the eye from the principal group, through the nearer and more distant spectators, to the gates of the far-off city. Two other miracles of the Saint are represented on the ends of the "Cassa," and at the back are six angels in relief, sustaining a garland, within which is an inscription commemorative of this holy and learned man, who abjured Paganism in his early youth, bestowed his private fortune upon the poor, and was made one of the seven Deacons of the Church by Pope Damasus; he was subsequently Legate at Constantinople, and at the time of his death held the office of Bishop of Florence.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

'On peut dire que jamais la mémoire d'un saint n'avait été consacrée par un pareil monument. Sous le rapport de l'art proprement dit, toutes les perfections imaginables y sont atteintes.'—*Rio*.

In the chapels of the apse are :—

*Nanni di Banco*. S. Luke.

*Donatello*. S. John the Evangelist.

*Id.* S. Matthew.

*Niccolò Aretino*. S. Mark.

The Sagrestia Nuova has bronze doors by *Luca della Robbia*, and contains a lavatory by *Buggiano*.

In the north transept is a gnomon invented in 1468 by the Florentine Paolo Toscanelli. Here are fresco portraits, of Pietro Corsini, Bishop of Florence, 1405, by *Santi di Tito*, and of Luigi Marsili, a learned theologian, 1394, by *Bicci di Lorenzo*.

Over the first door, on entering the north aisle from the east, is a tomb attributed to Conrad, son of the Emperor Henry IV., but more probably that of Aldobrandini Ottobuoni, ob. 1256. Close by is a fresco of Dante expounding his 'Divina Commedia,' painted, when the church was used for lectures on that subject, by *Domenico di Michelino*, a pupil of Fra Angelico, in 1465. The inscription by Politian was added in 1470.

'Dante, vêtu d'une robe rouge, tenant son livre ouvert, est au pied des murs de Florence, dont les portes sont fermées pour lui. Tout près, on découvre l'entrée des gouffres infernaux; Dante les montre de la main et semble dire à ses ennemis: Vous voyez le lieu dont je dispose. Mais il y a plus de douleur que de menace sur son visage qu'il penche tristement. La vengeance ne le console pas de l'exil. Plus loin s'élève la montagne du purgatoire avec ses rampes circulaires, et au sommet l'arbre de vie du paradis terrestre. Le paradis est désigné par des cercles un peu indistincts qui entourent toute la composition. Dante est là avec son œuvre et sa destinée. Cette curieuse représentation est de 1450. Son auteur fut un religieux qui expliquait alors la *Divine Comédie* dans la cathédrale. Ainsi, cent trente ans après la mort de Dante, on faisait un cours public sur son poème dans la cathédrale, et on suspendait aux parois de l'église l'image du poète à côté de celles des prophètes et des saints.'—*Ampère*.

The wooden urn above the next door is that of Don Pedro of Toledo, Viceroy of Naples, and father of the Grand-Duchess Eleanora, who was poisoned by his son-in-law, Cosimo I. Beyond this are a modern monument to the architect, Arnolfo di Cambio; a statue of the scholar, Poggio Bracciolino, by *Donatello*; and the monument of Antonio Squarcialupo, the musical composer, with a bust by *Benedetto da Majano*. Against the column opposite this monument is a picture of S. Zenobio, seated between S. Crescenzo and S. Eugenio, who kneel on either side.

The fresco of the cupola was begun by *Giorgio Vasari*, and finished by *Federigo Zuccherò*.

We cannot visit the Cathedral without recalling the scenes which took place here during the preaching of Savonarola in the great 'revival' of the fifteenth century.

'The people got up in the middle of the night to get places for the sermon, and came to the door of the cathedral, waiting outside till it should be opened, making no account of any inconvenience, neither of the cold nor the wind, nor of standing in winter with their feet on the marble; and among them were young and old, women and children, of every sort, who came with such jubilee and rejoicing that it was bewildering to hear them, going to the sermon as to a wedding. Then the silence was great in the church, each one going to his place; and he who could read, with a taper in his hand, read the service and other prayers. And though many thousand people were thus collected together, no sound was to be heard, not even a "hush," until the arrival of the children, who sang hymns with so much sweetness that heaven seemed to have opened. Thus they waited three or four hours till the Padre entered the pulpit, and the attention of so great a mass of people, all with eyes and ears intent upon the preacher, was wonderful; they listened so, that when the sermon reached its end it seemed to them that it had scarcely begun.'—*Burlamacchi*.

'The beauty of the past in Florence is like the beauty of the great Duomo.

'About the Duomo there is stir and strife at all times; crowds come and go; men buy and sell; lads laugh and fight; piles of fruit blaze gold and crimson; metal pails clash down on the stones with shrillest clangour; on the steps boys play at dominoes, and women give their children food, and merry-makers join in carnival fooleries; but there in the midst is the Duomo all unharmed and undegraded, a poem and a prayer in one, its marbles shining in the upper air, a thing so majestic in its strength, and yet so human in its tenderness, that nothing can assail and nothing equal it.'—*Pascarel*.

*S. Giovanni* (S. John Baptist), 'the Baptistery of my gracious St. John,' as Dante calls it, was once the cathedral. Its date is quite uncertain, and though coated with marble by Arnolfo, it is believed to have been once a temple of Mars. It is entered on the south by the glorious gates of *Andrea Pisano*, executed in 1330. Of their twenty large panels appropriately representing scenes in the life of the Baptist, the two most beautiful are those of Zacharias

naming his son, and of S. John being laid in the tomb by his disciples.

'In the first, Zacharias is represented as a venerable old man, writing at a table, near which stand a youth and two women, beautifully draped, and grouped into a composition whose antique simplicity of means shows how far Andrea had advanced beyond Niccola and Giovanni (Pisano), who could not tell a story without bringing in a crowd of figures. In the burial of S. John we see a sarcophagus, placed beneath a Gothic canopy, into which five disciples are lowering the dead body of their master, two at the shoulders (one of whom evidently sustains the whole weight of the corpse), and two at the feet, while a sorrowing youth holds up a portion of the winding-sheet; a monk, bearing a torch, looks down upon the face of S. John from the other side of the Arca, and near him stands an old man, his hands clasped in prayer and his eyes raised to heaven. In these works we find sentiment, simplicity, purity of design, and great elegance of drapery, combined with a technical perfection hardly ever surpassed, while the single allegorical figures show the all-pervading influence of Giotto, from whom Andrea learned to use the mythical and spiritual elements of German art, as Giovanni Pisano had used the fantastic and dramatic. When they were completed and set up in the doorway of the Baptistery, now occupied by Ghiberti's Gates of Paradise, all Florence crowded to see them; and the Signory, who never quitted the Palazzo Vecchio in a body except on the most solemn occasions, came in state to applaud the artist, and to confer upon him the dignity of citizenship.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

Scarcely less beautiful are the northern gates, of 1401, by *Lorenzo Ghiberti*.

'Un travail immense, où des nations de bronze, dans des proportions très petites, mais très distinctes, offrent une multitude de physionomies variées, qui toutes expriment une pensée de l'artiste, une conception de son esprit.'—*Madame de Staël*.

The eastern gates were executed by the same artist, 1447–1456. It was of these that Michelangelo said that they 'were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.'

'In modelling these reliefs,' says Ghiberti, in his second Commentary, 'I strove to imitate Nature to the utmost, and by investigating her methods of work to see how nearly I could approach her. I sought to understand how forms strike upon the eye, and how the theoretic part of sculptural and pictorial art should be managed. Working with the utmost diligence and care, I introduced into some of my compositions as many as a hundred figures, which I modelled upon

different planes, so that those nearest the eye might appear larger, and those more remote smaller in proportion.'

'L'ouvrage dura quarante ans, dit Vasari, c'est à dire un an de moins que n'avait vécu Masaccio, un an de plus que ne devait vivre Raphaël. Lorenzo, qui l'avait commencé plein de jeunesse et de force, l'acheva vieux et courbé. Son portrait est celui de ce vieillard chauve qui, lorsque la porte est fermée, se trouve dans l'ornement du milieu; toute une vie d'artiste s'était écoulée en sueurs, et était tombée goutte à goutte sur ce bronze!'—*Alexandre Dumas.*

Each of the gates is surmounted by a group in bronze, viz :—

(*Northern*) *Giov. Franc. Rustici.* S. John Baptist preaching to a Pharisee and Sadducee.

(*Eastern*) *Andrea da Sansovino.* The Baptism of our Lord.

(*Southern*) *Vincenzio Dante.* The Decollation of S. John Baptist.

The detached porphyry columns near the eastern gates were a gift from Pisa in gratitude for the protection afforded by Florence in 1114.

The *Interior* of 'San Giovanni' is very dark. It is surrounded by sixteen columns, of which fifteen are of grey granite and one of white marble—the last believed to be the column on which the statue of Mars stood near Ponte Vecchio, and at the foot of which Buondelmonte fell, murdered by the Amidei. The cupola is covered with mosaics, having a huge figure of our Lord in the centre, surrounded by 'Angels, Thrones, Dominations, and Powers.' The mosaic of the Tribune is by *Jacopo Turrita*, author of the famous mosaic in S. Maria Maggiore at Rome. The high-altar has a beautiful frontal of silver *repoussé* work.

The present font replaces one brought from S. Reparata in 1128. This was a large basin for immersion, surrounded by smaller basins, one of which was broken by Dante while saving a child from drowning. Speaking of the holes in which sinners guilty of simony are punished, he says :—

'Non mi parien meno ampi nè maggiori  
Che quei che son nel mio bel San Giovanni  
Fatti per luogo de' battezzatori ;

L' un degli quali, ancor non è molt' anni,  
Rupp' io per un che dentro vi annegava :  
E questo sia suggel ch' ogni uomo sganni.'—*Inf.* xix. 16.

All the children born in Florence are still baptized in the present font.

The beautiful tomb of Pope John XXIII. (Baldassare Cossa) is by *Donatello* and his pupil *Michelozzo Michelozzi*. After Pope John was deposed by the Council of Constance, he came to Florence to humble himself to his successful rival, Martin V., and died here in 1417 in the Palazzo Orlandini. He was honoured with a magnificent funeral, for which he had left the funds. Pope Martin, still residing at S. Maria Novella, objected to the words 'Quondam Papa' in the epitaph, and desired Cosimo de' Medici to alter them, but he proudly declined in the words of Pilate, 'Quod scripsi, scripsi.' A tomb, with a Gothic inscription, on the left of this, commemorates Ranieri, Bishop of Florence.

'This monument is curious as the subject of a Florentine tradition. A woman who made a fortune by the sale of vegetables, and was known in Florentine dialect as the "Cavajola" (cabbage-wife), bequeathed money to have the bells of Ogni Santi and the Cathedral annually rung from the 1st of November to the last day of carnival for the repose of her soul. Her memory is held in much respect by her townspeople, who believed that in some unaccountable manner her bones rest in the sarcophagus of Bishop Ranieri, whose tomb has therefore been called La Tomba della Cavajola.'—*Horner*.

A Roman sarcophagus near the font is a relic of many of the kind which once stood on the outside of the building, and were removed c. 1229. A lean Magdalen, in wood, is the work of *Donatello*. Jacopo Bellini was forced to do public penance in the Baptistery (April 8, 1425) for thrashing one Bernardo di Ser Silvestri, who had thrown stones into his studio.

'The interior of the Baptistery has a charm of solemnity, almost of sadness, like some old mother brooding over generations of her children who have passed away—old, old, meditative still, lost in a deep and silent mournfulness. The great round of the walls, so unimpressive outside, has within a severe and lofty grandeur. The vast walls rise up



dimly in that twilight coolness which is so grateful in a warm country—the vast roof tapers yet farther up, with one cold pale star of light in the centre; a few figures, dwarfed by its greatness, stand like ghosts about the pavement below—one or two kneeling in the deep stillness; while outside all is light and sound in the piazza, and through the opposite doors a white space of sunny pavement appears dazzling and blazing.’—*Blackwood*, DCCV.

The *Piazza del Duomo* contains several points of interest in Florentine history. The alley which leads from the piazza, behind the Misericordia, to the Via Calzaioli, records in its name of *Via della Morta* a curious story which is told by Boccaccio.

‘Antonio Rondinelli, having fallen in love with Ginevra degli Amieri, could not by any means obtain her from her father, who preferred to give her to Francesco Agolanti, because he was of noble family. The grief of Rondinelli cannot be described, but it was equalled by that of Ginevra, who could never be reconciled to the marriage which was arranged for her. Whether, therefore, from a struggle with hopeless love, or from hysteria, or some other cause, it is a fact that, after this ill-assorted marriage had lasted for four years, Ginevra fell into an unconscious state, and, after remaining without pulse or sign of life for some time, was believed to be dead, and as such was buried in the family tomb in the cemetery of the Duomo near the Campanile. The death of Ginevra, however, was not real, but an appearance produced by catalepsy. The night after her interment she returned to consciousness, and, perceiving what had happened, contrived to unfasten her hands, and crept as well as she could up the little steps of the vault, and, having lifted the stone, came forth. Then, by the shortest way, called *Via della Morta* from this circumstance, she went to her husband’s house in the Corso degli Adimari; but, not being received by him, who from her feeble voice and white dress believed her to be a spectre, she went to the house of Bernardo Amieri, her father, who lived in the Mercato Vecchio behind S. Andrea, and then to that of an uncle who lived close by, where she received the same repulse.

‘Giving in to her unhappy fate, it is said that she then took refuge under the loggia of S. Bartolommeo in the Via Calzaioli, where, while praying that death would put an end to her misery, she remembered her beloved Rondinelli, who had always proved faithful to her. To him she found her way, was kindly received and cared for, and in a few days restored to her former health.

‘Up to this point the story has nothing incompatible with truth, but that which is difficult to believe is the second marriage of Ginevra with Antonio Rondinelli, while her first husband was still living, and her petition to the Ecclesiastical Tribunals, who decided, that the first

marriage having been dissolved by death, the lady might legitimately accept another husband.'—*Osservatore Fiorentino*.<sup>1</sup>

The next side-street, Via dello Studio, contains the *Collegio Eugeniano*, founded for chorister-boys by Pope Eugenius IV. in 1435. At the corner of this street an inscription marks the birthplace of Bishop S. Antonino.

Close by, on the south of the piazza, are modern statues of its two architects, Arnolfo di Cambio and Brunelleschi, by *Pampaloni*.

Farther down the piazza, on the same side, is the stone inscribed '*Sasso di Dante*' (now let into the wall), where Dante is said to have sat and gazed at the cathedral.

'On the stone  
 Called Dante's,—a plain flat-stone scarce discerned  
 From others in the pavement—whereupon  
 He used to bring his quiet chair out, turned  
 To Brunelleschi's church, and pour alone  
 The lava of his spirit when it burned :  
 It is not cold to-day. O passionate  
 Poor Dante who, a banished Florentine,  
 Didst sit austere at banquets of the great  
 And muse upon this far-off stone of thine,  
 And think how oft a passer used to wait  
 A moment, in the golden day's decline,  
 With "Good-night, dearest Dante !"—well, good-night !  
 I muse now, Dante, and think verily,  
 Though chapelled in the by-way out of sight,  
 Ravenna's bones would thrill with ecstasy,  
 Couldst know thy favourite stone's elected right  
 As tryst-place for thy Tuscans to foresee  
 Their earliest chartas from.'—*Eliz. Barrett-Browning*.

At the eastern angle of the piazza is a palace marked by a bust of Cosimo I., which was at one time the residence of Lorenzo de' Medici.

An archway close to this palace leads to the offices of the *Opera del Duomo*, which are almost a museum of models and various small objects connected with the church. In the *guarda-roba* is the beautiful silver fourteenth-century

<sup>1</sup> This story is known in France by the poem of Scribe, 'Guido et Ginevra.

Dossale or altar-front belonging to the Baptistery, also two pyxes by *Antonio Pollajuolo*, and other treasures.

The marble pillar which stands on the northern side of the Baptistery records the miracle wrought by the dead body of S. Zenobio during its translation from S. Lorenzo to S. Salvador, when a dead tree on this spot instantly budded and bore leaves upon being touched by the holy relic.

The *Arcivescovado*, behind the Baptistery, is of very ancient foundation, but has been much altered. Countess Matilda lodged there in the eleventh century, and the Emperor Baldwin in 1273. In the Piazza dell' Olio, behind the Palace, are some marble arches built into a wall which once formed part of the suppressed *Church of S. Salvador*. An archway in this piazza formed the entrance to the *Ghetto*, the Jews' quarter in Florence, once enclosed by walls with four gates, and finally doomed to destruction in 1888. In the *Church of S. Maria Maggiore*, close to the Via Cerretani, Brunetto Latini, the Master of Dante (ob. 1294), was buried. In the Piazza is the *Palazzo delle Cento Finestre*, where Cigoli the painter lived. Close behind is the *Palazzo Orlandini*, enclosing the Palazzo Beccuti, in which John XXIII. lived after he had been deposed at Constance.

The Borgo di S. Lorenzo, which opens opposite the Arcivescovado, leads speedily to the *Piazza S. Lorenzo*, in one corner of which is a statue of Giovanni delle Bande Nere (father of Cosimo I.) by *Baccio Bandinelli*. Like most of the works of this conceited but indifferent master, it has been much ridiculed, and was thus apostrophised by the rhymesters of his time :—

'Messer Giovanni delle Bande Nere,  
Dal lungo cavalcar noiato e stanco,  
Scese di cavallo e si pose a sedere.'

Giovanni delle Bande Nere died in his twenty-ninth year, the day after having his leg amputated for a wound he received before Borgoforte. During the operation he refused to be bound, and himself with unflinching hand held the torch which lighted the operators.

See the incident  
in *Harland's* 'Festivals'

The *Church of S. Lorenzo* was originally due to the munificence of the Christian matron Giuliana, who vowed to erect a church in honour of S. Laurence if she should give birth to male offspring. The basilica she built was consecrated in A.D. 373 by S. Ambrose, and called the *Basilica Ambrosiana*, and here Bishop Zenobio was buried for fifty years, before his translation to S. Salvador.

In 1435 Brunelleschi was appointed to overlook the rebuilding of S. Lorenzo, but he only lived to see the *Sagrestia Vecchia* completed—the rest was altered and finished by *Antonio Manetti*.

‘San Lorenzo is 260 feet in length by 82 in width, with transepts 171 feet from side to side. No church can be freer from bad taste than this one; and there is no false construction, nor anything to offend the most fastidious. Where it fails is in the want of sufficient solidity and mass in the supporting pillars and the pier-arches, with reference to the load they have to bear; and a subsequent attenuation and poverty most fatal to architectural effect.’—*Fergusson*.

In front of the high-altar a porphyry slab covers the remains of Cosimo de’ Medici—Cosimo il Vecchio, Pater Patriæ, who died August 1464.

‘Sur le pavé en porphyre recouvrant le caveau funèbre, on grava la modeste épitaphe qu’on y voit encore aujourd’hui, et remarquable par ces deux mots : Pater Patriæ. C’était le titre que, trente années auparavant, l’enthousiasme populaire lui avait décerné au jour de son triomphe, et qu’au jour de ses funérailles un décret public avait de nouveau consacré en ordonnant de l’inscrire sur son tombeau. Un si beau titre aurait dû suffire à la gloire de Cosme. Peut-être il ne lui eût été jamais contesté si, pour la dignité de leur nom et surtout dans l’intérêt de l’Etat, ses descendants avaient toujours suivi les exemples donnés par leur illustre aïeul.’—*Dantier*.

In the north aisle is a monument by *Thorwaldsen* to Pietro Benvenuti, an excellent modern Italian painter.

The chapel at the end of the north transept has a rich marble altar by *Desiderio da Settignano*, called by Giovanni Santi, ‘Il bravo Desider, si dolce e bello.’ It was the ‘Gesù Bambino’ above this altar which was carried through the streets by an army of children, who, at the instigation of Savonarola, called for every work of art of an immoral

tendency, that it might be destroyed and burnt. The chapel on the right of the altar contains the porphyry monument of the Grand-Duchess Maria Anna Carolina, first wife of Leopoldo II., ob. 1832. At the end of the south aisle is a fresco of the martyrdom of S. Laurence by *Bronzino*. The bronze pulpits are by *Donatello* and his pupil *Bertoldo*.

In the south transept is the *Sagrestia Vecchia*, adorned with Corinthian columns, and reliefs of the Evangelists, and statuettes by *Donatello*. In the centre of the pavement, half concealed by a table, is a sarcophagus-tomb, also by *Donatello*, erected by Cosimo Vecchio to his parents, Giovanni and Piccarda de' Medici. The sacristy also contains the monument of Giovanni and Piero—il Gottoso (the Gouty), sons of Cosimo de' Medici, erected by Giuliano and Lorenzo the Magnificent, the sons of Piero. Both these also rest here in their father's tomb, which is the work of *Andrea Verocchio*. On the wall is a profile of Cosimo 'Pater Patriae,' who built this sacristy.

The *Sagrestia Nuova* is on the north side of the church, and has an external entrance. It was designed by Michelangelo, who was ordered by Clement VII. (Giulio de' Medici) to construct it, instead of continuing the magnificent façade for the church, which had been ordered by his predecessor Leo X. (Giovanni de' Medici). It was begun in 1523, and occupied Michelangelo for twelve years. Here are the famous monuments of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and father of Catherine de' Medici, who died in 1519, and of his uncle Giuliano, third son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was early weary of life, and composed a sonnet in defence of suicide. He died, probably of poison, aged thirty-seven, March, 1516.<sup>1</sup>

The melancholy statue of Lorenzo is called 'Il Pensoso'—'the thinker.' The want of architectural power in Michelangelo is nowhere more definitely shown than in these monuments. The narrow niches in which the Medici are confined would make it impossible for them to stand upright, and the

<sup>1</sup> His widow was the charming Philibert de Savoie, the friend of Marguerite de Valois, and the 'Anima Eletta' of Ariosto, who herself died in 1524, aged twenty-six.

disproportionate figures below are slipping off the pitiable pedestals which support them. The figures beneath the statue of Lorenzo are intended for Dawn and Twilight. Dawn, wearily awaking, is perhaps the finest of the four statues. Below the statue of Giuliano are Day and Night—Day a mere *bozzetto*.<sup>1</sup> Most people, though they may not dare to confess it, will find it difficult to understand the praises which succeeding generations have heaped upon these statues.<sup>2</sup>

‘Four ineffable types, not of darkness nor of day—not of morning nor evening, but of the departure and the resurrection, the twilight and the dawn, of the souls of men.’—*Ruskin*.

It is of the figure of Night that Giovanni Battista Strozzi wrote :—

‘La Notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti  
Dormir, fu da un Angelo scolpita  
In questo sasso, e purchè dorme, ha vita :  
Destala, se nol credi, e parleratti.’

To which Michelangelo replied :—

‘Grato m’è ’l sonno, e più l’esser di sasso,  
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura ;  
Non veder, non sentir, m’è gran ventura :  
Però non mi destar, deh ! parla basso !’<sup>3</sup>

‘Michel’s Night and Day  
And Dawn and Twilight wait in marble scorn,  
Like dogs upon a dunghill, couched on clay

<sup>1</sup> It is singular how few either of the statues or pictures of Michelangelo are finished.

<sup>2</sup> It was quite uncertain which of the two Medici each statue was intended for, till Feb. 24, 1875, when the tombs were opened, and two bodies, evidently those of Lorenzo and his son Alessandro il Moro, were found beneath that which bears the statues of Twilight and Dawn.

<sup>3</sup> ‘Carved by an Angel, in this marble white  
Sweetly reposing, lo, the Goddess Night,  
Calmly she sleeps, and so must living be :  
Awake her gently ; she will speak to thee.’

‘Grateful is sleep, whilst wrong and shame survive  
More grateful still in senseless stone to live ;  
Gladly both sight and hearing I forego ;  
Oh, then awake me not ! Hush !—whisper low.’

Translations by J. C. Wright.

From whence the Medicean stamp's outworn,  
 The final putting-off of all such sway  
 By all such hands, and freeing of the unborn  
 In Florence and the great world outside Florence.  
 Three hundred years his patient statues wait  
 In that small chapel of the dim St. Laurence :  
 Day's eyes are breaking bold and passionate  
 Over his shoulder, and will flash abhorrence  
 On darkness, and with level looks meet fate,  
 When once loose from that marble film of theirs ;  
 The Night has wild dreams in her sleep, the Dawn  
 Is haggard as the sleepless, Twilight wears  
 A sort of horror ; as the veil withdrawn  
 'Twixt the Artist's soul and works had left them heirs  
 Of speechless thoughts which would not quail nor fawn,  
 Of angers and contempts, of hope and love :  
 For not without a meaning did he place  
 The princely Urbino on the seat above  
 With everlasting shadow on his face,  
 While the slow dawns and twilights disapprove  
 The ashes of his long-extinguished race  
 Which never more shall clog the feet of men.'

*Eliz. Barrett-Browning.*

'Is not thine hour come to wake, O slumbering Night ?  
 Hath not the Dawn a message in thine ear ?  
 Though thou be stone and sleep, yet shalt thou hear  
 When the word falls from heaven—Let there be light.  
 Thou knowest we would not do thee the despite  
 To wake thee while the old sorrow and shame were near ;

We spake not aloud for thy sake, and for fear  
 Lest thou shouldst lose the rest that was thy right,  
 The blessing given thee that was thine alone,  
 The happiness to sleep and to be stone :  
 Nay, we kept silence of thee for thy sake  
 Albeit we knew thee alive, and left with thee  
 The great good gift to feel not nor to see ;  
 But will not yet thine Angel bid thee wake.'

*Swinburne, 'In San Lorenzo.'*

Perhaps of all the statues that of Lorenzo has been the most admired :—

'The statue that sits above the allegories of Morning and Evening  
 is like no other that ever came from a sculptor's hand. It is the one  
 work worthy of Michelangelo's reputation, and grand enough to vindi-

cate for him all the genius the world gave him credit for. And yet it seems a simple thing enough to think of or to execute ; merely a sitting figure, the face partly overshadowed by a helmet, one hand supporting the chin, the other resting on the thigh. But after looking at it a little while, the spectator ceases to think of it as a marble statue ; it comes to life, and you see that the princely figure is brooding over some great design, which, when he has arranged in his own mind, the world will be fain to execute for him. No such grandeur and majesty have elsewhere been put into human shape.'—*Hawthorne*.

'From its character of profound reflection, the figure of Lorenzo has acquired the distinctive appellation of "La Pensée de Michel-Ange." It is, in fact, the personification of contemplative thought. The head, surmounted by a casque of classical form, is gently declined ; the elbow of the left arm reposes upon a casket on the knee of the statue ; and the forefinger of the corresponding hand is placed upon the lip in deep meditation ; the crossed legs indicate complete repose ; and the right arm, with the hand turned back, leans with perfect ease upon the thigh. The flexure of the body is so plastic and easy, and the anatomical truth of the whole so perfect, that it seems like life suddenly congealed into marble. "Vivos ducent de marmore vultus."—*J. S. Harford*.

'Nor then forget that Chamber of the Dead,  
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,  
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly ;  
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon  
A twofold influence—only to be felt—  
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each ;  
Both, and yet neither. There, from age to age,  
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.  
That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well.  
He meditates, his head upon his hand.  
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls ?  
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull ?  
'Tis lost in shade ; yet, like the basilisk,  
It fascinates, and is intolerable.  
His mien is noble, most majestic !  
Then most so, when the distant choir is heard  
At morn or eve—nor fail thou to attend  
On that thrice-hallowed day, when all are there ;  
When all, propitiating with solemn songs,  
Visit the Dead. Then wilt thou feel his Power.'—*Rogers*.

Opposite the altar is a Madonna and Child, also by Michelangelo, and, like almost all his statues, a mere sketch in marble. On one side of it is S. Cosmo by *Montorsoli* ; on the other, S. Damian by *Montelupo*.



The stairs of the Sagrestia Nuova lead also to the *Medicean Chapel*, built as a Mausoleum by the Grand-Duke Ferdinand I., younger son of Cosimo I. It was begun in 1604, and is entirely covered with precious marbles and pietra-dura work. The armorial bearings of the principal cities of Tuscany are introduced as decorations. The granite cenotaphs of the Medici stand around. The only ones which have statues are those of Ferdinand I. (ob. 1608), by *Pietro Tacca*, and Cosimo II. (ob. 1620), by *Giovanni da Bologna*.

‘The chapel *de’ Depositi* is a work of Michelangelo, and the first he ever built ; but the design is petty and capricious. The chapel of the Medici is more noble and more chaste in the design itself ; though its architect was a prince, and its walls were destined to receive the richest crust of ornament that ever was lavished on so large a surface.’  
—*Forsyth*.

In the *Cloister*, which was designed by Brunelleschi, close to the entrance from the church, is the monument, by *San Gallo*, of Paolo Giovio, the historian, ob. 1552. He is represented in his robes as Bishop of Nocera. This cloister is, by ancient custom, the refuge of all homeless cats ; any one wishing to dispose of a cat brings it here and abandons it, with the knowledge that it will be provided for. The feeding of the cats, which takes place when the clock strikes twelve, is a most curious sight. Broken meat and scraps of bread, &c., collected at house-doors, are brought in a sack, and from every roof and arch and parapet wall, mewing, hissing, and screaming, the cats rush down to devour it. In this cloister of a church so much connected with Michelangelo, we may note the kind of window-grating bulging out below, so common in Florence, called *Kneeling Windows*, which were invented by him.

The cloister is overlooked by the windows of the *Laurentian Library*, built by Michelangelo for Clement VII. to receive the Medicean collection. The windows are filled with stained glass by *Giovanni da Udine*. The Library, which originated in the collection of Cosimo Vecchio, contains more than 7000 MSS., including original letters

of Petrarch, many precious illuminated Missals, and the famous copy of the Pandects of Justinian, discovered in 1137 at Amalfi, and given by Leo X. to the Duke of Urbino, but restored in 1786. Some of the illuminations are by the Oderisi, whom Dante extols as 'the honour of the art.'

(The Via di Ginori, which continues the Piazza di S. Lorenzo, leads into the *Via di S. Gallo*. Here, on the right, at the corner of the Via Silvestrino, is the *Palazzo Pandolfini*, designed by Raffaello. On the opposite side of the street the Convent-Church of *S. Apollonia* has a door by Michelangelo, and, in the Refectory, a Cenacolo of *Andrea del Castagno*.

'One Sunday, Giotto, being on his way to S. Gallo, and having stopped in the Via del Cocomaro to tell some story, was so rudely caught by a pig running down the street, that he fell. He rose, however, very quietly, and, smiling, turned to the person nearest him, saying, "The brute is right. Have I not in my day earned thousands with the help of his bristles, and never given one of them even a cup of broth?"'—*Sacchetti*.

Beyond the *Porta di San Gallo*, which was built in 1284, is a Triumphal Arch, erected in honour of the entry of Francis II., husband of Maria Teresa—'an arch in the most perfect opposition to the grave and austere architecture of the city which it announces.'<sup>1</sup> The open meadow beyond was the property of Dante.)

At one corner of the Piazza S. Lorenzo rises the magnificent *Palazzo Riccardi*, begun in 1430 by Cosimo Vecchio, from the designs of Michelozzo Michelozzi. Here, when Cosimo was being carried through the palace in his old age after the death of his favourite son Giovanni, the unhappy father was heard to murmur, 'Too large a house for so small a family.' Here, under his son Piero il Gottoso, the enthusiasm for learning, first animated by Cosimo, continued to have its centre. Marsilius Ficinus, who remained at the court, burnt a lamp before the bust of Plato, as before an altar; and Sacchetti relates how a passer-by, unreprieved, took the candles which burnt before a crucifix, and placed

<sup>1</sup> Forsyth.

them before the bust of Dante, saying, 'Take them, for thou art the more worthy.'

The upper part of the palace is richly and carefully decorated, and gains greatly in effect by contrast with the grand basement-storey of gigantic rough-hewn stones, upon which it rests. Rings for torches and banners are attached to the windows, and at one corner is a beautiful *fanale* by Niccolò Caparra. Here Charles VIII. of France, Pope Leo X., and the Emperor Charles V. were lodged. Here also the Duke Alessandro, illegitimate brother of Catherine de' Medici and the last male lineal descendant of Cosimo Pater Patriae, was murdered by his distant cousin Lorenzino, who had been the minister of his pleasures. The room where this crime was committed was pulled down afterwards, and has been kept in ruins ever since. The palace was sold to the Riccardi by Ferdinand II. in 1659, but was repurchased by the Grand-Duke in the last century, and is now public property.

'The Riccardi Palace, notwithstanding its early date (1430), illustrates all the best characteristics of the style. It possesses a splendid façade, 300 feet in length by 90 in height. The lower storey, which is considerably higher than the other two, is also bolder, and pierced with only a few openings, and these placed unsymmetrically, as if in proud contempt of those structural exigencies which must govern all frailer constructions.'—*Fergusson*.

The court of the palace is surrounded by many of the sarcophagi which once stood outside the Baptistery, some of them exceedingly interesting and curious. The great Gallery is painted with the Apotheosis of the Medici by *Luca Giordano* (1632–1705). It was here that Charles VIII. of France received the deputies of the Republic to discuss the terms of the treaty he proposed with the city; and here, when the King, impatient of delays, threatened to sound his trumpets, he received the famous answer of Pietro Capponi—'If you sound your trumpets, we will sound our bells'—and the answer saved Florence.

But the gem of the palace is the *Chapel* (of which the keys are kept at the Accademia). It is entirely covered

by most glorious frescoes of *Benozzo Gozzoli* (1400-1478), painted by lamplight, as there was originally no window to the chapel. The altar-piece, removed to make the present window, must have represented the Virgin and Child, to whom the angels on either side the choir are kneeling in adoration or standing singing praises. All the rest of the walls is occupied by the procession of the Magi, winding through a rocky country, except at the angles, where the shepherds are represented leaving their flocks. The three kings are, as usual, portrayed of three ages, and the models are said to have been the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Emperor of the East, and Lorenzo the Magnificent. The details of beasts, birds, and flowers are most beautiful. One small portion of the fresco, where a secret staircase existed, is a later addition.

'Behind the adoring angel groups, the landscape is governed by the most absolute symmetry; roses and pomegranates, their leaves drawn to the last rib and vein, twine themselves in fair and perfect order about delicate trellises; broad stone pines and tall cypresses overshadow them, bright birds hover here and there in the serene sky, and groups of angels, hand joined with hand, and wing with wing, glide and float through the glades of the unentangled forest. But behind the human figures, behind the pomp and turbulence of the kingly procession descending from the distant hills, the spirit of the landscape is changed. Serener mountains rise in the distance, ruder prominences and less flowery vary the nearer ground, and gloomy shadows remain unbroken beneath the forest branches.'—*Ruskin, 'Modern Painters.'*

The *Biblioteca Riccardi* was collected by the Marchese Vincenzo Capponi: it is open to the public.

Close to this palace is the *Church of S. Giovannino*, built for the Jesuits by Bartolommeo Ammanati, who gave his whole patrimony towards the work. He was buried here with his wife, Laura Battiferi. The body of the murdered Duke Alessandro was concealed in this church in 1536. In the neighbouring *Via Martelli* is the *Palazzo Martelli*, containing a beautiful statue of S. John Baptist by *Donatello*, which he presented as a token of gratitude to his early patron Roberto Martelli.

The *Via Cavour*, on the other side of the Palazzo

Riccardi, leads to the Piazza S. Marco. On the left is the *Public Library* (Biblioteca Marucelliana) founded by Francesco Marucelli, who died in 1703.

One whole side of the square is occupied by the great *Monastery and Church of S. Marco*, founded by the Silvestrini, a branch of the Vallombrosans, in 1290, but almost entirely rebuilt under Michelozzo Michelozzi. It was chiefly interesting from its association with Savonarola and Fra Angelico.

The convent is now a kind of Museum of History and Art, and is admirably cared for. Visitors pay 1 franc at the entrance, and then are allowed to wander and admire at their own will.

The Cloister is first entered. It is surrounded by frescoes of a later date, but amid them are six exquisite works of *Fra Angelico* :—

1. The Crucifixion, with S. Dominic kneeling at the foot of the cross.
2. S. Peter Martyr, with the knife of his martyrdom buried in his shoulder, and his finger on his lips expressing the enforced silence of the cloister.
3. The Discipline of the cloister (much injured), expressed by S. Dominic, with a book and a cat-of-nine-tails.
4. The Resurrection, expressive of the reward of monastic life.
5. Two Dominicans welcoming our Saviour in a pilgrim's dress.
6. A portrait of S. Thomas Aquinas, as the glory of the Dominicans.

The rest of the frescoes here are by different artists ; the best by *Poccetti* (1542-1612). Many interesting points in old Florence are introduced in them. They tell the story of its holy Bishop Antonino ; he prays before the crucifix in Or San Michele ; he walks in a procession to the Cathedral, which has its old façade ; he defends a bride entering the Duomo from the curiosity of the crowd ; he gives his blessing to Dante da Castiglione and his wife—in the background is seen the villa of Castiglione at Cercina, just as it still appears. The Funeral of S. Antonino is by *Matteo Rosselli* (1578-1650). It is in this cloister that Girolamo Savonarola is described as sitting in his early

convent life, discoursing under a damask-rose tree—‘sotto un rosajo di rose damaschine.’

Opening from the cloister (right) is the *Great Refectory*, which contains a good fresco by *Giov. Ant. Sogliani* (1492–1544) of the Angels bringing food to S. Dominic and his fasting and penniless brethren at S. Sabina at Rome.

The *Chapter-House* has a grand Crucifixion by *Fra Angelico*. Many saints, including the Medicean patrons SS. Cosmo and Damian and the Fathers of the Church, are introduced in this picture, and gaze up at the Saviour with wonder, sorrow, and ecstasy. Around it is a lovely framework of Prophets and Sibyls, and beneath is S. Dominic, from whom springs the tree of the Order, branching into many saints.

‘In point of religious expression, this is one of the most beautiful works of art existing.’—*Kugler*.

‘The great Crucifixion in the Capitolo is in excellent preservation, and a very singular composition. The tree of life, with its fruit of salvation, the Crucified Messiah, stands in the midst; to the left, the Virgin faints in the arms of S. John, attended by the Maries, &c.; to the right, a whole host of the Christian Fathers and doctors are grouped in adoration, a most noble company, full of variety and individuality in countenance and attitude, yet collectively one in the concentration of their interest on Christ. The heads are full of character, that of S. Jerome kneeling is peculiarly grand; the breadth and dignity of the drapery is surprising. The background was originally of rich ultramarine, now picked off. The whole is surrounded by a fresco framework of Prophets, Sibyls, and Saints, among whom the pelican, the ancient symbol of our Saviour, looks down upon the cross. A row of Saints and Beati of the Dominican Order, branching from the patriarch in the centre, runs like a frieze below.’—*Lord Lindsay’s ‘Christian Art.’*

‘To understand how profoundly every part of this grand composition has been meditated and worked out, we must bear in mind that it was painted in a convent dedicated to S. Mark; in the days of the first and greatest of the Medici, Cosimo and Lorenzo; and that it was the work of a Dominican friar, for the glory of the Dominican Order. In the centre of the picture is the Redeemer crucified between the two thieves. At the foot of the cross is the usual group of the Virgin fainting in the arms of S. John the Evangelist, Mary Magdalene, and another Mary. To the right of this group, and the left of the spectator, is seen S. Mark as patron of the convent, kneeling and holding his Gospel; behind him

stands S. John the Baptist, as protector of the city of Florence. Beyond are three martyrs, S. Laurence, S. Cosmo, and S. Damian, patrons of the Medici family. The two former, as patrons of Cosimo and Lorenzo de' Medici, look up to the Saviour with devotion; S. Damian turns away and hides his face. On the left of the Cross we have the group of the founders of the various Orders—first, S. Dominic, kneeling with hands outspread, gazes up at the Crucified; behind him S. Augustine and S. Albert the Carmelite, mitred and robed as bishops; in front kneels S. Jerome as a Jeronymite hermit, the Cardinal's hat at his feet; behind him kneels S. Francis; behind S. Francis stand two venerable figures, S. Benedict and S. Romualdo; and in front of them kneels S. Bernard, with his book; and, still more in front, S. John Gualberto, in the attitude in which he looked up at the crucifix when he spared his brother's murderer. Beyond this group of monks Angelico has introduced two of the famous friars of his own community: S. Peter Martyr kneels in front, and behind him stands S. Thomas Aquinas; the two, thus placed together, represent the *sanctity* and the *learning* of the Dominican Order, and close this sublime and wonderful composition. Thus considered, we may read it like a sacred poem, and every separate figure is a study of character. I hardly know anything in painting finer than the pathetic beauty of the head of the penitent thief, and the mingled fervour and intellectual refinement in the head of S. Bernard.

'It will be remembered that, in this group of patriarchs, "Capie Fondatori de' Religiosi," S. Bruno, the famous founder of the Carthusians, is omitted. At the time the fresco was painted, about 1440, S. Bruno was not canonised.'—*Jameson's 'Monastic Orders.'*

A passage leads to the *Smaller Refectory*, which contains a *Cenacolo* by *Ghirlandajo*, a noble picture with beautifully rendered details of birds and flowers seen through the open arcades behind the figures. Here is the entrance to the stairs leading to the cells. At their head is a lovely *Annunciation* by *Fra Angelico*.

'The Virgin sits in an open loggia resembling that of the Florentine church of L' Annunziato. Before her is a meadow of rich herbage covered with daisies. Behind her is seen, through a door at the end of the loggia, a chamber with a single grated window, through which a star-like beam of light falls into the silence.'—*Ruskin, 'Modern Painters,'* ii. 165.

Facing this is S. Dominic embracing the Cross. The most perfect works of Fra Angelico may be studied here, where they were painted with affectionate care on the walls of his convent-home and in the cells of his friends and companions.

'Fra Giovanni was in his manner of life simple and most holy ; and the following may be taken as an indication of his scrupulous subjection to duty. One day, Nicholas V. having invited him to dinner, he refused to eat meat, because he had not previously obtained the required permission of his superior, forgetting, in his unquestioning obedience, the authority of the Pope to release him from it. He avoided all worldly business, and living in purity and holiness, he so loved the poor, as, I believe, his soul now loves heaven ; he worked continually in his art ; nor would he ever paint other things than those which



Savonarola—S. Marco.

concerned the saints. He might have been rich, but he cared not for riches ; nay, he was wont to say, that true riches consist entirely in being content with little. He might have had command over many, and would not, saying that to obey others was less troublesome and less liable to error. It was in his choice to have honour and dignities in his convent and beyond it ; but they were valueless to him, who affirmed that the only dignity he sought was to avoid Hell and to reach Paradise ; and what dignity is to be compared to that which all ecclesiastics, and indeed all men, ought to seek, and which is found only in God and in a virtuous life ? He was most kind, and living



soberly and chastely, he freed himself from the snares of the world, frequently repeating that the Painter had need of quiet and of a life undisturbed by cares, and that he who does the things of Christ should always be with Christ. That which appears to me a very wondrous and almost incredible thing is, that among his brethren he was never seen in anger : and it was his wont, when he admonished his friends, to do it with a sweet and smiling gentleness. To those who asked for his works, he invariably answered, with incredible benignity, that they had only to obtain the consent of the Prior, and then he would not fail to do their pleasure. In fine, this monk, whom it is impossible to praise overmuch, was in his words and works humble and modest, and, in his pictures, of ready skill, and devout ; and the saints which he painted have a more saint-like air and semblance than those of any other painter whatever. It was his rule not to retouch or alter any of his works, but to leave them just as they had shaped themselves at first ; for he believed, and he used to say, that such was the will of God. It is supposed that Fra Giovanni never took up a brush without a previous prayer. He never painted a crucifix without bathing his own cheeks with tears, and therefore it is that the expressions and attitudes of his figures clearly demonstrate the devotion of his great soul to the Christian religion. He died in 1455 in the sixty-eighth year of his age.'—*Vasari*.

The *Dormitory* of the convent is divided into cells, with a passage down the middle. Each cell has its own exquisite fresco. Turning to the left, those in the cells on the left are all by *Fra Angelico*, those on the right, by his brother, *Fra Benedetto*. In the Corridor, on the right, is a large fresco, once a tabernacle, of the Virgin and Child enthroned, with, on the right, SS. Mark, Thomas Aquinas, Laurence, and Peter ; on the left, SS. John the Evangelist, Cosmo and Damian, and Dominic.

Amongst the most beautiful parts in the frescoes in the cells are :—

- No. 5. The figure of S. Catherine, who kneels in background at the Nativity.
- No. 6. The Transfiguration—the figure of the Saviour is sublime.
- No. 7. The Saviour buffeted—only the insulting hands appear, and have a very odd effect. The Virgin appears below, and S. Dominic, who is introduced in most of the pictures.
- No. 8. The figure of the dazzled Mary looking into the empty tomb at the Resurrection.
- No. 9. The humble rapt figure of the Madonna, in the Coronation of the Virgin.

The cells on the other side of this corridor (No. 15-23) intended for the 'Giovanati, monks who had just passed their novitiate, contain the Crucifixion repeated in each by *Fra Benedetto*, only the figure of S. Dominic at the foot of the cross is always varied.

At the end of the corridor is (No. 12) *the Prior's Cell*, which contains two frescoes of the Madonna and Child by *Fra Bartolommeo*, painted when the sermons of Savonarola had so impressed him with a religious vocation that he had bidden an eternal farewell to the world, and assumed the monastic habit at Prato, whence he was removed to this convent, where he was induced to resume his pencil, though only for religious subjects. Here are busts of Savonarola and his friend Girolamo Benivieni, imitations of old terracottas, by *Girolamo Bastiniani* (ob. 1868). Within, are two small cells, which are of deep interest as having been occupied by Girolamo Savonarola, when Prior. His hair-shirt, rosary, chair, and a fragment from the pile on which he was burnt are preserved here. In a desk, which is an imitation of his own, is a copy of his sermons, and—most interesting—his treatise against the 'Trial by Fire,' and upon the desk is his wooden Crucifix. The portrait upon the wall is attributed to *Fra Bartolommeo*. In the inner cell is a most interesting old picture which belonged to the Buondelmonti family, representing the Execution of Savonarola (May 28, 1498). The Ringhiera is represented, with the long platform leading from it by which the scaffold in the piazza was approached. The three suffering monks are seen three times, so as to give the whole scene—(1) being unfrocked; (2) being dragged along the platform; (3) hanging round a pole over the flames.

Savonarola embraced a monastic life in his twenty-second year, choosing the Dominican Order on account of his predilection for S. Thomas Aquinas. In 1490 he was elected Prior of S. Marco, and obtained leave to preach in the cathedral, finding his conventual church too small for the crowds who came to attend his sermons, for 'even in winter the square in front of S. Marco was thronged for hours before

its doors were opened, by disciples wishing for places,'<sup>1</sup> and 'tradesmen forbore to open their shops till the Prior's morning preaching was over.'<sup>2</sup>

'In order to participate in the benefits of the spiritual food which he dispensed, the inhabitants of the town and neighbouring villages deserted their abodes, and the rude mountaineers descended from the Apennines and directed their steps towards Florence, where crowds of pilgrims flocked every morning at break of day, when the gates were opened, and became the objects of a charity truly fraternal, the citizens vying with each other in the exercise of the duties of Christian hospitality, embracing them in the streets as brothers, even before they were acquainted with their names, while some of the more pious received them by forty at a time into their houses.

'When we consider that this enthusiasm continued for seven consecutive years, during which time it was necessary for him to preach separately to men, women, and children, from the impossibility of admitting them all at one time into the cathedral; that all this unheard-of success was obtained amidst the cries of rage of the moderate faction, who denounced him daily at the court of Rome, and threatened him publicly with punishment, we are at a loss which to admire most in Savonarola, his inexhaustible fluency as an evangelical orator, his facility in rising superior to popular fury, or his almost superhuman reliance on that Divine succour which he believed could never fail him.

'The eloquence of the pulpit had before this degenerated into disputations purely scholastic, and the preachers most in favour, making a monstrous medley of the Gospel and logic, came, their heads stuffed with all the subtleties of the schools, to perplex the minds of their hearers with barren disputations, while the things of God and of Faith were neglected and forgotten.

'Blessed, indeed, were then the poor in spirit; for, when Savonarola burst forth with the abundance and happy choice of his Biblical quotations, it was in these simple souls they re-echoed, like repeated peals of thunder, and the same burning coal appeared to have refined their hearts and purified their lips. . . . The sympathies of the preacher were never more deeply affected than when he spoke to children. He called upon them to reap the fruits of his labours in their day, and to watch over the future destinies of their country; but in the meantime he prepared for this glorious future by adapting to their capacities the great truths of the faith and by suggesting salutary reforms in domestic education. It was solely on the generations placed, so to speak, between infancy and manhood that Savonarola rested his hopes of the future; hopes which he cherished during eight consecutive years, with

<sup>1</sup> Sismondi, *Hist. Ital.* xii. 72.

<sup>2</sup> Burlamacchi, *Vit. Sav.* 88, 93.

an unparalleled zeal, and which sustained him under the severe trials caused by the implacable hatred of his enemies.

'To prepare and secure the triumph of art, poetry, and Christian faith, for a new era, which was to open gloriously with the sixteenth century, and at Florence, rather than elsewhere, on account of her superior holiness, such was the aim which Savonarola proposed to himself in impregnating the heart and imagination of youth with the exquisite perfume of a tender child-like piety, the fragrance of which is generally prolonged through advancing years. His success so far surpassed his expectations, that he could only himself attribute it to the miraculous intervention of Divine mercy, and he was never more pathetic than when he poured forth his gratitude to the Author of this blessing. The joy he experienced was so great that it seemed an anticipation of his heavenly reward.'—*Rio*.

"'In heaven," said Pius VII., "I shall know the explanation of three great mysteries, the Immaculate Conception, the suppression of the Society of Jusus, the death of Savonarola. War waged round Savonarola in his lifetime: it has never ceased since his death. Saint, schismatic, or heretic, ignorant vandal or Christian artist, prophet or charlatan, champion of the Roman Church or apostle of emancipated Italy—which was Savonarola?"'—*Church Quarterly Review*, July 1889.

One of the longings of Savonarola was to make his convent a school and sanctuary of sculpture and painting entirely consecrated to the service and glory of religion. Hence, perhaps, partly, his power over the minds of the artists of his time.

'Sandro Botticelli gave up painting for love of Savonarola, and would have starved without the assistance of Lorenzo de' Medici and other friends. Two of the Robbias were made priests by his hand, and testified their veneration for him by coining a medal bearing his portrait on one side, and on the other a city with many towers, above which appeared a hand holding a dagger pointing downwards, with the motto, "Gladius Domini sup. terram cito et velociter." Lorenzo di Credi spent the latter years of his life in the convent of S. Maria Novella; Fra Bartolommeo became a monk in the convent of S. Mark, and was so afflicted by Savonarola's death, that he gave up painting for four years. Cronaca ceased story-telling, for which he had become famous, and would talk only of Fra Girolamo. Giovanni della Corniole perpetuated his likeness in one of the finest of modern gems. Michelangelo, one of the friar's constant auditors in his youth, pored over his sermons when an old man, and ever retained a vivid impression of his powerful voice and impassioned gestures, proving that he had profited by his eloquent appeals when he defended the republic on the slopes of San Miniato.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

'To a mind like that of Savonarola, deeply imbued with the religious sentiment, Florentine art acted like sacred music, and bore witness to the omnipotence of genius inspired by faith. The paintings of Angelico appeared to have brought down angels from heaven to dwell in the cloisters of S. Mark, and he felt as if his soul had been transported to the world of the blessed.'—*Pasquale Villari*.

'Le grandeur de Savonarola est d'avoir senti que, pour sauver la nationalité italienne, il fallait porter la révolution dans la religion même.'—*Edgar Quinet*, '*Révol. d'Italie*.'

Returning to the head of the stairs, the cell facing the staircase (No. 31) was that occupied by S. Antonino, before he was raised to the archbishopric. His vestments, his portrait by *Fra Bartolommeo*, and a mask of his face are preserved here.

'It would be difficult to find in history an example of self-denial more constant, of charity more active, of love to our neighbour more truly evangelical, than S. Antonino. There is scarcely a charitable institution in Florence that he did not either found or revive. To him belonged the praise of changing into an institution of charity that society of the Bigallo which S. Peter Martyr had founded for the extermination of heresy, and which had so often polluted the streets and walls of Florence with blood. From that time forward the officers of the Bigallo, instead of burning and slaying human beings, sought out and succoured neglected orphans. S. Antonino was the founder of the society called "*Buoni Uomini di San Martino*," who, to this day, fulfil the Christian duty of collecting offerings and of distributing them to the poor of better condition who are ashamed to beg. It would be impossible to recount all he did for the benefit of the people. He was frequently seen traversing the city and surrounding country, leading a mule loaded with bread for some and with clothes for others, and bringing relief to the dwellings of the poor which plague or famine had made desolate. His death, which occurred in Florence in 1459, was mourned as a public calamity, and no one ever mentioned his name without reverence.'—*Pasquale Villari*.

In the cell of S. Antonino is a genealogical tree of the monks of the convent: the name of Savonarola is nearly obliterated by kisses. Here also is a fresco by *Fra Angelico* representing the Descent of Christ into Hades.

'Early Italian artists of earnest purpose indicated by perfect similarity of action and gesture on the one hand, and by the infinite and truthful variation of expression on the other, the most sublime strength, because the most absorbing unity, of multitudinous passion that ever

human heart conceived. Hence, in the cloister of S. Mark's, the intense, fixed, statue-like silence of ineffable adoration upon the spirits in prison at the feet of Christ, side by side, the hands lifted, and the knees bowed, and the lips trembling together.'—*Ruskin, 'Modern Painters,'* ii. 52.

In cell No. 33 is an exquisite little *Fra Angelico* of the Madonna and Child surrounded by Angels, brought from S. Maria Novella, and in the cell within this another small picture of the Coronation of the Virgin.

'The sweetness and purity of the Virgin are beyond the sphere of criticism—they sink into the heart and dwell there in the dim but holy light of memory, in association with looks and thoughts too sacred for sunshine and "too deep for tears."'—*Lord Lindsay.*

Cell No. 34 has a similar picture of the Adoration of the Magi, with a lovely predella.

The last cell on the right (No. 38), adjoining the church, has an inner chamber approached by steps. An inscription records that it belonged to Cosimo de' Medici, who built it that he might more intimately converse with S. Antonino and the two brothers *Fra Angelico* and *S. Benedetto*. A portrait of Cosimo by *Pontorno* hangs in the cell. Here Pope Eugenius IV. lodged in 1432, when he came for the consecration of the church. The frescoes are the Adoration of the Magi and a *Pietà*.

*The Library* is a fine room supported by ranges of pillars. It contains a curious collection of choral-books brought hither from various suppressed convents. Fourteen of those originally belonging to S. Marco were illuminated by *Fra Benedetto*. It was this room which witnessed the last striking scene in Savonarola's convent life.

'In the middle of this hall, under the simple vaults of Michelozzi, Savonarola placed the sacrament, collecting his brethren around him, and addressed them in his last and memorable words: "My sons, in the presence of God, standing before the sacred Host, and with my enemies already in the convent, I now confirm my doctrine. What I have said came to me from God, and He is my witness in heaven that what I say is true. I little thought that the whole city would so soon have turned against me; but God's will be done. My last admonition to you is this—Let your arms be faith, patience, and prayer. I leave you with anguish and pain, to pass into the hands of my enemies. I

know not whether they will take my life ; but of this I am certain, that dead, I shall be able to do far more for you in heaven, than living I have ever had power to do on earth. Be comforted, embrace the cross, and by that you will find the haven of salvation."

'The enemy had now got full possession of the convent, and Giovacchino della Vecchia, who commanded the Palazzo guard, threatened to destroy everything with his artillery if the commands of the Signory were not immediately obeyed. These were, that, on the faith that their persons would be safe, Fra Girolamo, Fra Domenico, and Fra Salvestro should be delivered up. But Malatesta Sacramoro, the same who had offered to pass through the fire, began to play the part of Judas ; he had a conference with the Compagnacci, and advised them to bring a written order. While they were sent to obtain it from the Signory, Savonarola confessed to Fra Domenico, received the communion from him, and prepared to give himself up with Fra Domenico. Fra Salvestro had concealed himself, and in the disturbance it was not easy to find him.

'A singular incident occurred about this time. Girolamo Gini, a follower of the friar, who had long desired to assume the Dominican dress, was that evening at vespers ; and scarcely had the tumult begun when he armed himself to defend the convent. When Savonarola ordered him to lay aside his arms the good citizen obeyed ; but he ran through the cloisters, facing the enemy, wishing, as he said, to meet death for the love of Jesus Christ ; and, having been wounded, he entered the Greek library, his head streaming with blood, threw himself on his knees before Savonarola, and humbly asked that the convent dress might be given to him—a request which was immediately granted.'—*Villari*.<sup>1</sup>

Descending the stairs, and turning to the right, we enter the *Second Cloister*. Here, on the left, is the *Dormitory of the Novices*—'I nostri Angioli'—as Savonarola was wont to call them. It is now used for the meetings of the Accademia della Crusca. Five of its eight lunettes are by *Fra Bartolommeo*.

The *Convent Garden* is especially connected with an incident in the life of Savonarola.

'After attending the mass of S. Marco, as Lorenzo de' Medici now and then did, he would walk in the convent garden ; and it was known among the fraternity that he would have been well pleased had the prior sometimes joined him in his walk, and thus have given him opportunities of evincing his regard. Burlamacchi mentions an occasion on which a monk in the interest of Lorenzo went to apprise the prior that the

<sup>1</sup> Three of the sons of Andrea della Robbia were with Savonarola at this time, and the best contemporary account is that of Fra Luca—Marco della Robbia.

Magnifico was walking in the garden. "Has he asked for me?" was his reply. "No, father," said the monk. "Let him then pursue his devotions undisturbed," rejoined he, and remained tranquil in his cell. "This man is a true monk," said Lorenzo, "and the only one I have known who acts up to his profession."—*Harford's 'Life of Michelangelo.'*

The *Church of S. Marco* is little important. On the façade is a statue of S. Dominic with his dog. Over the entrance inside is the wooden Crucifix of *Giotto*, which is believed to have established his supremacy over Cimabue, and caused Dante to write:—

'O vanagloria dell' umane posse,  
Com' poco verde in su la cima dura  
Se non è giunta dall' etadi grosse!  
Credette Cimabue nella pintura  
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,  
Sì che la fama di colui s' oscura.'—*Purg.* xi. 91.

In the Chapel of S. Antonino, in the left transept, the good bishop is buried. The frescoes of his funeral, &c., are by *Passignano*, the bronze reliefs of his history by *Partigiani*.

On the left of the nave are the graves of three learned men, Girolamo Benivieni, ob. 1542;<sup>1</sup> Poliziano, ob. 1494; and Pico della Mirandola, ob. 1494. The inscription to Pico is on the wall:—

D. M. S.

Johannes jacet hic Mirandula caetera norunt  
Et Tagus et Ganges forsan et Antipodes  
ob. an. Sal. MCCCCLXXXIII. vix. an. XXXII.  
Hieronymus Benivienus ne disiunctus post  
mortem locus ossa separet quorum animas  
in vita conjunxit amor hoc humo  
supposita poni curavit.

Another tablet, placed below that of Pico, is that of Politian:—

Politianus  
in hoc tumulto jacet  
Angelus unum  
qui caput et linguas  
res nova tres habuit

<sup>1</sup> His portrait, by Lorenzo di Credi, is at Cobham Hall, Gravesend.



obiit an. MCCCCLXXXIV.

Sept. XXIV. aetatis

LX.

'Politian died Sept. 24, 1494, "with as much infamy and abuse as a man could well be loaded with." He was accused of numberless vices and of enormous profligacy; but the true cause of all this hatred was rather to be traced to Piero de' Medici having become so universally detested, and to Politian's death having occurred near the time when Piero and his adherents were expelled. Nor were these angry feelings at all mitigated by the knowledge that the last words that fell from the lips of the illustrious poet and accomplished scholar were words of contrition. He had requested that his body might be buried in a Dominican dress, in the Church of S. Mark; where, in fact, his ashes repose by the side of those of Pico della Mirandola, who died the very day that Charles VIII. entered Florence. Pico had also for some time expressed a desire to assume the dress of the friars of S. Mark, but having hesitated too long, his wish could not be fulfilled, as death carried him off at the early age of thirty-two. While on his death-bed, he asked Savonarola not to allow him to go down to the tomb without first having been clothed in that habit.

'The end of these two illustrious Italians recalled to mind the last hour and confession of the Magnificent; for to many it appeared that the Medicean society, on leaving the world, had indeed to acknowledge their crimes, and ask absolution from the people they had so grievously oppressed, and from the friar who might be considered the living and speaking representative of that people. Singular it was, that they all looked to that Convent of S. Mark, from whence had issued the first cry of liberty, the first resistance, and the first accusations against the tyranny of the Medici.'—*Villari*.

The mosaic of the Madonna on the right was brought from the Oratory of the Porta Santa in 1609, and presented by Michelangelo. A stone beneath the pulpit marks the vault of the Lapi family, of whom was Niccolò, rendered famous by the romance of Azeglio.

At the corner of the Via Ricasoli and the Piazza S. Marco is the ancient Ospedale di S. Matteo, now the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*.

In the little hall which was the original entrance are four admirable reliefs by *Luca della Robbia*. In the courtyard beyond are some lovely works of the Robbias, and the *bozzetto* of a *Statue of S. Matthew by Michelangelo*.

'The statue of S. Matthew looks like the antediluvian fossil of a

human being of an epoch when humanity was mightier and more majestic than now, long ago imprisoned in stone and half uncovered again.'—*Hawthorne's Note-books*.

Strangers now enter (1 fr.) by the second door, which at once leads into the Picture Gallery. The 1st Room contains a good deal of rubbish, though a few of these early pictures are interesting, and others are useful as an introduction to the study of the Uffizi and Pitti. Amongst many we may indicate :—

1. *Ugolino da Siena*. The Coronation of the Virgin. From the Convent of S. Maria Novella.
48. *Neri de' Bicci*. Madonna with Saints. From the Convent of S. Apollonia.

This gallery opens into the *Tribune* (opened April 1882). Hither the famous *Statue of David* by *Michelangelo* has been removed by the present Government from its original and far better situation at the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio, a position which was of the greatest interest, as having been chosen by Michelangelo himself at a council composed of all the great contemporary painters and sculptors.

'La sculpture de Michel-Ange n'est pas faite généralement pour avoir un toit au-dessus d'elle. L'exagération des muscles, qui est son défaut, devient un mérite dans ces positions où la lumière absorbe et dévore tout.'—*Michelet*.

'Having selected David as his subject, Michelangelo made a sketch, in which the shepherd hero stood with his foot upon the head of Goliath, but the shape of the marble not admitting of such action, he designed the wax model now in the Casa Buonarroti, according to which he sculptured the statue as we now see it. The marble was set up on end, and enclosed so that the sculptor need not be interfered with in his work, which was far advanced in the month of February 1503, and ready to be given up to the Signory, who had purchased it from the merchants of the Woollen Guild, within a year after that date. Though trammelled in a way especially irksome to an artist so free in expression of thought, Michelangelo showed in this statue no other sign of the conditions under which he worked, save in the meagreness of its forms, which we soon forget in our admiration for the grandeur and bold modelling of the figure, its ease of attitude, and the collected, watchful expression of the face. Giant himself, David is a match for any Goliath; too much so, perhaps, as a representation of the youth, who, strong only in the grace of God, went out with a sling in his hand, to do battle against the champion of the Philistines.

'As soon as the statue was set upon its pedestal the Gonfaloniere Pier Soderini came to see it, and, after expressing his great admiration for the work, suggested that the nose seemed to him too large; hearing this, Michelangelo gravely mounted on a ladder, and after pretending to work for a few moments, during which he constantly let fall some of the marble dust he had taken up in his pocket, turned, with a questioning and doubtless a slightly sarcastic expression in his face, to the critic, who responded, "Bravo! bravo! you have given it life."—*Perkins*.

A number of casts from other famous works of Michelangelo have been placed in the same gallery.

From the left of the Tribune we enter the *2nd Room*, where many of the pictures are hung.

1. The Life of Mary Magdalen, very curious. From SS. Annunziata.
2. *Cimabue*. The Madonna, almost a replica of the Ruccellai picture. From S. Trinità.
3. *Buffalmacco* (?). Santa Umiltà, standing, with small pictures round of her history, much restored. From S. Giovanni Evangelista.
- 4-13. *Giotto*. The Story of S. Francis—a series of panels from the presses of S. Croce.
14. A Triptych: in the centre the Virgin appearing to S. Bernard. From the Villa delle Campora.
15. *Giotto*. The Madonna throned, with angels—painted for the Umiliati of Ogni Santi.
16. *Giovanni di Milano*. A Pietà. From S. Girolamo della Cosa.
17. *Ambrogio Lorenzetti*. The Presentation in the Temple. From the Spedaleto di Mona Agnese da Siena.
- 18-29. *Taddeo Gaddi* (?). A series of small pictures of the Life of Our Saviour. From S. Croce.
30. *Lorenzo Monaco*. The Annunciation. The floating figure of the angel is very beautiful. The Virgin appears to be taking flight. From La Badia.
31. *Taddeo Gaddi* (?). The Entombment. From S. Michele.
- \*32. *Gentile da Fabriano*, 1423. The Adoration of the Magi. In the Predella, the Nativity and the Flight into Egypt—a curious and important picture. From the Sacristy of S. Trinità.

'Ce chef-d'œuvre, à défaut de tout autre de Gentile, suffirait à lui seul pour expliquer l'empressement avec lequel furent recherchés, d'un bout à l'autre de l'Italie, les produits de son pinceau. Depuis l'ouverture du XV<sup>e</sup> siècle, on peut dire, avec vérité, qu'on n'avait rien vu de comparable à ce tableau.'—*Rio*.

In the main picture / Digitized by Google

33. *Agnolo Gaddi* (son of Taddeo). An altar-piece in many compartments, the Virgin and Child in the centre. Painted for the high-altar of S. Pancrazio.
34. *Fra Angelico*. The Deposition—much restored. From S. Trinità.
35. *Spinello Aretino*. An altar-piece. The figure of the Virgin is by Lorenzo di Niccolò Gerini, 1401. From S. Felicità.
36. *Masaccio*. Madonna and Child. From S. Ambrogio.
- 37, 38, 39. *Andrea Castagno* (?). S. Jerome, the Baptist, and the Magdalen. From S. Procolo.
40. *Fra Filippo Lippi*. Madonna and Child with Saints. From S. Croce.

‘Pour se faire une idée de la première manière de Filippo, qui n’est autre chose qu’un écho affaibli de celle de Masolino, il suffit de voir ce tableau dans lequel l’artiste a eu la bizarre idée de représenter, commodément assis dans leurs niches respectives, les quatre saints repartis à droite et à gauche du trône de la sainte Vierge.’—*Rio*.

- beautiful  
imposition of  
the angels*
- \*41. *Id.* The Coronation of the Virgin (by God the Father)—a most beautiful picture. On the right is the painter with his hands clasped and wearing a red scarf. An old monk in white, on the left of the picture, is exceedingly striking. Vasari mentions that this work was much admired by Cosimo de’ Medici.
  - \*42. *Id.* Predella of the Barbadori altar-piece in the Louvre.
  - \*43. *Andrea Verocchio*. The Baptism of Christ—a noble work—though the faces—so full of expression—are those of two peasants. This is one of the very rare pictures from the hand of this great master in sculpture, in whose studio Leonardo da Vinci is said to have painted as a youth. From the Convent of S. Salvi.
  44. *Filippino Lippi*. S. Jerome—very poor. From the Convent of Annalena.
  46. *Sandro Botticelli*. The Virgin throned, with SS. Cosmo and Damian kneeling. From S. Ambrogio.
  - \*47. *Botticelli*. The Coronation of the Virgin—lovely angels dance around hand in hand. From the Convent of S. Marco.
  48. *Pesellino*. The Nativity. The Martyrdom of SS. Cosmo and Damian, and S. Anthony of Padua discovering the heart of a dead miser in his money-box—the drawing of the figures very beautiful. From the Convent of S. Croce.
  49. The Predella of the above. In the centre the Annunciation. On the left, S. Augustine in Patmos and S. Jerome in his study. On the right, S. Jerome in the desert, and S. Eloy in his workshop.

- \*50. *Domenico Ghirlandajo*. The Adoration of the Shepherds and the approach of the Magi. The landscape and distant town are very highly finished. From the Sacristy of S. Trinità.
- \*51. *Lorenzo di Credi*. The Adoration of the Shepherds. From S. Chiara.
- 52. *Sandro Botticelli*. Virgin and Child throned, with Saints. From S. Barnaba.
- \*53. *Pietro Perugino*. The Agony in the Garden. From La Calza.
- 54. *Luca Signorelli*. The Trinity, with the Virgin, S. Michael, S. Gabriel, S. Anastasius, and S. Augustine.
- \*55. *Perugino*, 1500. The Assumption. Below are Cardinal S. Bernardo degli Uberti, S. Giovanni Gualberto, S. Benedict, and S. Michael. The figure of Giovanni Gualberto is exquisitely beautiful. From Vallombrosa.
- 56. *Id.* The Crucifixion. The Virgin, and S. Jerome with his lion, stand by the cross. From S. Girolamo.
- 57. A Deposition, the upper part by *Filippino Lippi*, who died while it was unfinished, in 1514. His work was completed by *Perugino*.<sup>1</sup> From SS. Annunziata.
- 58. *Perugino*. A Pietà—hard and unpleasing. From La Calza.
- ✓59. *Andrea del Sarto*, 1528. Four saints, for an altar-piece for Vallombrosa—splendid in colour.
- ✓60. *A. del Sarto*. A fresco of Christ seated on the tomb. From the Servi.
- ✓62. *Id.* Cherubs from the altar-piece No. 59.
- 63. *Id.* The Predella of this picture. S. Michael weighing souls. S. Pietro Igneo passing through the fire and S. J. Baptist being beheaded.
- 64. *Fra Bartolommeo*. Two sketches of the Madonna and Child. From S. Marco.
- 65. *Fra Paolino*, composition by *Fra Bartolommeo*. The Virgin throned, with saints. The Child standing on the step of her throne receives the heart of S. Catherine. From S. Caterina.
- 66. *Fra Bartolommeo*. The Vision of S. Bernard—the figure of the saint is most beautiful, though the rest is unpleasing. From La Badia.
- 67. *Raffaellino del Garbo*. The Resurrection. From Monte Oliveto di Firenze.
- 68. *Fra Bartolommeo*, finished after his death by his pupil, *Fra Paolino*. A Pietà with Saints. From S. M. Maddalena di Mugnone.
- 69. *Id.* 1516. San Vincenzo—very striking.

<sup>1</sup> Vasari, vol. v.

72. *Mariotto Albertinelli*. The Trinity—much restored. From S. Giuliano.
73. *Id.* The Annunciation, painted for the Confraternità of S. Zenobio in 1510.
75. *Francesco Granacci*. The Virgin in glory. Below S. Catherine, S. Bernard, S. Giovanni Gualberto, and S. George. From the Convent of Spirito Santo sulla Costa.
- ✓ 78, 82. *Fra Bartolommeo*. A series of heads of saints.
88. *Angelo Bronzino*. Portrait of Cosimo de' Medici. From the Convent of the Muratte, of which the widow of Duke Cosimo was protectress.
94. *Bronzino*, 1561. Portrait of S. Buonaventura. From S. Croce.

From the other side of the Gallery leading to the Tribune, we enter the—

### 3rd Room :

1. *Luca Signorelli*. A Predella. The Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, and the Flagellation.
2. *Fra Angelico*. Madonna with Saints.
6. *Id.* Scenes from the life of Christ—from the Annunziata, where they formed the shutters of a tabernacle for containing the church plate.
16. *Id.* A Predella. Six scenes from the story of SS. Cosmo and Damian. From the Annunziata.
17. *Perugino*. Portraits of Don Blasio, General of the Vallombrosians, and Don Balthasar, Abbot of Vallombrosa, who ordered from the painter the picture of the Assumption (No. 55 in the second room). From Vallombrosa.
18. *Fra Angelico*. Madonna and Child.
24. *Id.* The School of S. Thomas Aquinas. From S. Marco.
31. *Fra Bartolommeo*. Portrait of Savonarola as S. Peter Martyr. From S. Marco.
- \*38. *Fra Angelico*. The Last Judgment—a glorious picture. From Il Monastero degli Angeli.

'The upper part is arranged in the usual traditional manner and highly finished, the Inferno, in the right-hand corner below, much more hastily, as if the artist longed to escape from the ungenial task ; but the very spirit of paradise illumines the opposite angle, where the elect are assembled in their beatitude—some basking (as it were) in the benignant glance of Christ, others ascending heralded by angels, who weave a dance of mystic harmony around them, towards the gates of the Celestial City, whence a flood of light streams down upon them, in which the two foremost, floating buoyantly upwards from earth, are already half transfigured. One almost fancies one hears the "bells

ringing and the trumpets sounding melodiously within the golden gates," "as if heaven itself were coming down to meet them," in the Jubilee of welcome.<sup>1</sup>—*Lord Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

In the following Room are some sketches for pictures by *Fra Bartolommeo*, *Correggio*, &c., and one of 'La Madonna della Gatta' probably by *Raffaello*. The last or 5th Room contains :—

1. *Scuola Fiorentina*. The Marriage of Boccaccio Adimari and Lisa Riccardi; very curious for costume.
- \*10. *Filippo Lippi*. The Virgin praying over the Infant Jesus. From the Camaldoli.
12. *Id.* The same subject. Painted for the nuns of Annalena.
14. *Lorenzo di Credi*. The Holy Family and Angels praying over the Infant Saviour. From the Convent of the Muratte.
16. *Dom. Ghirlandajo*. The Madonna and Child, and S. Clement and S. Dominic, S. Thomas Aquinas, and S. Denis the Areopagite. In the predella (15) is a story from the lives of each of these saints.
17. *Jacopo Francia*. Madonna and Child with two monks.
19. *Luca Signorelli*. A Crucifixion, with a kneeling Magdalen—used as a church banner. From the Convent of Annalena.
21. *Giacomo Pacchiarotto*. The visit of Elizabeth to Mary. From S. Spirito di Siena.
- \*24. *Aless. Botticelli*. The three Archangels and Tobias; a very curious specimen of the master.
- \*26. *Sandro Botticelli*. An allegory of Spring, with the three Graces, and Venus scattering flowers—a very interesting picture, painted for the villa of Cosimo de' Medici at Castello.

'The scene is a landscape of wood, orchard, and flowery meadow. A man with a winged helmet like a Mercury, scantily draped about the hips with a sword at his side, and striking down fruit from a tree, offers to the spectator a youthful form in fair movement and proportion. Three females near him (the Graces?) dance on the green sward in the light folds of transparent veils; a fourth (Venus?) stands in rich attire in the centre of the ground, whilst, above them, the blind Cupid flies down with his lighted torch. On the right a flying genius, whose dress flutters in the wind, wafts a stream of air towards a female, in whose hand is a bow and from whose mouth sprigs of roses fall into the garment of a nymph at her side.'<sup>1</sup>—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

From the antechamber on this side of the Library, a staircase ascends to the *Collection of Modern Pictures*, which

<sup>1</sup> See the conclusion of the First Part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

are miserably poor for the most part, but include the fine representation of the 'Banishment of the Duke of Athens from Florence' by *Stefano Ussi*.

It is necessary to take a Custode from the Accademia to open the Scalzo, as well as to see the pictures in the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace.

*The Scalzo* (No. 69, Via Cavour) belonged to the gardens of Ottaviano de' Medici, where the Scalzi, or barefooted friars, had a court, for the decorations of which they employed Andrea del Sarto and his friend Franciabigio, who lived with him. The subject chosen was the life of John the Baptist. The execution of the frescoes occupied from 1517 to 1526. They are, beginning from the right:—

- |                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Faith.                             | 9. Justice.                            |
| 2. The Announcement to Zacharias.     | 10. The Preaching of the Baptist.      |
| 3. The Meeting of Mary and Elizabeth. | 11. The Baptizing of John's Disciples. |
| 4. The Birth of John.                 | 12. John before Herod.                 |
| 5. The Benediction of Zacharias.      | 13. The Dance of Herodias' Daughter.   |
| 6. The Meeting of John and Jesus.     | 14. The Beheading of the Baptist.      |
| 7. The Baptism of Christ.             | 15. The Bringing of the Head to Herod. |
| 8. Love—with most lovely children.    | 16. Hope.                              |

All these are by *Andrea del Sarto*, except 5 and 6, which are by *Franciabigio*, and 7, which (as well as the frieze) is the united work of the two friends. They are all executed in chiaroscuro. *All in field as before.*

'In these mural designs there is such exultation and exuberance of young power, of fresh passion and imagination, that only by the innate grace can one recognise the hand of the master whom we know but by the works of his later life, when the gift of grace had survived the gift of invention. Here, what life and fulness of growing and strengthening genius, what joyous sense of its growth and the fair field before it, what dramatic delight in character and action! where S. John preaches in the wilderness and the few first listeners are gathered together at his feet, old people and poor, soul-stricken, silent—women with worn still faces, and a spirit in their tired aged eyes that feeds heartily and hungrily on his words—all the haggard funereal group filled from the fountain of his faith with gradual fire and white heat of soul; or where Salome dances before Herod, an incarnate figure of music, grave and graceful,



light and glad, the song of a bird made flesh, with perfect poise of her sweet light body from the maiden face to the melodious feet ; no tyrannous or treacherous goddess of deadly beauty, but a simple virgin, with the cold charm of girlhood and the simple charm of childhood ; as indifferent and innocent when she stands before Herodias and when she receives the severed head of John with her slender and steady hands ; a pure bright animal, knowing nothing of man, and of life nothing but instinct and motion. In her mother's mature and conscious beauty there is visible the voluptuous will of a harlot and a queen ; but, for herself, she has neither malice nor pity ; her beauty is a maiden force of nature, capable of bloodshed without blood-guiltiness ; the king hangs upon the music of her movement, the rhythm of leaping life in her fair fleet limbs, as one who listens to a tune, subdued by the rapture of the sound, absorbed by the purity of passion. I know not where the subject has been touched with such fine and keen imagination as here.'—*Swinburne, 'Essays and Studies.'*

“There is a little man in Florence,” said Michelangelo to Raffaello of Andrea del Sarto, “who, if he were employed on such great works as you are, would bring the sweat to your brow.”—*Bocchi.*

From the Accademia, a few steps bring us to the *Piazza della S.S. Annunziata*, surrounded by arcades and decorated with busts of the Medicean Grand-Dukes. It is adorned by an equestrian statue of Ferdinand I. (younger son of Cosimo I., first cardinal, then Grand-Duke) by *Giovanni da Bologna* (made from cannon taken from the Turks by Knights of S. Stephen) and two bronze fountains by *Pietro Tacca*. The central door on the left leads to the *Foundling Hospital*—*Spedale degli Innocenti*—founded in 1421. It contains several good pictures, especially :—

*Piero di Cosimo.* Elizabeth of Hungary offering roses to the Infant Jesus.

*Filippo Lippi.* The Infant Jesus brought to the Madonna by an angel.

In the *Chapel* of the Hospital is

*Dom. Ghirlandajo.* The Adoration of the Magi.

‘Le type de la Vierge est toujours le même portrait de famille, portrait prosaïque que l’artiste n’a pas même songé à embellir. A cela près, il a tant de poésie versée, comme à pleines mains, sur toutes les parties accessoires, que la sévérité la plus systématique reste désarmée. Sur le second plan, l’artiste a introduit une scène déchirante du massacre

des Innocents ; ce sont des mères qui, voulant soustraire par la fuite leurs enfants à la mort, se trouvent placées avec eux entre les eaux d'un fleuve et le fer des bourreaux. Par un contraste qui repose l'âme délicieusement, ce fleuve, qui se prolonge à perte de vue dans le lointain, coupe en deux un ravissant paysage qui se termine par de belles crêtes de montagnes et par un ciel admirable de transparence et de pureté. Ce tableau porte la date de 1488, c'est à dire du temps où l'auteur, ayant acquis la conscience de ses forces, disait à son frère David que, maintenant qu'il commençait à être initié aux secrets de son art, il regrettait qu'on ne lui eût pas donné la conférence entière des murs de la ville à couvrir de peintures historiques.'—*Rio*.

Over the door of the chapel is an Annunciation by *Andrea della Robbia*.

The *Church of the SS. Annunziata* was built by the Order of Servites—'Servi di Maria'—which was founded at Florence by seven noble Florentines, who used to meet daily to sing Ave Maria in the chapel of S. Zenobio, where the tower of Giotto now stands. It was built in 1250, but has been modernised. It is approached by a portico containing a lunette in mosaic of the Annunciation, by *Dom. Ghirlandajo*. This leads into a courtyard surrounded by precious frescoes now enclosed with glass. Beginning from the right, they are :—

1. *Il Rosso Fiorentino*, 1515. The Assumption.
2. *Jacopo Pontormo*, 1516. The Salutation.
3. *Francesco di Cristofano* (Franciabigio), 1513. The Marriage of the Virgin.
4. *Andrea del Sarto*. The Birth of the Virgin—'on the highest level ever reached in fresco.'<sup>1</sup>

Baldinucci relates that when Jacopo da Empoli was copying this picture, in 1570, an old lady stopped on her way to mass and talked to him. She showed him one of the figures in the fresco as the likeness of Andrea's wife, and then disclosed that she herself was Lucretia del Fede, the widow of the latter, Carlo Recanati, in the Via S. Gallo, whom Andrea had married, to the great discomfort of his pupils, and who had so often served as his model.

5. *Id.* The Adoration of the Magi. The painter has represented himself, with Sansovino and Ajolle the musician, amongst the royal followers.

<sup>1</sup> Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

6. *Alessio Baldovinetti* (1422-99). The Nativity.
7. *Andrea del Sarto*. Children are healed of diseases by touching the garments of the Servite S. Filippo Benizzi, who died in 1285.
8. *Id.* A dead child is resuscitated on touching the bier of S. Filippo.
9. *Id.* A woman possessed of a demon is cured by S. Filippo.
10. *Id.* Some men who insult S. Filippo are destroyed by lightning.
11. *Id.* S. Filippo, on his way to Viterbo, divides his cloak with a beggar.
12. *Cosimo Rosselli* (1439-1506). S. Filippo assumes the habit of the Order.

The Interior of the Annunziata used to be filled (like the still unaltered church of S. Maria delle Grazie near Mantua) with waxen images of eminent living as well as dead persons, here suspended from the ceiling. On one side were the citizens (among them Lorenzo de' Medici); on the other, popes and foreign potentates. Beginning on the right—

In the *1st Chapel* is :

*Jacopo da Empoli*. The Virgin with saints.

In the *2nd Chapel* :

Tomb of Marchese Luigi Tempi-Marzi-Medici by U. Cambi, 1849.

In the *5th Chapel* :

The simple and beautiful Tomb of Orlando de' Medici by *Simone di Betto*, brother of Donatello

In the *6th Chapel* :

The Grave of Stradone the painter, 1536-1605.

In the *Right Transept* :

The Tomb of *Baccio Bandinelli*, being a Pietà from his own hand.

Outside the *Tribune* :

The Tomb of the Senator Donato dell' Antella, who became a Servite late in life, ob. 1666, by *Gio. Batt. Foggini*; and that of Angiolo Marzi Medici, Bishop of Arezzo, ob. 1546, by *F. di San Gallo*.

The Tribune has a circular dome, beneath which is the isolated choir where the stalls and a ciborio are by *Baccio*

*d' Agnolo.* In the Cappella del Soccorso, behind the high-altar, is the tomb of Giovanni da Bologna. The next tribune chapel has a picture of the Resurrection by *Ang. Bronzino*.

*2nd Chapel* (descending the church):

*Perugino.* The Assumption.

*Last Chapel* (of the Annunciation, built by Pietro de Medici):

*Pietro Cavallini.* The Annunciation, supposed to have been finished by angelic hands.

The crucifix here is by *Giuliano di S. Gallo*, the figure of the Infant Jesus by *Baccio Bandinelli*.

The large *Cloister*, built by Simone Pollajuolo, is surrounded with frescoes by *Poccetti*. Over the door leading into the church is the charming fresco of

\**Andrea del Sarto*, called La Madonna del Sacco.

Opening into the cloister is the *Cappella dei Pittori*, where the Company of Painters, or Guild of S. Luke, used to hold their meetings. Over the altar are some small pictures by *Fra Angelico*. Jacopo Pontormo, Franciabigio, Benvenuto Cellini, and Lorenzo Bartolini are buried here.

(Behind the Annunziata runs the Via S. Sebastiano, which contains a beautiful piece of Luca della Robbia over a door leading to a cloister which belonged to S. Piero Maggiore. Here, at the corner of the Via della Mandorla, is the house of Andrea del Sarto, afterwards inhabited by Fed. Zuccherò.

About the centre of the street is the *Palazzo Capponi*, built by Fontana. It contains a few good pictures. The nearly opposite *Palazzo Velluti Zuli* was inhabited by Prince Charles Edward.)

From the left corner of the Piazza della Annunziata, the Via dei Fibbiai leads into the Via degli Alfani. The swaddled babies over the doors on the left of this street mark the property of the Ospedale degli Innocenti.

On the right (turning left) are the remains of the *Monastery of S. Maria degli Angeli*. In the cloisters are

frescoes by *Andrea Castagno* and *Dom. Ghirlandajo*. The Monastery was founded c. 1293 by Fra Guittone d' Arezzo, a poet whom Dante introduces as mentioned by another poet, Buonagiunta of Lucca:—

' Ma dî, s' io veggio qui colui, che fuore  
Trasse le nuove rime, cominciando :  
" Donne ch' avete intelletto d' amore."  
Ed io a lui: " Io mi son un, che, quando  
Amore spira, noto ; ed a quel modo  
Che detta dentro, vo significando."  
" O Frate, issa vegg' io," diss' egli, " il nodo  
Che 'l notaio, e Guittone, e me ritenne  
Di quà dal dolce stil nuovo ch' i' odo.  
Io veggio ben, come le vostre penne  
Diretro al dittator sen vanno strette  
Che delle nostre certo non avvenne ;  
E qual più a gradire oltre si mette,  
Non vede più dall' uno all' altro stilo."  
E quasi contentato si tacette.'—*Purg.* xxiv. 49.

Opposite this monastery is the *Palazzo Guigni*, built from designs of Ammanati.

Crossing the *Via della Pergola*, which contains the well-known Teatro della Pergola, and where an inscription marks the house in which Benvenuto cast his Perseus, we reach the *Via dei Pinti*. Turning down it to the left, we pass, on the right, the *Convent of S. Maddalena de' Pazzi*, so called from a Florentine nun canonised in 1670. She is buried in the left transept of the church.

In the *2nd Chapel* on the left is

\**Cosimo Rosselli*. The Coronation of the Virgin.

In the *4th Chapel* on the left :

*Raffaellino del Garbo*. S. Ignatius, S. Roch, and S. Sebastian :  
the latter carved in wood.

Turning round the outer wall of the Convent, a door in the *Via della Colonna* gives admission to the Chapter-House, which contains a very beautiful fresco by *Perugino*, of the Crucifixion. S. John and S. Benedict stand on the right, the Virgin and S. Bernard on the left.

'The landscape of Perugino, for grace and purity, is unrivalled ; and the more interesting because in him certainly whatever limits are set to the rendering of nature proceed not from incapacity. In the landscape of S. Maria Maddalena there is more variety than is usual with him.

'A gentle river winds round the bases of rocky hills, a river like our own Wye or Tees in their loveliest reaches ; level meadows stretch away on its opposite side ; mounds set with slender-stemmed foliage occupy the nearer ground, a small village with its simple spire peeps from the forest at the end of the valley.'—*Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,'* ii. 207.

The Borgo de' Pinti continues to the Porta Pinti, just outside which is the *Protestant Cemetery*. It was formerly a lovely spot, backed by the old walls of the city, but these have now been removed, and the place is encircled by dusty high-roads. Here, near Elizabeth Barrett-Browning, Arthur Clough, &c., rest the remains of one of the greatest masters of the English language, Walter Savage Landor, who died at No. 2671, Via Nunziatina, on Sept. 17, 1864.

'Come back in sleep, for in the life  
Where thou art now  
We find none like thee. Time and strife  
And the world's lot  
  
Move thee no more ; but love at least  
And reverent heart  
May move thee, royal and released  
Soul, as thou art.  
  
And thou, his Florence, to thy trust  
Receive and keep,  
Keep safe his dedicated dust,  
His sacred sleep.  
  
So shall thy lovers, come from far,  
Mix with thy name,  
As morning-star with evening-star,  
His faultless fame.'—*Swinburne*.

Following the Via della Colonna for a short distance, we reach the new *Piazza d'Azeglio*, planted with trees and flowers. Hence the Via S. Ambrogio leads to the *Church of S. Ambrogio*. In the Cappella della Misericordia, to the left of the high-altar, is the masterpiece of *Cosimo Rosselli*,

1486,<sup>1</sup> a fresco in honour of a transubstantiation-miracle which occurred in Florence.

‘Cette fresque vraiment merveilleuse représente la translation d’un calice miraculeux au palais épiscopal, et renferme des groupes qui ne seraient pas indignes du pinceau de Raphaël, tant il y a de pureté dans les formes et d’expression dans les visages, tant il règne de goût dans l’ordonnance générale et dans la manière de traiter toutes les parties accessoires. Le seul reproche qu’on puisse faire à ce chef-d’œuvre, c’est qu’il a trop de beautés entassées dans un petit espace. Parmi tous les portraits qui y sont accumulés, il y en a un que Vasari signale plus particulièrement à l’attention du spectateur : c’est celui du célèbre Pic de la Mirandole, qui est, dit l’historien, d’une vérité saisissante. . . . Tout dans cette œuvre respire tellement la dévotion, l’espérance et la foi, qu’on peut la placer à côté des plus exquises productions de la peinture mystique.’—*Rio*.

The altar in this chapel is a beautiful work of *Mino da Fiesole* of c. 1462, and encloses an ampulla containing the blood of which the story is told in its relief.

‘On the festa of San Firenze, A.D. 1230, an old priest named Ugucione, who belonged to the Convent of Sant’ Ambrogio, after saying mass and consecrating the body of Christ, neglected to clean the sacred vessel, and found on the next day that the miracle of transubstantiation had taken place, and that the chalice contained living blood compressed and incarnate. This, being manifest to all the nuns of the said monastery, as well as to many neighbours, the Bishop of Florence, and the clergy, was noised abroad, and attracted crowds of devout citizens to see it ; after which the blood was removed from the chalice to an “ampulla” of crystal, which has ever since been shown to the multitude with great veneration.’—*Villari*, lib. vi. ch. 8.

Against a house near this church is a beautiful terra-cotta shrine of S. Zenobio, and, beneath it, an inscription in honour of ‘the Immortal Pius VII.’ having given his benediction on that spot. In the neighbouring Via de’ Pilastri a terrible tragedy occurred in 1639.

‘In the reign of Ferdinand II., there lived here an elderly Florentine gentleman, Giustino Canacci, who had been twice married, and his second wife, Caterina, was celebrated for her beauty and virtue. Jacopo Salviati, Duke of San Giuliano, was among her admirers, which excited the jealousy of his duchess, Veronica Cibo, a princess of Massa. She

<sup>1</sup> Cosimo Rosselli was living in 1506, though Vasari gives his death as occurring in 1484.

determined to get rid of one she thought a rival, and, Caterina having unfortunately incurred the hatred of her stepson, Bartolommeo Canacci, he consented to guide three assassins, hired by the duchess, to this house, where Caterina was one evening entertaining some of her friends. Here they murdered her, with her maid, who remained beside her mistress when the rest of the party had taken flight. Caterina's head was then cut off and taken to the duchess, who concealed it in a basin of clean linen, which it was customary to place in her husband's apartment on the first day of the year. The duke uncovered the basin, and nearly fainted away on seeing its contents. Though the crime was of so heinous a nature, Bartolommeo Canacci alone suffered punishment; he was seized and beheaded, whilst the rest of the culprits escaped; the duchess left Florence, in greater dread of the fury of the populace than the justice of the tribunals. A well in the Via de' Pentolini still exists into which the body of Bartolommeo Canacci is said to have been thrown.'—*Horner*.

Following (from S. Ambrogio) the Via Pietra Piana, we reach (right) the *Via S. Egidio*, where the chronicler Dino Compagni lived, and where Lorenzo Ghiberti cast the bronze gates of the Baptistry.

Just opposite the house of Ghiberti is the *Hospital of S. Maria Nuova*, founded by Folco Portinari, father of Dante's Beatrice. The work was suggested to him by his servant Monna Tessa, who began it by receiving sick persons and nursing them in a room in her master's house. The Hospital greatly increased and altered in after-years.

Over the door of the church is the Coronation of the Virgin by *Dello*. On the right of the entrance is a fresco by *Lorenzo de' Bicci*, representing Michele di Panzano, Governor of the Hospital, kneeling at the feet of Martin V. to receive the confirmation of its privileges. Pope Eugenius IV., then a cathedral-canon, is seen in the blue robes of the Canons of S. Giorgio in Alga. On the left is another fresco of Panzano receiving a brief from the Pope, in front of the church of S. Maria Nuova. The ornament over the present door is seen in the fresco. The rest of the frescoes in this portico are by *Pomerancio*, except the Annunciation at the end, which is by *Taddeo Zuccherro*.

In the interior, on the right, is the monument of the founder. His family are represented in a noble picture



by *Hugo Van der Goes*, painted when Folco Portinari was ambassador from the Medici at Bruges, and presented by him to the hospital of his foundation. S. Egidio discovered in his cave is by *Giunto Gemignano*. A Magdalen is by *Andrea Castagno*, whose jealousy was so aroused when his rival Domenico Veneziano was employed here, that he assassinated him.

In the *Cloister* are, a relief believed to represent the good Monna Tessa, and a tabernacle by *Giovanni di S. Giovanni*. In the *Garden* are injured remains of a fresco of the Last Judgment, begun by *Fra Bartolommeo*, and finished by *Mariotto Albertinelli*.

‘This wall-painting of S. Maria Nuova is the masterpiece of a man who almost succeeds in combining all the excellence of his predecessors and contemporaries.’—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

Hence, turning left down the *Via de’ Servi*, we find ourselves at the *Duomo*.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THIRD EXCURSION. THE NORTH-WESTERN QUARTER.

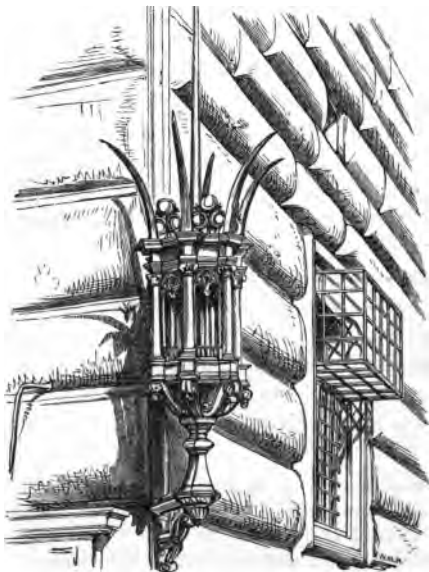
ASCENDING the Via Tornabuoni, named from the great family of which a daughter, Camilla Lucrezia, was the mother of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the gayest and handsomest street in Florence, where the best clubs and caffès are, and where the most beautiful flowers are sold at the street-corners—we pass, on the right, the magnificent

*Palazzo Strozzi*, begun in 1489, for the merchant Filippo Strozzi, from designs of Benedetto da Majano, which were continued by Il Cronaca. The palace is faced with rough-hewn stone which, instead of detracting from, gives, by contrast, an appearance of extra finish to the details. At the corners are beautiful specimens by *Caparrà*, of the iron *fanale*, which were only allowed to the most distinguished citizens.

‘The flowers they sell on the stone bench round its old wall, underneath the huge irons in which flags have flaunted and torches burned for hundreds of years on triumphal occasions—the sheaves of lily of the valley, white lilac, white narcissus, already abundant and scenting all the air in the first cold days of April—seem scarcely more evanescent than the crowd of men and women who have bloomed and passed and gone into darkness while the old wall has stood fast, without getting so much as a wrinkle or line chiselled by age upon its rugged stones.’—*Blackwood*, DCCV.

‘Perhaps the most satisfactory of the Florentine palaces, as a whole and complete design, is the Strozzi, designed by Cronaca (1454-1509). It is a rectangle, 190 feet by 138; like all the rest, in three stories, measuring together upwards of 100 feet in height. The cornice that crowns the whole is not so well designed as that of the Riccardi, but extremely well proportioned to the bold simple building which it crowns, and the windows of the two upper stories are elegant in design, and

appropriate to their situation. It may be that this palace is too massive and too gloomy for imitation; but, taking into account the age when it was built, and the necessity of security combined with purposes of state to which it was to be applied, it will be difficult to find a more faultless design in any city of modern Europe, or one which combines so harmoniously local and social characteristics with the elegance of classical details, a conjunction which has been practically the aim of



Fanale of the Palazzo Strozzi.

almost every building of modern times, but very seldom so successfully attained as in this example.'—*Fergusson*.

'The preparations for the building of this *Casa Grande* were made with great caution, lest it should seem that a work too magnificent for a private citizen was being undertaken: in particular, Filippo so contrived that the costly *opus rusticum* employed in the construction of the basement should appear to have been forced upon him. This is characteristic of Florence in the days of Cosimo. The foundation-stone was laid in the morning of August 16, 1489, at the moment when the

sun arose above the summits of the Casentino. The hour, prescribed by astrologers as propitious, had been settled by the horoscope ; masses meanwhile were said in several churches, and alms distributed.'—*Symonds, 'Renaissance in Italy.'*

'Les palais des familles principales de Florence sont bâtis comme des espèces de forteresses, d'où l'on pouvait se défendre ; on voit encore à l'extérieur les anneaux de fer auxquels les étendards de chaque parti devaient être attachés ; enfin, tout y est arrangé bien plus pour maintenir les forces individuelles que pour les réunir toutes dans l'intérêt commun. On dirait que la ville est bâtie pour la guerre civile.'—*Madame de Staël, 'Corinne.'*

The interior of the palace (shown only on Wednesdays, from 11 to 1) is a handsome specimen of a noble Florentine residence. The best of the beautiful objects it contained have been dispersed, including the noble bust of Marietta Palla Strozzi by Desiderio da Settignano, and the portrait of the daughter of Roberto Strozzi ('La Puttina') painted by Titian and extolled by Aretino. Both of these treasures are now at Berlin :—

#### 1st Room :

*Mino da Fiesole.* Bust of Niccolò Strozzi.

*Donatello.* Statuette of S. J. Baptist—absurdly old for one who must have died at thirty-two.

*Filippino Lippi.* The Annunciation.

#### 2nd Room :

\**Leonardo da Vinci.* A most beautiful portrait of a female Strozzi, in a black dress and pearl necklace, holding a book—the background green.

*Pollajuolo.* Portrait of the murdered Giuliano de' Medici, taken after death.

*Sustermanns.* Giov. Batt. Strozzi, with his wife (a Martelli) and children.

*Andrea del Sarto.* Small Holy Family.

*Perugino.* The Garden of Gethsemane—very beautiful, but the angel unnecessarily supported by a little island in the sky.

#### 3rd Room :

*Benedetto da Majano.* Bust of Filippo Strozzi the Elder.

*Copy of a Titian at Vienna.* Portrait of Filippo Strozzi the Younger.

*Alessandro Allori.* Portraits of Piero, Roberto (father of the Puttina), and Leone Strozzi, sons of Filippo.

*Lorenzo di Credi* (over entrance-door). Holy Family.

*Perugino* (over farther door). Holy Family.

#### 4th Room :

*Salvator Rosa.* Two Landscapes.

\* *Ang. Bronzino.* Portrait of Cardinal Bembo when young.

\* *Raffaello.* Portrait of the poet Ludovico Martelli.

*P. Veronese.* Portrait of Pope Paul III.

*Caravaggio.* Gamblers.

Behind the palace, in the Piazza delle Cipolle, is the more ancient Palace of the Strozzi family.



Croce al Trebbio.

The Church of S. Gaetano, on the left of the Via Tornabuoni, faces the *Palazzo Antinori*, built by *Giuliano di S. Gallo*. Opposite is the *Via delle Belle Donne*, a name, says Leigh Hunt, which it is a sort of tune to pronounce.

Hence the Via Rondinelli leads to the junction of the Via Cerretani and the Via dei Banchi. Turning down the latter (left) we reach the *Piazza di S. Maria Novella*.

This square was first laid out at the request of S. Pietro Martire, who wished for a large space where he could preach in the open air. In 1563, Cosimo I. introduced chariot-races here, in which the existing obelisks served as the goals :

they rest on tortoises, and are surmounted with lilies by *Giovanni da Bologna*. The *Croce al Trebbio*, in a small piazza on the right, is a column commemorating a fight which took place with the Paterini, heretics against whom S. Pietro was preaching. It originally bore a statue of S. Peter Martyr, but now sustains a crucifix, picturesquely roofed over.

The arcade facing the church belongs to the *Hospital of*



Meeting of SS. Francesco and Domenico.

*S. Paolo*. It is adorned with medallions by *Luca* and *Andrea della Robbia*: the two at the ends are portraits of the artists themselves. A relief over a door, at the end of the arcade (inside), commemorates a meeting between S. Francis and S. Dominic, which is said to have taken place on this spot.

(The neighbouring *Church* (in the *Via del Palazzuolo* just behind) of the *Vanchetone* is so called from the character

of the confraternity who possessed it—*Vanno chetone*—they go in silence. It contains a black image of the Madonna, given by the Medici, two busts of boys by *Donatello*, on either side the sacristy, and the skeleton of Ippolito Galantini, a member of the order.)

The *Church of S. Maria Novella* was begun 1229 at the expense of the Ruccellai, on the site of an earlier building called S. Maria tra le Vigne. It was the fashionable church in the 'Decameron.' Completed in seventy years, from its beauty it was called by Michelangelo *La Sposa*, or the bride. The façade of the church, of white and red marble and serpentine, is from designs of *Leon Battista Alberti*, and was not finished till 1470. Over the doors are frescoes by *Ulisse Ciocchi*. On the right there is a small cloister, surrounded by arches containing tombs.

Within, the church is a Latin cross. It is the best of the Florentine churches, yet quite spoilt by the brown-and-white wash with which it is bedaubed. The best of the fine fifteenth-century paintings have been 'restored,' to their destruction. Over the entrance is a Crucifix by *Puccio Capanna*. On the right is a fresco of the Trinity, with the Virgin and S. John, and kneeling donors, by *Masaccio*. On the left is the Annunciation.

Proceeding round the church from the right, we have—

*1st Altar.* *Girolamo Macchietti*, the Martyrdom of S. Lorenzo. The four succeeding altars have pictures by *Gio. Batt. Naldini*, a pupil of Bronzino. On either side of the altar dedicated to S. Thomas à Becket are two fifteenth-century monuments of the Minerbetti family, who claimed kindred with the saint. Over the last altar in this aisle is a picture by *Jacopo Ligozzi* (1543–1627), representing the resuscitation of a dead child by S. Raymond of Peñaforte. Close by is the tomb, by *Romolo di Taddeo da Fiesole*, of Giov. Batt. Ricasoli, Bishop of Cortona, the trusted counsellor of Cosimo I. He was sent to France in 1557, charged to poison the Grand-Duke's enemy, Piero Strozzi, but was forced to fly with the deed unfulfilled, and was henceforth known as the 'Vescovo dell' Ampollina,' the Bishop of the Poison-cup. He died in 1572.

Entering the *Right Transept* is a terra-cotta bust of the Archbishop Antonino. Above is a fine Gothic monument by Tino da Camaino, to Tedice Aliotti, Bishop of Fiesole, 1356. A large fresco beyond this

tomb ornaments the tomb of Joseph, Patriarch of Constantinople, who died 1440, during the Council of Florence, under Eugenius IV. Above it is a canopied monument to Fra Aldobrandini Cavalcanti of Florence, who died in 1229; his figure lies not on the tomb, but in front of it. At the end of the transept is the Cappella Ruccellai, approached by steps, at the top of which is the tomb of Paolo Ruccellai, the father of the Giovanni Ruccellai, at whose expense the façade of the church was built. Here is the famous Madonna of *Cimabue*.

‘You will gaze on it with interest, if not with admiration, for, independently of pictorial merit, it is linked with history. Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, passing through Florence while he was engaged in painting it, was taken to see it at the artist’s bottega, or studio, as it would now be termed, outside the Porta S. Piero; rumour had been busy, but no one had as yet obtained a glimpse of it—all Florence crowded in after him—nothing like it had till then been seen in Tuscany, and, when finished, it was carried in solemn procession to the church, followed by the whole population, and with such triumphs and rejoicings that the quarter where the painter dwelt obtained the name, which it has ever since retained, of Borgo Allegri. Nor can I think that this enthusiasm was solely excited by a comparative superiority to contemporary art; it has a character of its own, and, once seen, stands out from the crowd of Madonnas, individual and distinct. The type is still the Byzantine, intellectualised perhaps, yet neither beautiful nor graceful, but there is a dignity and a majesty in her mien, and an expression of inward pondering and sad anticipation rising from her heart to her eyes as they meet yours, which one cannot forget. The Child too, blessing with its right hand, is full of the Deity, and the first object in the picture, a propriety seldom lost sight of by the older Christian painters. And the attendant angels, though as like as twins, have much grace and sweetness.’—*Lindsay’s ‘Christian Art.’*

‘Ascend the right stair from the farther nave  
 To muse in a small chapel scarcely lit  
 By Cimabue’s Virgin. Bright and brave,  
 That picture was accounted, mark, of old;  
 A king stood bare before its sovran grace,  
 A reverent people shouted to behold  
 The picture, not the king, and even the place  
 Containing such a miracle grew bold,  
 Named the glad Borgo from that beauteous face  
 Which thrilled the artist, after work, to think  
 His own ideal Mary-smile should stand  
 So very near him,—he, within the brink  
 Of all that glory, let in by his hand  
 With too divine a rashness! Yet none shrink



Who come to gaze here now ; albeit 'twas planned  
 Sublimely in the thought's simplicity :  
 The Lady, throned in empyreal state,  
 Minds only the young Babe upon her knee,  
 While sidelong angels bear the royal weight,  
 Prostrated meekly, smiling tenderly  
 Oblivion of their wings ; the Child thereat  
 Stretching its hand like God. If any should,  
 Because of some stiff draperies and loose joints,  
 Gaze scorn down from the heights of Raphaelhood  
 On Cimabue's picture,—Heaven anoints  
 The head of no such critic, and his blood  
 The poet's curse strikes full on and appoints  
 To ague and cold spasms for evermore.  
 A noble picture ! worthy of the shout  
 Wherewith along the streets the people bore  
 Its cherub-faces which the sun threw out  
 Until they stooped and entered the church door.'

*Eliz. Barrett-Browning.*

'I could see no charm whatever in the broad-faced Virgin, and it would relieve my mind and rejoice my spirit if the picture were borne out of the church in another triumphal procession (like the one which brought it there) and reverently burnt.'—*Hawthorne.*

At the corner of the chapel, on the right, is the monument—with angels drawing back the curtain from her sleeping figure—of the Beata Villana, daughter of Andrea di Messer Lapo, who married one of the Benintendi, and fled from the world because, when looking at herself in the glass from vanity, she saw a demon dressed in her fine clothes. She died in the odour of sanctity, 1360, aged twenty-eight. The other pictures in this chapel are, (right) S. Lucia, by *Benedetto Ghirlandajo*, and (left) the Martyrdom of S. Catherine, by *Giuliano Bugiardini* (1471-1554).

'Immédiatement après son retour de Rome, en 1451, Bernardo Rossellini fut chargé du tombeau de la bienheureuse Villana. S'il avait donné pour support des aigles symboliques au sarcophage d'un grand historien, il sut traiter non moins heureusement un sujet qui n'était relevé que par les humbles vertus ; et il plaça l'héroïne qui les avait pratiquées non pas sur une console ou dans une niche richement ornée, mais dans une espèce de réduit presque au niveau du sol, où l'on voyait deux anges, d'une beauté ravissante, veillant auprès d'un visage transfiguré par la mort et sur lequel est restée l'expression d'un avant-goût de l'éternité bienheureuse. Il était impossible de mieux comprendre ce sujet vraiment mystique, et de mieux répondre au sentiment populaire, qui demandait avant tout des inspirations sympathiques.'—*Rio, 'L'Art Chrétien.'*

The 1st Chapel on a line with the high-altar has on the pillar (right) a rude bas-relief of S. Gregory blessing its founder.

The next Chapel, of the Strozzi, contains the tomb of Filippo Strozzi, builder of the Strozzi Palace, by *Benedetto da Majano*. The frescoes, much injured by retouching, relate to the lives of S. Philip and S. John the Evangelist, and are by *Filippino Lippi*. On the right wall S. Philip exorcises a poisonous dragon, which had been worshipped as Mars by the people of Hierapolis in Phrygia : in the lunette above he is crucified by the priests of the dragon. On the left S. John raises to life Drusiana, a woman of Ephesus, who had been full of good works. On the ceiling are the Patriarchs. S. Philip and S. John are represented, with the Virgin and Child, in the beautiful stained glass of the window.

The High-Altar covers the remains of the Beato Giovanni di Salerno, the Dominican founder of the church. The Choir was originally the chapel of the Ricci, and was decorated at their expense with frescoes, by *Andrea Orcagna*, but these were afterwards painted over with the stories of the Virgin and S. John Baptist, by *Domenico Ghirlandajo*, who was employed by Giovanni Tornabuoni. On either side of the window are portraits of Tornabuoni and his wife. The window itself is filled with stained glass by *Alessandro Fiorentino*, 1491, a pupil of Ghirlandajo. The stalls of the choir were designed by *Vasari*.

The next Chapel is the *Cappella Gondi*, which contains a crucifix by *Filippo Brunelleschi*.

'Donato had completed a crucifix in wood, which was placed in the church of Santa Croce, and he desired to have the opinion of Filippo Brunelleschi respecting his work ; but he repented of having asked it, since Filippo replied that he had placed a clown upon the cross. And from this time there arose the saying of, "Take wood, then, and make one thyself." Thereupon Filippo, who never suffered himself to be irritated by anything said to him, however well calculated to provoke him to anger, kept silence for several months, meanwhile preparing a crucifix, also in wood, and of similar size with that of Donato's, but of such excellence, so well designed, and so carefully executed, that when Donato, having been sent forward to his house by Filippo, who intended him a surprise, beheld the work (the undertaking of which by Filippo was entirely unknown to him) he was utterly confounded ; and, having in his hand an apron, full of eggs and other things on which his friend and himself were to dine together, he suffered the whole to fall to the ground, while he regarded the work before him in the very extremity of amazement. The artistic and ingenious manner in which Filippo had disposed and united the legs, trunk, and arms of the figure was alike obvious and surprising to Donato, who not only confessed himself conquered, but declared the work a miracle.'—*Vasari*.

Next comes the *Cappella de' Gaddi*, with the raising of Jairus' daughter, by *Bronzino*, and two reliefs, by *Giovanni dell' Opera*, over

tombs of the Gaddi. The chapel at the end of the left transept is a second *Cappella Strozzi*, and contains the relics of the Beato Alessio degli Strozzi. The walls have frescoes of the Last Judgment and Hell, by *Andrea* and *Bernardo Orcagna*.

‘Ceci est bien autre chose que l’enfer du Campo-Santo de Pise ; ici se retrouve toute la topographie de l’enfer dantesque, autant du moins que la surface dont le peintre pouvait disposer le lui a permis. Ainsi il n’y a pas eu place dans le champ de la fresque pour les hypocrites, mais le nom est écrit à l’extrémité du tableau, et montre l’intention où eût été le peintre de les y faire entrer si l’espace ne lui avait manqué. Du reste, rien n’est déguisé ou dissimulé de ce qu’il y a de plus cru et parfois de plus grossier dans le peintre de certains supplices ; la rixe de maître Adam, le faux monnayeur hydropique et haletant de soif, est représentée au naturel ; on dirait un duel de boxeurs. Les flatteurs sont plongés dans l’espèce de fange par laquelle Dante a voulu exprimer tout son dégoût pour les âmes infectées de ce vice qui *empeste les cours*.

‘Ce qui est plus étrange, là, dans une chapelle, le pinceau du peintre n’a pas craint de reproduire cette bizarre alliance du dogme chrétien et des fables païennes que s’était permise le poète, docile au génie de son temps, et qui étonne encore plus quand on la voit que quand on la lit. Ainsi les *centaures* poursuivent, sur les murs de Santa-Maria Novella, comme dans la *Divine Comédie*, les violents et les percent de flèches ; les *harpies*, souvenirs profanes de l’*Entéide*, où elles sont plus à leur place que dans l’épopée catholique, sont perchées sur les tristes rameaux d’où elles jettent des plaintes lugubres ; enfin les *furies* se dressent au-dessus de l’abîme sur la tour embrasée.

‘En face de l’enfer, Orcagna a représenté la gloire du paradis. Les cercles célestes de Dante ne se prêtaient pas à la peinture comme les *bolge* infernales. Orcagna n’a donc pu suivre ici avec la même fidélité la fantaisie du poète. Cependant, ce qui domine ces sortes de tableaux au moyen âge, savoir, la glorification de la Vierge, est aussi ce qui couronne le grand tableau de Dante.’—*Ampère*.

The restored altar-piece, by *Andrea Orcagna*, represents S. Dominic presented to the Virgin. Beneath the steps leading to this chapel is an Entombment, by *Giottino*, and, above, the portrait of a Bishop of Fiesole, 1348, who is buried here.

The *Sacristy*, by *Fra Jacopo Talenti*, has a beautiful lavatory by *Luca della Robbia*. One of the twelve banners is preserved here which S. Peter Martyr presented to his twelve captains when he sent them forth, on Ascension Day, 1244, to extirpate the Paterini. At the corner of the transept is a vase, from Impruneta, resting on a very poor marble figure by Michelangelo.

Entering the *Left Aisle*, beneath the first altar are the bones of the Beata Villana. Above is a picture of the Dominican missionary, S. Hyacinth, by *Bronzino*. Near the end of this aisle is a monument to

Antonio Strozzi by *Andrea da Fiesole*. The pulpit was made by *Maestro Lazaro*, from designs of *Brunelleschi*.

The *Chiostro Verde* is supported by handsome pillars, but much spoilt by paint. It is surrounded by frescoes. On the right of the entrance from the church are some Dominican saints, by *Spinello Aretino*. The left wall, as far as the Sacrifice of Noah, is by *Paolo Uccello*, the remaining twenty-four pictures by his friend *Dello Delli*, 1401. They are painted in green, whence the name of the cloister.

On the right, two windows with beautiful tracery are those of the *Cappella degli Spagnuoli*, used for the attendants of Eleanor of Toledo, wife of Cosimo I. It was built for Buonamico Guidalotti in the fourteenth century, by the Dominican monk *Fra Jacopo de' Talenti da Nipozzano*. It is covered with frescoes, attributed to *Taddeo Gaddi* and *Simone Memmi*. On the eastern wall are the Crucifixion, the Bearing of the Cross, and the Descent into Hades. On the left is the Apotheosis of S. Thomas Aquinas; on the right the Church Militant, defended by the Dominicans.

'The subjects (said to have been selected by Fra Jacopo Passavanti) are chosen with a depth of thought, a propriety and taste, to which those of the Camera della Segnatura, painted by Raffaele in the Vatican, afford the only parallel example. Each composition is perfect in itself, yet each derives significance from juxtaposition with its neighbour, and one idea pervades the whole, the Unity of the Body of Christ, the Church, and the glory of the Order of S. Dominic as the defenders and preservers of that Unity. This chapel, therefore, is to the Dominicans what the church of Assisi is to the Franciscans, the graphic mirror of their spirit, the apotheosis of their fame.'—*Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

'Les admirables fresques de cette chapelle, dont les auteurs sont Taddeo Gaddi et Siméon Memmi, montrent à l'œil ce mélange d'histoire et d'allégorie, ce caractère à la fois encyclopédique et symbolique, qui appartient à l'œuvre de Dante, ainsi qu'à beaucoup d'autres poèmes du moyen âge, conçus dans le même esprit, mais non avec le même génie. Siméon Memmi a fait une peinture de la société civile et ecclésiastique: toutes les conditions sociales sont rassemblées dans ce tableau, qui est comme une immense revue de l'humanité. Le pape et l'empereur figurent au centre, selon le système de Dante; les portraits des personnages célèbres du temps s'y trouvent; on y voit des personnages purement allégoriques, ou dont l'image est prise pour une allégorie sans

cesser d'être un portrait. Laure représente la volonté dans la peinture de Memmi, comme Béatrice la contemplation dans l'œuvre de Dante.

'On peut remarquer que Dante a coutume de choisir dans l'histoire un personnage comme type d'une qualité, d'un vice, d'une science, et emploie tour à tour ce procédé et l'allégorie pour réaliser une abstraction. De même, dans la fresque de Taddeo Gaddi, quatorze sciences ou arts sont exprimés par des figures de femmes, au-dessous desquelles sont placés des personnages typiques qui sont des symboles historiques de chaque science. La première est le droit civil avec Justinien ; le droit canonique ne vient qu'après. Cet ordre est bien dans les idées politiques de Dante. La grande part qu'il voulait faire dans ce monde au pouvoir impérial l'a porté à choisir aussi Justinien pour représenter la Justice dans Mercure, planète où il a placé la récompense de cette vertu, en dépit de ce que la morale et l'orthodoxie pouvaient reprocher à l'époux de Théodora.

'Dans ces peintures on retrouve donc sans cesse des conceptions semblables à celles de Dante, ou inspirées par elles ; on remonte à lui comme à une source ; ou on descend vers lui comme à une mer qui a reçu dans son sein tous les courants d'idées qui ont alimenté l'art au moyen âge.'—*Ampère*.

'Taddeo Gaddi a représenté la philosophie, quatorze femmes, qui sont les sept sciences profanes et les sept sciences sacrées, toutes rangées sur une seule ligne, chacune assise dans une chaire gothique richement ornementée, chacune ayant à ses pieds le grand homme qui lui a servi d'interprète ; au-dessus d'elles, dans une chaire plus délicate encore et plus ornée, saint Thomas, le roi de toute science, foulant aux pieds les trois grands hérétiques, Arius, Sabellius, Averrhoès, pendant qu'à ses côtés les prophètes de l'ancienne loi et les apôtres de la nouvelle siègent gravement avec leurs insignes et que, dans l'espace arrondi sur leurs têtes, des anges et des vertus symétriquement posés apportent des livres, des fleurs et des flammes. - Sujet, ordonnance, architecture, personnages, la fresque entière ressemble au portail sculpté d'une cathédrale.—Toute pareille et encore plus symbolique est la fresque de Simone Memmi, qui, en regard, représente l'Eglise. Il s'agit de figurer là toute l'institution chrétienne, et l'allégorie y est poussée jusqu'au calembour. Sur le flanc de Santa Maria del Fiore, qui est l'Eglise, le pape, entouré de cardinaux et de dignitaires, voit à ses pieds la communauté des fidèles, petit troupeau de brebis couchées que défend la fidèle milice dominicaine. Les uns, chiens du Seigneur (*Domini canes*), étranglent les loups hérétiques. D'autres, prédicateurs, exhortent et convertissent. La procession tourne, et l'œil remontant aperçoit les vaines joies du monde, les danses frivoles, puis le repentir et la pénitence ; plus loin, la porte céleste, gardée par saint Pierre, où passent les âmes rachetées, devenues petites et innocentes comme des enfants ; puis le chœur pressé des bienheureux qui se continue dans le ciel par les anges, la Vierge, l'Agneau, entouré de quatre

animaux symboliques, et le Père, au sommet du cintre, ralliant et attirant à lui la foule triomphante ou militante, échelonnée depuis la terre jusqu'au ciel.—Les deux peintures sont en face l'une de l'autre et font une sorte d'abrégé de la théologie dominicaine ; mais elles ne sont pas autre chose ; la théologie n'est pas la peinture, pas plus qu'un emblème n'est un corps.'—*Taine*.

In this chapel the popular Council of Eight held their meetings after the Rising of the Ciompi. Beyond the chapel is a fresco of the Madonna and Saints by *Simone Memmi*.

The *Great Cloister* is surrounded by frescoes relating to the history of the Dominicans, and introducing many of the old buildings of Florence in their backgrounds. In a passage leading from the small cloister, in the tomb of the Marchesa Strozzi Ridolfi, are two frescoes by *Giotto*—the Meeting of Joachim and Anna at the Golden Gate, and the Birth of the Virgin.

'If you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not,—by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like ; you can never see it.'—*Ruskin*.

Pope Martin V., after his acknowledgment by the Council of Constance, resided at S. Maria Novella from February 1419 to September 1420, as the guest of the commonwealth, in magnificent lodgings which were prepared for him adjoining the cloisters. The church was the scene of the Council of Florence, 1439, at which Pope Eugenius IV. presided in a mitre which was made for him by Lorenzo Ghiberti, encrusted with precious stones, and worth 30,000 florins.

(From the back of S. Maria Novella, the Via Nazionale leads (right) to the great ugly square, called *Piazza dell'Indipendenza*. It crosses the Via Faenza, where (turning left—on the right) is the secularised *Convent of S. Onofrio*, which contains the beautiful *Cenacolo of Raffaele*. This fresco was formerly sometimes attributed to Neri de' Bicci, sometimes to Gerino da Pistoia ;<sup>1</sup> sometimes to Giannicola Manni ; but all doubt as to its authorship has been set at rest by the discovery of Raffaele's name on the border of S. Thomas's dress—'RAF. VRBJ. XMDXV.'

<sup>1</sup> See A. H. Layard.

'Christ is in the centre ; His right hand is raised, and He is about to speak ; the left hand is laid, with extreme tenderness in the attitude and expression, on the shoulder of John, who reclines upon Him. To the right of Christ is S. Peter, the head of the usual character ; next to him S. Andrew, with flowing grey hair and long divided beard ; S. James minor, the head declined and resembling Christ ; he holds a cup. S. Philip is seen in profile with a white beard. S. James major, at the extreme end of the table, looks out of the picture : Raffaello has apparently represented himself in this apostle. On the left of Christ, after S. John, is S. Bartholomew ; he holds a knife, and has the black beard and dark complexion usually given to him. Then Matthew, something like Peter, but milder and more refined. Thomas, young and handsome, pours wine into a cup ; last, on the right, are Simon and Jude : Raffaello has followed the tradition which supposes them young and kinsmen of our Saviour. Judas sits on a stool of the near side of the table, opposite to Christ, and while he dips his hand into the dish, he looks round to the spectators ; he has the Jewish features, red hair and beard, and a bad expression. All have glories ; but the glory round the head of Judas is much smaller than the others.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

In the same building with this fresco is the *Egyptian Museum*, which contains many curiosities of value.

Turning to the right from the Piazza, down the *Via della Scala*, a door on the right, with a framework of fruit and flowers, marks the entrance to the *Spezeria* of S. Maria Novella, where excellent liqueurs and scented and medicinal waters were made by the monks, and where they are still sold. The pretty, cool, frescoed halls, filled with sweet scents, are well worth visiting, and there is a chapel with lovely frescoes by *Spinello Aretino*, of the Washing of the Feet, the Last Supper, Our Saviour bearing His Cross, the Scourging, the Mocking, the Crucifixion, and the Deposition from the Cross.

The *Via della Scala* takes its name from the Foundling Hospital of *S. Maria della Scala*, founded by one Cione di Lapo de' Pollini. The children are brought up entirely by goats ; when the children cry, the goats come and give them suck. On the outside of the chapel is an inscription, saying that 20,000 persons were buried there during the plague of 1479. Farther down the street, on the right, is the suppressed *Convent of S. Jacopo in Ripoli*, with a

beautiful specimen of *Luca della Robbia* in the lunette over the church door.

Turning to the left, down the Via Oricellari, the high iron gates on the right are those of the *Rucellai Gardens*, where the Platonic Academy met, which was founded by Cosimo de' Medici—Pater Patriæ. The names of the Academicians are inscribed on a column in the garden; the statue of Polyphemus is by *Antonio Novelli*. Here Niccolò Machiavelli recited his discourses on Livy, and Giovanni Rucellai read *Rosmunda*, one of the earliest Italian tragedies, to Leo X. Bianca Cappello lived in the Palace (which was designed by *Leon Battista Alberti*) before her marriage with Francesco I.

At the end of the parallel street, called Porto Prato, is the *Church of S. Lucia*, which contains a Nativity by *Dom. Ghirlandajo*, behind the high-altar.

Beyond this are the *Cascine*, the charming characteristic park of Florence, delightful meadows alternating with groves of trees, chiefly ilex and pine, and intersected and encircled by pleasant carriage-drives and walks. The sunny drive along the Arno is the most popular in winter, and lovely are the views, both towards Bellosguardo and looking back upon the town. In summer, people are glad to take refuge in the shadier avenues on the side towards the mountains. Carriages assemble, flowers are handed about, and all the gossip of the day is discussed on the piazza facing the Arno, near what was the favourite dairy-farm of the Grand-Dukes.

'Les cochers prennent d'eux-mêmes, et sans qu'on le leur dise, le chemin du Piazzone; là ils arrêtent sans qu'on ait même besoin de leur faire signe.

'C'est que le Piazzone de Florence offre ce que n'offre peut-être aucune autre ville: une espèce de cercle en plein air, où chacun reçoit et rend ses visites; il va sans dire que les visiteurs sont les hommes. Les femmes restent dans les voitures, les hommes vont de l'une à l'autre, causent à la portière, ceux-ci à pied, ceux-là à cheval, quelques-uns plus familiers montés sur le marchepied.

'C'est là que la vie se règle, que les coups d'œil s'échangent, que les rendez-vous se donnent.

'Au milieu de toutes ces voitures passent les fleuristes vous jetant des bouquets de roses et de violettes, dont elles iront le lendemain



matin, au café, demander le prix aux hommes en leur présentant un œillet.'—*Dumas*.

Returning along the Borg' Ogni Santi—which runs parallel with, and very near to, the Arno—we pass the *Church of Ogni Santi*, also called San Salvador, with a beautiful group by *Luca della Robbia* over its door. On either side of the nave (near the middle) are frescoes: that on the left—by *Dom. Ghirlandajo*, 1480—represents S. Jerome; that on the right—by *Sandro Botticelli*—is S. Augustine. The cupola is painted by *Giov. di S. Giovanni*. In the left transept is a Crucifix, by *Giotto*; in the sacristy a Crucifixion, by *Niccolò di Pietro Gerini*, a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi.

From the left transept we enter the Cloisters, which have interesting frescoes relating to the life of S. Francis, by *Giov. di S. Giovanni* and *Jacopo Ligozzi*. In the Refectory is a grand fresco of the Last Supper, by *Dom. Ghirlandajo*.

In the Piazza Manin was the residence of Caroline Murat. Close to this is the entrance of the *Ponte alla Carraja*, built as it now stands, in 1559, by *Ammanati*, for Cosimo I.

Hence the Lung' Arno Corsini brings us to the *Ponte SS. Trinità*, founded in 1353 by Lamberto Frescobaldi, but several times rebuilt, the last time by *Ammanati*. Its proportions are exceedingly beautiful. Four statues of the Seasons decorate its parapets.

' I can but muse in hope upon this shore  
Of golden Arno as it shoots away  
Through Florence' heart beneath her bridges four :  
Bent bridges, seeming to strain off like bows,  
And tremble while the arrowy undertide  
Shoots on and cleaves the marble as it goes,  
And strikes up palace-walls on either side,  
And froths the cornice out in glittering rows,  
With doors and windows quaintly multiplied,  
And terrace-sweeps, and gazers upon all,  
By whom if flowers and kerchief were thrown out  
From any lattice there, the same would fall  
Into the river underneath, no doubt,  
It runs so close and fast 'twixt wall and wall.

How beautiful! the mountains from without

In silence listen for the word said next.'

'*Casa Guidi Windows*,' *Eliz. Barrett-Browning*.

In the Via Parione (No 7), behind the Lung' Arno Corsini, is the entrance of the *Palazzo Corsini*, which contains a collection of pictures (open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from 10 to 3).

The wide staircase, adorned with a statue of Pope Clement XII. (Lorenzo Corsini, 1730-40), is exceedingly handsome, and leads to a great hall, which opens into a handsome suite of rooms filled with pictures. Amongst them are :—

#### 1st Room :

16. *Sustermanns*. Portrait of Ferdinando de' Medici, son of Cosimo III.
17. *Pontormo*. Male portrait.
18. *Sustermanns*. Vittoria della Rovere, wife of Ferdinando de' Medici.
20. *Id*. Cristina of Lorraine, wife of Ferdinand II.
21. *Id*. Ferdinand II.

#### 2nd Room :

22. *Teniers*. Old man warming himself.

#### 3rd Room :

8. *Cigoli*. Head of the dead Christ—very beautiful.
- 19, 21. *Scibold, Cristiano*. Portraits of the painter and his wife, extraordinarily powerful and human.
10. *Paris Bordone*. Man in Venetian costume.
17. *Sustermanns*. Portrait of Cardinal Neri Corsini.
23. *Giulio Romano*. Copy of the Violin Player of Raffaele.
37. *Crist. Allori*. S. Andrea Corsini.
47. *Rid. Ghirlandajo*. Male portrait.

#### 4th Room :

3. *Domenichino*. Portrait of Cardinal Filomarino.
- \*9. *Raffaele*. Sketch of Julius II., with the holes pricked for transferring it to canvas.
18. *Luca Signorelli*. Virgin and Child, with S. Jerome and S. Bernard.
21. *Fra Bartolommeo*, 1511. Holy Family.
23. *Filippino Lippi*. Virgin and Child with angels.

- \*28. *Botticelli*. Virgin and Child with angels.
- 37. *Filippino Lippi*. Virgin and Child.
- \*40. *Carlo Dolce*. Poetry, said to be his masterpiece.
- 44. *Raffaellino del Garbo*. Virgin and Child and S. John.

**5th (yellow) Room, amongst many family portraits :**

Neri Corsini. Captain of the Guard under Cosimo III., and afterwards Cardinal—who built the Corsini Palace at Rome.

**6th Room :**

- 2. *Ang. Bronzino*, 1540. Portrait of Baccio Valori.
- 4. *Holbein*. Male portrait.
- 6. *Ant. de Pollajuolo* (or *Antonello da Messina*?) Male portrait.
- \*8. *Sebastian del Piombo*. The Bearin the Cross.

## CHAPTER V.

### FOURTH EXCURSION. OLTR' ARNO.

ASCENDING the Lung' Arno Acciajuoli, we come to the *Ponte Vecchio*, the oldest and most picturesque bridge in Florence, built by *Taddeo Gaddi*, and covered with the shops of the goldsmiths, who were established here by Cosimo I. An open loggia on the middle of the bridge gives beautiful views up and down the river.

'Among the four bridges that span the river, the Ponte Vecchio—that bridge which is covered with the shops of Jewellers and Goldsmiths—is a most enchanting feature in the scene. The space of one house, in the centre, being left open, the view beyond is shown as in a frame; and that precious glimpse of sky, and water, and rich buildings, shining so quietly among the huddled roofs and gables on the bridge, is exquisite. Above it, the Gallery of the Grand-Duke crosses the river. It was built to connect the two great Palaces by a secret passage; and it takes its jealous course among the streets and houses, with true despotism: going where it lists, and spurning every obstacle away before it.'—*Dickens*.

It was while Cosimo I. was making this passage, that he first saw the beautiful Camilla Martelli, daughter of one of the jewellers on the bridge, whom he made his mistress, and afterwards his wife. Her splendours were of short duration. His successor Francesco shut her up in the convent of the Murate, where she made herself so disagreeable that the nuns offered Novenas to be relieved of her. The next Grand-Duke removed her to S. Monaca, but she was only allowed to come out once for the marriage of her daughter Virginia with the Duke of Modena, and died imbecile from disappointment.

At the end of the bridge was a Hospice of the Knights of Malta, where Ariosto stayed for six months in 1513, and

where he made the acquaintance of the beautiful Alexandrina Benucci, who was then passing the first months of her widowhood in retirement there. Near this stood the statue of Mars, at the foot of which young Buondelmonte was killed.<sup>1</sup>

‘ O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti  
 Le nozze sue per gli altrui conforti !  
 Molti sarebber lieti, che son tristi,  
 Se Dio t’ avesse conceduto ad Ema  
 La prima volta ch’ a città venisti.’—*Dante, Par. xvi. 140.*

We have now entered the shady part of the town, known as *Oltr’ Arno*. On the left is the old tower of the *Palazzo Manelli*, where Boccaccio frequently visited his friend Francesco de’ Amanetti. Here (left) is the entrance of the *Via de’ Bardi*, one of the oldest streets in Florence, but a great part of it has been lately destroyed to make the quay of Lung’ Arno Torrigiani. Among the buildings sacrificed was the interesting Chapel of S. Maria sopra l’ Arno, which bore an inscription placed there by the handsome young Ippolito Buondelmonti, who, having made a secret marriage with Dianora de’ Bardi, daughter of the hereditary enemy of his house, was surprised in climbing to her chamber by a ladder of ropes, and condemned to death as a robber, which he submitted to rather than betray his wife to the vengeance of her family. On the way to execution he implored to be led for the last time past the Palace of the Bardi, where the lady rushed down and publicly claimed him as her husband. His heroism and her devotion so touched all parties at the time, that peace was restored to Florence for a season. It was from a sarcophagus attached to the wall of this chapel that a priest, who had concealed himself there, rose as a ghost, to terrify a bravo employed by the Duke of Athens.

The Bardi, to whom this street formerly belonged, and a daughter of whose house was the wife of Cosimo de’ Medici, were partners in the great bank of the Peruzzi, and failed with them for 900,000 florins, lent to Edward III. of England for his invasion of France, and which were never repaid. They recovered, however, from these losses, and

<sup>1</sup> See page 4.

when the Duke of Athens ordered the hand of one of his servants to be amputated, Ricci de' Bardi joined the conspiracy which ended in the fall of the tyrant, and the Bardi were rewarded with a third share in the government. They lost this by misuse of their power, but when Bishop Acciajuoli was sent to announce their exclusion from the government, the Bardi and other nobles barricaded Oltr' Arno, and were only subdued after a stout resistance.

'The Via de' Bardi extends from the Ponte Vecchio to the Piazza de' Mozzi at the head of the Ponte alle Grazie; its right-hand line of houses and walls being backed by the rather steep ascent which in the fifteenth century was known as the Hill of Bogoli, the famous stone-quarry whence the city got its pavement—of dangerously unstable consistence when penetrated by rains; its left-hand buildings flanking the river and making on their northern side a length of quaint, irregularly pierced façade, of which the waters give a softened, loving reflection, as the sun begins to decline towards the western heights. But quaint as these buildings are, some of them seem to the historical memory a too modern substitute for the famous houses of the Bardi family, destroyed by popular rage in the middle of the fourteenth century.

'They were a proud and energetic stock, these Bardi: conspicuous among those who clutched the sword in the earliest world-famous quarrels of Florentines with Florentines, when the narrow streets were darkened with the high towers of the nobles, and when the old tutelary god Mars, as he saw the gutters reddened with neighbours' blood, might well have smiled at the centuries of lip-service paid to his rival, the Baptist. But the Bardi hands were of the sort that not only clutch the sword-hilt with vigour, but love the more delicate pleasure of fingering metal: they were matched, too, with true Florentine eyes, capable of discerning that power was to be won by other means than by rending and riving, and by the middle of the fourteenth century we find them risen from their original condition of *popolani* to be possessors, by purchase, of lands and strongholds, and the feudal dignity of Counts of Vernio, disturbing to the jealousy of their republican fellow-citizens. These lordly purchases are explained by our seeing the Bardi disastrously signalised only a few years later, as standing in the very front of European commerce—the Christian Rothschilds of that time—undertaking to furnish specie for the wars of our Edward III., and having revenues "in kind" made over to them; especially in wool, most precious of freights for Florentine galleys. Their august debtor left them with an august deficit, and alarmed Sicilian creditors made a too sudden demand for the payment of deposits, causing a ruinous shock to the credit of the Bardi and of the associated houses, which was felt as a commercial calamity all along the coasts of the Mediterranean. But, like more

modern bankrupts, they did not, for all that, hide their heads in humiliation; on the contrary, they seem to have held them higher than ever, and to have been amongst the most arrogant of those *grandi* who drew upon themselves the exasperation of the armed people in 1343. The Bardi, who had made themselves fast in their street between the two bridges, kept these narrow inlets, like panthers at bay, against the on-coming gonfalons of the people, and were only made to give way by an assault from the hill behind them. Their houses by the river, to the number of twenty-two (*palagi e case grandi*), were sacked and burnt, and many among the chief of those who bore the Bardi name were driven from the city. But an old Florentine family was many-rooted, and we find the Bardi maintaining importance and rising again and again to the surface of Florentine affairs in a more or less creditable manner, implying an untold family history that would have included even more vicissitudes and contrasts of dignity and disgrace, of wealth and poverty, than are usually seen on the background of wide kinship. But the Bardi never resumed their proprietorship in the old street on the banks of the river, which in 1492 had long been associated with other names of mark, and especially with the Neri, who possessed a considerable range of houses on the side towards the hill.'—*George Eliot, 'Romola.'*

The *Palazzo Capponi*, on the left of the street, was the residence of Niccolò d' Uzzano (1350–1433), three times Gonfalonier, who long resisted the power of the Medici. His daughter and heiress, Ginevra, married a Capponi. Just beyond is the *Palazzo Canigiani*, built in 1283, and once the Hospital of S. Lucia. Here Eletta de' Canigiani, the mother of Petrarch, was born. The adjoining *Church of S. Lucia de' Magnoli* has a Virgin with angels, a fine work of *Luca della Robbia*, over the Door.

Beyond this, at the entrance of the Ponte alle Grazie, is the vast and handsome *Palazzo Torrigiani*, built by *Baccio d' Agnolo*, and containing a good collection of pictures.

#### 1st Room:

- \*1. *Botticelli*. The Lady hunted in the Pineta of Ravenna, from Boccaccio's story of Nastagio.
- 7. *Ben. Gozzoli*. The Triumph of David.

#### 2nd Room:

- 12. *Caravaggio*. The Deposition.

#### 3rd Room:

- 5. *Rod. Ghirlandajo*. The Madonna.

- 7. *Massaccio*. His own Portrait.
- 8. *F. Allori*. Portrait of Card. Ferdinando de' Medici.
- \*9. *Leonardo da Vinci*. Portrait of Girolamo Benivieni.
- 11. *Luca Signorelli*. Portrait of himself.
- 20. *Pollajuolo*. A portrait. A very fine work of this master.
- 21, 22. *Fiammingo*. Two portraits of a lady, supposed to be Diana of Poitiers.
- 32, 33. *Filippino Lippi*. The story of Mordecai and Haman.

#### 4th Room:

- \*7. *Raffaele* (?). Madonna and Child. It is disputed whether this, or the picture at Bridgewater House, is the original; but most judges decide in favour of this, on account of the very evident 'pentimenti.'
- \*8, 9. 22. *Pinturicchio*. An ancient story unknown, being sides of a *cassone*. Exquisitely beautiful.
- 10. *Paul Veronese*. Portrait of Alessandro Alberti.
- 11. *Paolo Uccello*. The Fable of Acca.
- 12. Portrait of Francesco Guicciardini.
- 13. *Paolo Uccello*. The Expedition of the Argonauts.
- 16. *Bronzino*. Portrait of Eleanora of Toledo.
- 21, 22. *Filippino Lippi*. The story of Esther and Haman.
- 23. *Garofalo*. Christ and the Woman of Samaria—the landscape most beautiful.

#### 5th Room:

- 2. *Bronzino*. Portrait of Alessandro de' Medici.
- 4. *Guido Reni*. Lucrezia.
- 10. *Titian*. Male portrait.

#### 6th Room:

- 13. *Franz Floris*. Adam and Eve.
- 22. *Id.* Susanna.

#### 7th Room:

- 14, 16. *Lucas Cranach*. The Infant Saviour and S. J. Baptist.

Close to the end of the *Piazza de' Renai*, which faces the Torrigiani Palace, is the *Church of S. Niccolò sopra l' Arno*, before which the citizens assembled in 1529 to swear to defend Florence. It was in the belfry of this church that Michelangelo concealed himself after the city was betrayed to the Imperialists, till Clement VII. had promised to pardon



him the fortifications he had constructed. In the sacristy is an injured fresco of S. Thomas receiving the Cintola, by *Ridolfo Ghirlandajo*.

The *Porta S. Niccolò* is the only one of the Florentine gates which remains exactly in its ancient state, and it retains its three tiers of arches.

(From near the entrance of the *Via de' Bardi*, a passage under an archway leads up the hillside to the *Porta S. Giorgio*, passing, on the right, the house inhabited by Galileo. The gate dates from 1324, and has a fresco, by *Bernardo Daddi*, of the Virgin and Child throned, with S. George and S. Sigismund. The neighbouring *Fortezza di S. Giorgio*, or *Belvidere*, was built by Buontalenti for Ferdinand I. The Medici kept their treasures in a secret chamber beneath it.)

On the left of the street—*Via Guicciardini*—which faces the Ponte Vecchio, is the *Piazza S. Felicità*, where a pillar commemorates one of the murderous victories of S. Peter Martyr over the heretics called Paterini. The tribune of the Church belongs to the Guicciardini, and the historian Francesco Guicciardini is buried in front of the high-altar. The first chapel on the right contains a Deposition, by *Jacopo Pontormo*; in the 5th chapel is a Madonna with Saints, by *Taddeo Gaddi*. In the sacristy is a picture of the Martyrdom of S. Felicitas and her sons, attributed to *Neri de' Bicci*. In the chapter-house are frescoes, by *Cosimo Ulivelli* and *Agnolo Gheri*, and over the altar a Crucifixion, by *Niccolò Gerini*. The portico of the church contains some monuments from an old cemetery which existed here in earlier times, including the incised figure of Barduccio Barducci, ob. 1414, who was twice Gonfalonier, and an altar-tomb with a figure of Cardinal Luigi de' Rossi, 1519, by *Baccio di Montelupo*.

Now, on the left, we pass the *Palazzo Guicciardini*, nearly opposite to which a tablet marks the house where Macchiavelli died.

At the corner of the *Via Toscanella* an ancient well marks the site of the 'darksome, sad and silent house'

where Boccaccio was born, and in which he lived with his 'old, cold, rugged, and avaricious father.'<sup>1</sup>

At the entrance (right) of the Via Maggio, a tablet on the wall of *Casa Guidi* is inscribed to the memory of an English poetess, who lived there for many years with her distinguished husband, and died there in 1861—'Elizabeth Barrett-Browning, che in cuore di donna conciliava scienza di dotto e spirito di poeta, e fece del suo verso aureo anello fra Italia e Inghilterra.'

On the right of the Via Maggio—turning towards the river—is a house—at the corner of the Via Marsigli—painted in fresco by *Pocetti*, where Bernardo Buontalenti lived, and whither Tasso rode from Ferrara to thank him for having contributed to the success of his 'Aminta' by the scenery he had painted for it, and returned immediately.

'A few days after the recitation of the comedy, Bernardo was returning, as was his wont, to dine at his house in the Via Maggio; on approaching the door he saw a man of good condition, venerable in person and appearance, in a country dress, dismount from his horse as if to speak to him. Buontalenti waited civilly till the stranger came up and said, "Are you that Bernardo Buontalenti, so celebrated for the wonderful inventions which are daily produced by your genius, and who in particular have composed the astonishing scenery for the comedy, by Tasso, which has lately been recited?" "I am Bernardo Buontalenti," he answered, "but indeed am not such as your kindness and courtesy is pleased to believe me." Then the unknown, with a smile, flung his arms round his neck, kissed him on the forehead, and said, "You are Bernardo Buontalenti, and I am Torquato Tasso. Addio, addio, my friend, addio;" and, without leaving the astonished architect (who was quite thrown off his balance by this unexpected meeting) a moment to recover himself sufficiently either for words or deeds, he mounted his horse and galloped off, and was never seen again.'—*Baldinucci*.

Farther down the street is the *Palazzo of the Ridolfi*, of whom twenty-one were Gonfaloniers. No. 26 (left) is the house which Bianca Capello built for herself, and caused to be adorned externally with paintings. It was between this and the bridge that her first husband, Bonaventuri, was murdered. On the same side of the street is the *Palazzo*

<sup>1</sup> See Boccaccio in the *Ameto*, 1343.

*Michelozzi*, with an upper story, overhanging on brackets towards a side street.

The Casa Guidi is almost opposite to the magnificent *Pitti Palace*, which stands upon a basement of huge blocks of stone, and is exceedingly imposing from the dignity of its vast lines and gigantic proportions.

‘Je doute qu’il y ait un palais plus monumental en Europe ; je n’en ai vu qui laisse une impression si grandiose et si simple.’—*Taine*.

The palace was begun in 1441, from a design of Brunelleschi, by Luca Pitti, and was sold by his descendants, in 1549, to the first Eleanora of Toledo, wife of Cosimo I. Long the residence of the Grand-Dukes, it is now occasionally occupied by the King of Italy. The apartments contain a few precious objects by *Benvenuto Cellini*, *Donatello*, and *Giovanni da Bologna*.

‘The façade of the Pitti is 460 feet in extent, three stories high in the centre, each story 40 feet in height, and the immense windows of each 24 feet apart from centre to centre. With such dimensions as these, even a brick building would be grand ; but when we add to this, the boldest rustication all over the façade, and cornices of simple but bold outline, there is no palace in Europe to compare to it for grandeur, though many may surpass it in elegance. The design is said to have been by Brunelleschi, but it is doubtful how far this is the case, or, at all events, how much may be due to Michelozzi, who certainly assisted in its erection, or to Ammanati, who continued the building, left incomplete at Brunelleschi’s death, in 1444.’—*Fergusson*.

‘A wonderful union of cyclopean massiveness with stately regularity.’—*George Eliot*.

Here, on October 9th 1870, Victor Emmanuel received the Roman deputations, who came to present to him the result of the plebiscite by which the Romans had voted their union with the rest of Italy under the House of Savoy.

From a door in the left wing is the obscure approach to the collection of pictures, formed by the Medici, which was brought to this palace about 1641. It may also be reached from the Uffizi by the covered gallery. The rooms in which the pictures are contained are most gorgeously decorated.

'Pierre de Cortone, Fedi, Marini, les derniers peintres de la décadence, couvrent les plafonds d'allégories en l'honneur de la famille régnante.—Ici Minerve enlève Cosme I à Vénus et le conduit à Hercule, modèle des grands travaux et des exploits héroïques; en effet, il a mis à mort ou proscrit les plus grands citoyens de Florence, et c'est lui qui disait d'une cité indocile: "J'aime mieux la dépeupler que la perdre."—Ailleurs la Gloire et la Vertu le conduisent vers Apollon, patron des lettres et des arts; en effet, il a pensionné les faiseurs de sonnets et meublé de beaux appartements.—Plus loin, Jupiter et tout l'Olympe se mettent en mouvement pour le recevoir; en effet, il a empoisonné sa fille, fait tuer l'amant de sa fille, tué son fils, qui avait tué son frère; la seconde fille a été poignardée par son mari, la mère en meurt; à la génération suivante, ces opérations recommencent; on s'assassine et on s'empoisonne héréditairement dans cette famille.'—*Taine*.

Beginning in the room farthest from the Uffizi, the gems of the collection are:—

I. *Sala di Venere* (the halls are named *outside* their entrance):

- 1. *Albert Dürer*. Eve.
- 17. *Titian*. Holy Family with S. Catherine.
- \*18. *Id.* La Bella Donna.

'A ripe beauty in a blue gold-embroidered dress, with violet-and-white padded sleeves, and a gold chain.'—*Kugler*.

- 20. *Albert Dürer*. Adam.

II. *Sala d' Apollo*:

- \*63. *Raffaello*. Leo X.

'In the portrait may be seen the Pope's eye-glass, the "specillum" through which, according to Pellicanus, he used to watch processions, the "cristallus concava" which, according to Giovio, he used when hunting. His bad sight was proverbial. After his election, the Roman wits explained the number MCCCXL engraved in the Vatican, as follows—"Multi caeci cardinales creaverunt caecum decimum Leonem."—*Burckhardt*.

- 42. *Perugino*. The Magdalen.
- \*43. *Franciabigio*, 1514. Male portrait.
- 46. *Cigoli*. S. Francis in prayer.
- 49. *Tiberio Titi*. Leopoldo de' Medici (afterwards Cardinal), as a baby.
- 51. *Cigoli*. The Deposition—given to Cosimo III. from a church at Empoli.

- 55. *Baroccio*. Federigo d' Urbino, as a baby.
- 58. *Andrea del Sarto*. The Entombment—executed, according to Vasari, for the nave of S. Pietro a Luco.
- \*59. *Raffaello*. Maddalena Strozzi, wife of Angelo Doni.
- \*61. *Id.* Angelo Doni.

The portraits of Angelo Doni and his wife were preserved by their descendants in the family mansion in the Via dei Tintori till the death of its last member, Pietro Buono, in the present century. They then passed into the hands of the Doni of Avignon, who sold them to Leopold II. in 1826.

- 40. *Murillo*. Madonna and Child.
- 64. *Fra Bartolommeo*. The Deposition—from an Augustinian convent outside Porta S. Gallo.
- 66. *Andrea del Sarto*. His own portrait.

### III. *Sala di Marte* :

- \*79. *Raffaello*. Julius II.

'The high-minded old man is here represented seated in an arm-chair in deep meditation. The small, piercing eyes are deeply set under the open, projecting forehead; they are quiet, but of extinguished power. The nose is proud and Roman, the lips firmly compressed; all the features are still in lively, elastic tension; the execution of the whole picture is masterly. There are several repetitions; one is in the gallery of the Uffizi, representing the Pope in a red dress. A good copy is also in the Berlin Museum; another at Mr. Miles's of Leigh Court.'—*Kugler*.

- \*81. *Andrea del Sarto*. Holy Family—executed for Ottaviano de' Medici.

'At Florence only can one trace and tell how great a painter and how various Andrea was. There only, but surely there, can the spirit and presence of the things of time on his immortal spirit be understood.'—*Swinburne*.

- \*82. *Vandyke*. Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio.

Cardinal Bentivoglio, born at Ferrara 1579, was secretary to Clement VII., and sent as Papal Nuncio to Flanders by Paul V. He wrote 'The History of the War in the Netherlands,' and died 1644.

- 83. *Titian*. Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman.
- 85. *Rubens*. Himself, his brother, and the philosophers Lipsius and Grotius.
- 87, 88. *Andrea del Sarto*. The Story of Joseph—part of the famous nuptial decorations of the Borgherini palace in the Borgo S. Apostoli, which Salvi Borgherini prepared for

the marriage of his son Pier Francesco with Margherita Acciajuoli, and which she gallantly defended against the dealer of Francois I.

90. *Cigoli*. Ecce Homo—painted for Monsignor Massimo, who commissioned Passignano, Cigoli, and Caravaggio to compete for his patronage by this subject.
92. *Titian*. Male portrait—supposed to be Howard, Duke of Norfolk.
- \*94. *Raffaelle*. Holy Family—'dell' Impannata,' painted for Bindo Altoviti, a Florentine youth, celebrated for his beauty. The authenticity of this picture has often been doubted, but a sketch from the hand of Raffaelle in the royal collection of England proves that the invention, if not the execution, is that of the master. The finest bit of the picture is the head of the aged S. Anne.

'The Madonna dell' Impannata (the cloth window) is partly composed and executed by Raffaelle. The incident is most charming; two women have brought the Child, and hand it to the mother; and while the boy turns, still laughing, after them, he takes fast hold of the mother's dress, who seems to say, "Look, he likes best to come to me."—*Burckhardt*.

- \*96. *Cristoforo Allori*. Judith.

'The most finished picture of Allori represents Judith with the head of Holofernes; she is a beautiful and splendidly attired woman, with a grand, enthusiastic expression. The countenance is wonderfully fine and Medusa-like, and conveys all that the loftiest poetry can express in the character of Judith. In the head of Holofernes it is said that the artist has represented his own portrait, and that of his proud mistress in the Judith.'—*Kugler*.

'The Judith is pale with the passion and the crime of her cruel night's work—most terrible of heroines, with such exhaustion and excitement in her face as no one but Allori, of all her painters, has ventured to put there.'—*Blackwood*, DCCV.

#### IV. *Sala di Giove*:

109. *Paris Bordone*. Female portrait, supposed to represent the Balia (nurse) of the Casa Medici.
111. *Salvator Rosa*. The Catiline conspiracy.

'The best of the impassioned and characteristic pictures of Salvator is the Conspiracy of Catiline, with figures taken immediately from the excitable Neapolitan life, dressed in old Roman costume.'—*Kugler*.

- \*113. *Michelangelo* (?). The Fates.

'As regards the interpretation of this, or of any other profound

picture, there are likely to be as many interpretations as there are spectators. Each man interprets the hieroglyphic in his own way ; and the painter perhaps had a meaning which none of them have reached ; or possibly he put forth a riddle without himself knowing the solution.'—*Hawthorne*.

'In the Pitti Palace, a picture of the Three Fates is ascribed to Michelangelo—serene, keen, characteristic figures. It was executed, however, by Rosso Fiorentino.'—*Kugler*.

The same person is represented in three different attitudes, and is said to be an old woman who offered her son to fight for the city, when Michelangelo was conducting the defence of Florence in 1529.

123. *Andrea del Sarto*. Madonna in glory, with four saints below.

125. *Fra Bartolommeo*. S. Mark—formerly above the entrance to the choir of S. Marco.

'In the head there is something falsely superhuman, but the drapery, which was really the principal object, is a marvellous work.'—*Burckhardt*.

131. *Tintoret*. Portrait of the Venetian Vincenzo Zeno.

\*140. *Leonardo da Vinci*. Portrait of Ginevra Benci.

'The portrait of Ginevra Benci, in the Pitti Palace, is an unpretending but intelligently conceived picture of the greatest decision and purity of modelling and drawing.'—*Kugler*.

## V. *Sala di Saturno* :

149. *Pontorno*. Portrait of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici.

He was a natural son of Giuliano de' Medici, whose monument is in S. Lorenzo. He is supposed to have been poisoned in 1535 by order of his cousin, Duke Alessandro.

150. *Vandyke*. Charles I. of England and Henrietta Maria.

\*151. *Raffaelle*. La Madonna della Seggiola.

'A circular picture, painted about 1516. The Madonna, seen in a side view, sits on a low chair holding the Child on her knee ; He leans on her bosom in a listless, child-like attitude ; at her side S. John folds his little hands in prayer. The Madonna wears a many-coloured handkerchief on her shoulders, and another on her head, in a manner of the Italian women. She appears as a beautiful and blooming woman, looking out of the picture in the tranquil enjoyment of maternal love : the Child, full and strong in form, has a serious, ingenuous, and grand expression. The colouring is uncommonly warm and beautiful.'—*Kugler*.

'Rien n'égale la suavité de la tête de la Vierge, la majesté de l'enfant Jésus, l'onction, l'ardente dévotion dans celle de saint Jean.

Tout est prophétique dans ces deux enfants : l'un déroule dans sa pensée toutes les destinées du monde, l'autre y voue déjà toute la sienne.'—*Madame Swetchine*.

'The Madonna della Sedia leaves me, with all its beauty, impressed only by the grave gaze of the Infant.'—*George Eliot, Diary, 1860.*

152. *Andrea Schidone*. Cain killing Abel.

157. *Lorenzo Lotto*. The Three Ages of Man.

\*158. *Raffaello*. Cardinal Bernardo Dovizi da Bibbiena.

A native of Bibbiena, in the Casentino, Bernardo Dovizi was tutor to the sons of Lorenzo de' Medici. When one of his pupils became Pope Leo X., he was made a Cardinal. He is supposed to have died of poison.

'A superb portrait, which nobly unites the characteristics of the statesman and man of the world.'—*Passavant*.

159. *Fra Bartolommeo*. Christ risen, with the Evangelists, painted c. 1515; ordered for Salvatore di Giuliano Billi, and first placed in the S. Annunziata de' Servi.

\*164. *Perugino*. The Deposition—from the convent of S. Chiara.

Painted in 1495, and greatly admired for its landscape, as well as for the figures it contains.

'The Marys, *having stopped weeping*, look on the dead with wonder and love.'—*Vasari*.

\*165. *Raffaello*. La Madonna del Baldacchino—ordered for the chapel of the Dei in S. Spirito.

'The Madonna and Child are on a throne; on one side stand S. Peter and S. Bruno; on the other, S. Anthony and S. Augustine; at the foot of the throne two boy-angels hold a strip of parchment with musical notes inscribed on it; over the throne is a canopy (*baldacchino*), the curtains of which are held by two flying angels. The picture is not deficient in the solemn majesty suited to a church subject; the drapery of the saints, particularly that of S. Bruno, is very grand; in other respects, however, the taste of the *naturalisti* prevails, and the heads are in general devoid of nobleness and real dignity. In the colour of the flesh this picture forcibly reminds us of Fra Bartolommeo. Raffaello left it unfinished in Florence; and in this form, with an appearance of finish which is attributable to restorations, it has descended to us.'—*Kugler*.

'This picture remains a puzzle. Raffaello left it unfinished on his journey to Rome; later, when his growing fame called fresh attention to the picture, the painting was continued we know not by whom. At last Ferdinand, son of Cosimo III., had it touched by a certain Cassana,



with an appearance of finishing chiefly by means of brown glazings. The remarkably beautiful attitude of the Child with the Madonna (for instance, that of the hands), the figures on the left, arranged in the grand style of the Frate (S. Peter and S. Bernard), belong surely to Raffaello; perhaps also the upper part of the body of the saint on the right, with the pilgrim's staff; on the other hand, the bishop on the right might be composed by quite another hand. The two beautifully improvised Putti on the steps of the throne belong as much to the style of the Frate as of Raffaello; of the two angels above, the more beautiful one is obviously borrowed from the fresco of S. Maria della Pace at Rome, from which it appears that the first finisher did not touch the picture till after 1514.'—*Burckhardt*.

\*171. *Raffaello*. Portrait of Tommaso Inghirami.

Tommaso Phaëdra Inghirami was of a noble family of Volterra. Having lost his father at two years old, he was taken at once under the protection of the Medici, who provided for his education. His name of Phaëdra was the result of an extraordinary proof of wit and presence of mind. While acting in the tragedy of "Hippolytus" at the house of the Cardinal of S. Giorgio, in which he filled the part of Phaëdra, something which went wrong in the machinery interrupted the performance. Inghirami immediately stepped forward and filled up the interval by an impromptu of Latin verses, which produced immense applause and shouts of 'Viva Phaëdra!' and the name afterwards stuck to him and was added to his own. He was sent as ambassador by Alexander VI. to Maximilian, who gave him the title of Count Palatine. In 1510 he was made Bishop of Ragusa by Julius II., and officiated as secretary at the conclave in which Giovanni de' Medici was elected Pope. It is in the red dress which he then wore that he is represented by Raffaello.

'The most terribly, the most inflexibly veracious of portrait-painters.'—*Vernon Lee*.

172. *Andrea del Sarto*. Dispute about the Trinity—painted for a church outside the Porta S. Gallo.

'The so-called Disputa della SS. Trinità is peculiarly fitted to exhibit Andrea's affinity with the Venetian school. This is a "Santa Conversazione" of six saints. S. Augustin is speaking with the highest inspiration of manner; S. Dominic is being convinced with his reason, S. Francis with his heart; S. Laurence is looking earnestly out of the picture; while S. Sebastian and the Magdalen are kneeling in front, listening devoutly. We here find the most admirable contrast of action and expression, combined with the highest beauty of execution, especially of colouring.'—*Kugler*.

\*174. *Raffaello*. The Vision of Ezekiel.

'This picture is supposed to have been executed by Raffaello as early

as 1510, but, to judge from its affinity with the earlier pictures of the Loggie, it can only have been produced in 1513; it contains the First Person of the Trinity, in a glory of brightly illuminated cherubs' heads, His outstretched arms supported by two genii, and resting on the mystical forms of the ox, eagle, and lion; the angel is introduced adoring beside them. Dignity, majesty, and sublimity are here blended with inexpressible beauty; the contrast between the figure of the Almighty and the two youthful genii is admirably portrayed, and the whole composition so clearly developed, that it is undoubtedly one of the master-works of the artist. Michelangelo, who had also given a type of the Almighty, represents Him borne upon the storm; Raffaelle represents Him as if irradiated by the splendour of the sun; here both masters are supremely great, similar, yet different, and neither greater than the other.'—*Kugler*.

'C'est là vraiment une vision ! Des torrents de lumière jettent le contemplateur dans l'éblouissement, il se sent saisi par le bras de feu qui soulevait le prophète ; et ce n'est pas seulement la couleur qui étonne ; le dessin de ce petit tableau est d'une énergie, d'une hardiesse, d'une richesse incomparable. C'est bien Jéhovah, c'est bien le vrai Dieu de l'ancien Testament qui s'est révélé à Raphaël, plus poète encore ici que peintre ; c'est toute la sublimité de l'ode, une strophe répétée des divins concerts.'—*Madame Swetchine*.

178. *Guido Reni*. Cleopatra, one of the best works of the master.

179. *Sebastian del Piombo*. The Martyrdom of S. Agata—painted for Rangone, Cardinal Deacon of S. Agata. An unmistakably powerful work of the master.

'This picture combines the composition of Michelangelo with a trace of Venetian colouring, but, besides the unpleasantness of the subject, it is unattractive to the spectator by the obvious sacrifice of all freshness of life for a style of art which, after all, Sebastian never entirely acquired.'—*Kugler*.

## VI. *Sala del Iliade* :

185. *Giorgione*. Concert of Music.

'It is difficult sometimes to decide whether Giorgione meant to represent a real portrait, or an ideal head, or a genre subject, so well did he understand to give his figures that which especially appealed to the comprehension and sympathies of his spectators. We see this in his "Concert," in the Pitti Palace, representing two priests playing the piano and the violoncello, with a youth.'—*Kugler*.

'Of the undisputed pictures by Giorgione, the grandest is the *Monk at the Clavichord*. The young man has his fingers on the keys : he is modulating in a mood of grave and sustained emotion ; his head is turned away towards an old man standing near him. On the other side

of the instrument is a boy. These two figures are but foils and adjuncts to the musician in the middle; and the whole interest of his face lies in its concentrated feeling—the very soul of music, passing through his eyes.—*Symonds, 'Renaissance in Italy.'*

190. *Sustermanns*. Portrait of a son of Frederick III. of Denmark.

191. *Andrea del Sarto*. The Assumption—ordered by Bartolommeo Panciatichi, a Florentine merchant, for the city of Lyons, but left unfinished by the painter.

195. *Jacopo Francia*. Male portrait.

201. *Titian*. Portrait of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici.

204. *Bronzino*. Portrait of Bianca Cappello.

206. *Titian*. Philip II. (full length).

207. *Leonardo da Vinci*. A Jeweller.

\*208. *Fra Bartolommeo*. The Marriage of S. Catherine of Siena—inscribed '1512, orate pro pictore.' One of the grandest creations of the master, perfect in composition, drawing, and relief; especially noble is the figure of S. Michael in armour. The picture is ill seen here, being painted for an especial position and light in a church.

216. *Paul Veronese*. Portrait of Daniele Barbaro—'Le Patricien à Venise.'

218. *Salvator Rosa*. A Warrior.

\*219. *Perugino*. Adoration of the Holy Child.

222. *Giorgione*. Portrait of a Lady.

224. *Rid. Ghirlandajo*. Female portrait.

225. *Andre del Sarto*. The Assumption—from S. Antonio at Cortona, given up to Ferdinand II. amid the murmurs of the people.

228. *Titian*. The Saviour.

## VII. *Sala dell' Educazione di Giove* :

243. *Velasquez*. Philip IV.

245. *Raffaelle* (?). 'La Donna Velata,' resembling a picture of S. Catherine, by Raffaelle, now lost, but once in the possession of the famous Earl of Arundel, and engraved by Hollar. This picture, which was brought in 1824 from Poggio Reale, is certainly from a design, probably from the hand, of Raffaelle. It bears the same type, of a beautiful Roman woman, employed in the Madonna di S. Sisto.

265. *Andrea del Sarto*. S. John Baptist (half-length), painted for Ottaviano de' Medici.

\*266. *Raffaelle*. La Madonna del Gran-Duca.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We may notice here especially the heavy eyelid which is a characteristic of the Madonnas of Raffaelle—the 'santo, onesto e grave ciglio' which Giovanni Sanzio attributes to Battista Sforza, and which is exaggerated in the works of Francia and Perugino. The arch over the eyes of the Madonnas of Raffaelle is generally almost invisible; Castiglione, in his *Cortegiano*, mentions that Italian ladies were in the habit of removing the hairs of their eyebrows and foreheads.

'Here the Madonna holds the Infant tranquilly in her arms, and looks down in deep thought. Although slightly and very simply painted, especially in the nude, this picture excels all Raffaele's previous Madonnas in that wonderful charm which only the realisation of a profound thought could produce. We feel that no earlier painter had ever understood to combine such free and transcendent beauty with an expression of such deep foreboding. This picture is the last and highest condition of which Perugino's type was capable.'—*Kugler*.

'The Madonna Gran-Duca marks the growing transition from the first to the second manner of Raffaele. The Virgin has all the pensive sweetness and reflective sentiment of the Umbrian school, while the Child is loveliness itself. We think of Perugino still, but we think of him as suddenly endued with a purer, firmer outline, and more refined sentiment.'—*J. S. Harford*.

'Quand on demandait à Raphaël où il trouvait le modèle de ses vierges, il répondait, comme un platonicien—qu'il fut en réalité :—"Dans une certaine idée."'—*Emile Montégut*.

(In the small *Stanza della Stufa*, on the left of this, are figures of Cain and Abel by *Dupré*.)

#### VIII. *Sala d' Ulysse* :

297. *Paris Bordone*. Portrait of Pope Paul III. (Farnese).

#### IX. *Sala di Prometeo* :

\*353. *Botticelli*. Supposed portrait of La Bella Simonetta, beloved by Giuliano de' Medici, and extolled by Pulci and Poliziano.

365. *Mariotto Albertinelli*. The Nativity.

372. *Andrea del Castagno*. Male portrait.

377. *Fra Bartolommeo*. Ecce Homo—a fresco of the early Leonardesque period of the master.

X. *La Galleria de' Poccetti* has an interesting collection of miniatures.

Between the palace and the picture-gallery is the entrance to the beautiful *Boboli Gardens* (open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays), so called from the family whose mansion was once situated here. Near the entrance is a Grotto containing four unfinished statues intended for the monument of Julius II. by *Michelangelo*, and presented by his nephew, Leonardo Buonarroti, to Cosimo I. In front of the palace is an amphitheatre of seats, raised one above the other, whence walks, between clipped avenues of bay and

ilex, lead to the higher ground where are the Fountain of Neptune, with a statue by Stoldo Lorenzi (1565); the statue of Dovizia—Abundance—believed to be a portrait of Joanna of Austria, first wife of Francis I.; and the little meadow, called L' Uccellaja, from its bird-snares.

'On Sunday, I went to the highest part of the Garden of Boboli, which commands a view of most of the city, and of the vale of Arno to the westward; where, as we had been visited by several rainy days, and now at last had a very fine one, the whole prospect was in its highest beauty. The mass of buildings, especially on the other side of the river, is sufficient to fill the eye, without perplexing the mind by vastness like that of London; and its name and history, its outline and large picturesque buildings, give it grandeur of a higher order than that of mere multitudinous extent. The hills that border the valley of the Arno are also very pleasing and striking to look upon; and the view of the rich plain, glimmering away into blue distance, covered with an endless web of villages and country-houses, is one of the most delightful images of human well-being I have ever seen.'—*John Sterling's 'Letters.'*

'You see below, Florence, a smokeless city, its domes and spires occupying the vale; and beyond to the right the Apennines, whose base extends even to the walls. The green valleys of these mountains, which gently unfold themselves upon the plain, and the intervening hills covered with vineyards and olive plantations, are occupied by the villas, which are, as it were, another city—a Babylon of palaces and gardens. In the midst of the picture rolls the Arno, through woods, and bounded by the aerial snow and summits of the Lucchese Apennines. On the left a magnificent buttress of lofty, craggy hills, overgrown with wilderness, juts out in many shapes over a lovely vale, and approaches the walls of the city. Cascine and ville occupy the pinnacles and abutments of those hills, over which is seen at intervals the ethereal mountain-line, hoary with snow and intersected by clouds. The vale below is covered with cypress groves whose obeliskine forms of intense green pierce the grey shadow of the wintry hill that overhangs them. The cypresses too of the garden form a magnificent foreground of accumulated verdure; pyramids of dark leaves and shining cones rising out of the mass, beneath which are cut, like caverns, recesses which conduct into walks. The cathedral with its marble campanile, and the other domes and spires of Florence, are at our feet.'—*Shelley.*

'Quel Michel-Angiol nacque? e quì il sublime  
Dolce testor degli amorosi detti?

Quì il gran poeta, che in sì forti rime  
Scolpì d' inferno i pianti maladetti ?

Quì il celeste inventor, ch' ebbe dall' ime  
Valli nostre i pianeti a noi soggetti ?

E quì il sovrano pensator, ch' esprime  
Sì ben del Prence i dolorosi effetti ?

Quì nacquer, quando non venia proscritto  
Il dir, leggere, udir, scrivere, pensare ;  
Cose, ch' or tutte appongonsi a delitto.'—*Alfieri*, sonn. xl.



View from the Boboli Gardens.

One of the most beautiful pictures in Florence may be obtained from the right-hand corner of the amphitheatre, whence the dome of the cathedral and the graceful tower of the Palazzo Vecchio are seen between a stately group of cypresses and the massy brown walls of the palace.

Returning to the entrance of the Ponte Vecchio, we reach

the *Borgo di S. Jacopo*, at the corner of which is a statue of Bacchus, standing beneath an old palace of the Cerchi. Close to this is the *Palazzo Barbadori*, built by *Filippo Brunelleschi*. On the right is the *Church of S. Jacopo sopr' Arno*, rebuilt in 1580. It contains a copy by *Giov. della Robbia* of the group of the Doubting S. Thomas by Verocchio. Here the nobles assembled in 1293, and determined to resort to arms, rather than submit to the decree which excluded them from a share in the government.

Opposite this is the fine old *Tower of the Barbadori*, adorned with works of *Luca della Robbia*. In the piazza beyond, facing the river, is the palace of the Frescobaldi, and opposite it a *Palazzo Capponi*, which was the residence of the famous Piero Capponi. The houses facing the river beyond this belonged to the great family of the Soderini, and in one of them Niccolò Soderini received S. Catherine of Siena.

Behind this quay runs the street called *Fondaccio di Santo Spirito*. In a house on the left the great Florentine captain, Francesco Ferrucci, was born in 1489. Opposite (at the corner of the *Via di Serragli*) is the *Palazzo Rinuccini*, built in the sixteenth century, by *Luigi Cardi Cigoli*.

On the left of the street called the *Fondaccio* is the great *Church of Santo Spirito*, originally built by Augustinians in 1292, but rebuilt in 1433. It was still unfinished in 1470, when the building took fire from some illuminated phenomena intended to represent the descent of the Holy Ghost, during the visit of Galeazzo-Maria Sforza, and was entirely burnt. It was once more rebuilt from designs which had been left by Brunelleschi. The cupola was by *Salvi d' Andrea*; the sacristy by *Giuliano di S. Gallo*; and the bell-tower by *Buccio d' Agnolo*.

'Santo Spirito being entirely according to Brunelleschi's design, he was enabled to mould it to his own fancies. This church is 296 feet long by 94 feet 3 inches wide, and, taking it all in all, is internally as successful an adaptation of the basilican type as its age presents.'—*Fergusson*.

The interior is exceedingly handsome. Under the dome

is a baldacchino, much like that at S. Alessio at Rome, and around it a choir, of 1599, isolated, as in the Spanish churches. The vast number of chapels contain many good pictures :—

*Right aisle :*

*1st Chapel.* *School of Piero di Cosimo.* Assumption.

*2nd Chapel.* *Nanni di Baccio Bigio.* Copy of the Pietà of Michelangelo.

*Right Transept :*

*2nd Chapel, on right.* *Pollajuolo (?)*. S. Monaca enthroned.

*3rd Chapel, at end.* *Filippino Lippi.* Madonna and Child with saints, and Tanai de Nerli, the persecutor of Savonarola, and his wife, the donors, kneeling. This picture is a worthy companion to that of the Badia.

*4th Chapel, at end.* *Copy of the Munich Perugino.* The Vision of the Virgin to S. Bernard.

*1st Chapel, left (returning).* Monument of Gino Capponi, his son Neri, and his great-grandson Piero.

‘Among many disasters no one appeared so great, no one caused such universal grief, as the death of the brave and generous citizen, Piero Capponi. He had undertaken the siege of the castle of Soiana, to retake it from the enemy; and, as was usual with him, he was acting on this occasion both as common soldier and commander; and, while planting a gun near the wall, he was mortally wounded by a ball. The soldiers fled, as if terror-struck, and raised the siege of Soiana. At Florence a splendid funeral, at the public expense, was immediately ordered, and there never was seen so universal a lamentation for the death of a private citizen. His body was brought up the Arno in a funeral barge, and was deposited in his own house in Florence, near the bridge of the Santa Trinità, from whence it was taken to the Church of Santo Spirito, accompanied by the magistrates and a vast multitude of citizens. The church was lighted up by innumerable tapers, and, in four ranges of banners, the arms of the magistracy alternated with those of the family. A funeral oration was delivered over the coffin, proclaiming with the highest praise the distinguished life of the deceased, and the deep sorrow felt for the loss of the valiant soldier and eminent citizen. His remains were then deposited in the same tomb which his grandfather Neri had caused to be constructed for his illustrious great-grandfather, Gino Capponi.’—*Villari*.

*Choir :*

*2nd Chapel, on right.* *Agnolo Gaddi.* An altar-piece, close to which is the monument of Piero Vettori, a classical satirist, 1499–1565.



2nd Chapel, at end. *Alessandro Allori*. Martyrdoms.

1st Chapel, on left (returning). *Botticelli*. Annunciation.

*East Transept:*

1st Chapel, at end. *Piero di Cosimo* (?) (1482). Madonna enthroned, with S. Thomas and S. Peter.

2nd Chapel of the Corbinelli, at end. Marble work by *Sansovino* (Andrea Contacci).

‘Outre le couronnement de la Vierge, qui forme le sommet de cet immense tabernacle, il y a, dans la partie inférieure, une représentation de la Cène, où les apôtres sont placés de manière à multiplier les difficultés de la perspective, pour que l’artiste se donnât le plaisir d’en triompher. Dans ces deux compositions, le marbre est traité à la manière de Mino da Fiesole, c’est-à-dire que les figures ont très-peu de relief, et que les lignes qui les circonscrivent ont quelquefois l’air de se confondre avec la surface plane sur laquelle elles reposent. A cela près, l’exécution en est délicate et le sentiment admirablement rendu. Quant aux détails d’ornementation qui appartiennent à la sculpture décorative, ils sont d’une perfection qu’on ne retrouve pas toujours au même degré dans les ouvrages subséquents d’Andrea San Savino.’—*Rio, ‘L’Art Chrétien.’*

3rd Chapel, at end. *Raffaellino del Garbo*. The Trinity, with S. Catherine and S. Mary Magdalen in adoration.

1st Chapel, on left (returning). *Piero di Cosimo* (?). Madonna enthroned, with S. Bartholomew and S. Nicholas.

*Left Aisle (returning):*

Chapel beyond the door. *Rid. Ghirlandajo*. Virgin and Child, with S. Anna, S. Mary Magdalen, and S. Catherine.

In this church Luther preached on his way to Rome as an Augustinian monk.

There is a beautiful covered passage leading to the sacristy. The large cloisters are surrounded with unimportant frescoes.

The space in front of the church is laid out in gardens. At the end, on the left, is the old *Palazzo Guadagni*. The Via S. Agostino opens on the right. Near its entrance (left) is the house of the Marchese della Stufa, which contains the wonderful bust of the Gonfalonier Niccolò Soderini, by *Mino da Fiesole*, and the only authentic portrait of Michelangelo, that by *Giuliano Bugiardini*, which is described by Vasari.

The Via S. Agostino leads into the Via de' Serragli. Here the *Church of S. Elisabetta* occupies the site of a house in which S. Filippo Neri was born, in 1515. On the left, near the end of the street, are the *Torrigiani Gardens*, which contain a high tower, in allusion to the crest of the family. The neighbouring *Church of La Calza* (so called from the material of the cowl worn by its monks) contains a *Perugino* of the Crucifixion, with the Beato Columbini of Siena, S. J. Baptist, S. Jerome, S. Francis, and the Magdalen, at the foot of the cross. In the refectory is a *Cenacolo*, by *Franciabigio*. The *Porta Romana*, which closes the street, gave the name of Baccio della Porta to Fra Bartolommeo, who lived near it in his youth. In the neighbouring Via Porta Romana a tablet marks the house of Giovanni di S. Giovanni.

The *Church and Convent of the Carmine*, beyond the Via de' Serragli, were built c. 1475, in the place of an older church, whose bells were rung to summon (1378) the rising of the Ciompi. In the right transept is the famous *Cappella Brancacci*, which is covered with noble frescoes, including the finest paintings of *Masaccio*, and some of *Filippino Lippi*. Here Michelangelo used to study drawing with Piero Torregiani.<sup>1</sup>

'The importance of these frescoes arises from the fact that they hold the same place in the history of art during the fifteenth century as the works of Giotto, in the Arena Chapel at Padua, hold during the fourteenth. Each series forms an epoch in painting from which may be dated one of those great and sudden onward steps which have in various ages and countries marked the development of art. The history of Italian painting is divided into three distinct and well-defined periods, by the Arena and Brancacci Chapels, and the frescoes of Michelangelo and Raffaele in the Vatican.'—*A. H. Layard*.

The order of the frescoes is :—

*Right and Left.* Adam and Eve—their Fall, *Filippino Lippi*; their Expulsion from Paradise, *Masaccio*.

*Right.* The healing of Petronilla by S. Peter, and the Cripple cured at the gate of the Temple, *Masaccio*.

<sup>1</sup> See Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini.

*Left.* S. Peter finding the tribute-money in the fish's mouth, *Masaccio.*

*Left.* S. Peter and S. Paul restore a dead youth to life, having been challenged to do so by Simon Magus, *mostly by Masaccio, a small portion in the centre by Filippino Lippi.*

*Left.* S. Peter is imprisoned, S. Paul talks to him through the bars, *Filippino Lippi.*

*Right.* S. Peter is delivered from Prison by an angel, *Filippino Lippi.*

*Right.* S. Peter condemned by Nero, and his Crucifixion, *Filippino Lippi.*

The four frescoes on the wall above the altar are from the history of Peter and John, and are all by *Masaccio.*

'In these works, for the first time, we find a well-grounded and graceful delineation of the nude, which, though still somewhat constrained in the figures of Adam and Eve, exhibits itself in successful mastery in the Youth preparing for Baptism; so well, in short, in both, that the first were copied by Raffaele in the Loggie of the Vatican, while the last, according to an old tradition, formed an epoch in the history of Florentine Art. The art of raising the figures from the flat surface, the *modelling* of the forms, hitherto only faintly indicated, here begin to give the effect of actual life. In this respect, again, these pictures exhibit at once a beginning and successful progress, for in the Tribute-Money many parts are hard and stiff; the strongest light is not placed in the middle, but at the edge of the figures; while in the Resuscitation of the Boy, the figures appear in perfect reality before the spectator. Moreover, we find a style of drapery freed from the habitual type-like manner of the earlier periods, and dependent only on the form underneath, at the same time expressing dignity of movement by broad masses and grand lines. Lastly, we reach a peculiar style of composition, which in the Resuscitation of the Boy, supposed to be Masaccio's last picture, exhibits a powerful feeling for truth and individuality of character. The event itself includes few persons: a great number of spectators are disposed around, who, not taking a very lively interest in what is passing, merely present a picture of sterling, serious manhood; in each figure we read a worthy fulfilment of the occupations and duties of life.'—*Kugler.*

'Ces peintures partent du réel, je veux dire de l'individu vivant, tel que les yeux le voient. Le jeune homme baptisé que Masaccio montre nu, sortant de l'eau et grelottant, les bras croisés, est un baigneur contemporain, qui s'est trempé dans l'Arno par une journée un peu froide. De même son Adam et son Eve chassés du Paradis sont des Florentins qu'il a déshabillés, l'homme avec des cuisses minces et de grosses épaules de forgeron, la femme avec un col court et une lourde taille, tous deux avec des jambes assez laides, artisans ou bourgeois qui n'ont point

pratiqué comme les Grecs la vie nue, et dont la gymnastique n'a point proportionné et réformé les corps. Pareillement encore, le petit ressuscité de Lippi, agenouillé devant l'apôtre, a la maigreur osseuse et les membres grêles d'un enfant moderne. Enfin presque toutes les têtes sont des portraits : deux hommes encapuchonnés, à gauche de saint Pierre, sont des moines qui sortent de leurs couvents. On sait les noms des contemporains qui ont prêté leurs visages : Bartolo di Angiolino Angioli, Granacci, Soderini, Pulci, Pollajuolo, Botticelli, Lippi lui-même ; en sorte que cette peinture semble avoir pris tout son être dans la vie environnante, comme le plâtre plaqué sur un visage emporte le modèle de la forme à laquelle on l'a soumis.'—*Taine*.

Masaccio died at the age of forty-one, and is buried amid his paintings in this chapel. A marble slab in the centre of the floor commemorates him and his friend Masolino. Vasari gives as his epitaph :—

'Se alcun cercasse il marmo, o il nome mio ;  
La chiesa è il marmo, una cappella è il nome.  
Morii, che Natura ebbe invidia, come  
L'arte del mio pennello uopo e desio.'<sup>1</sup>

'In this chapel wrought  
One of the few, Nature's interpreters,  
The few, whom Genius gives as lights to shine,  
Masaccio ; and he slumbers underneath.  
Wouldst thou behold his monument ? Look round !  
And know that where we stand, stood oft and long,  
Oft till the day was gone, Raffaello himself ;  
Nor he alone, so great the ardour there,  
Such, while it reigned, the generous rivalry ;  
He and how many as at once called forth,  
Anxious to learn of those who came before,  
To steal a spark from their authentic fire,  
Theirs who first broke the universal gloom,  
Sons of the morning.'—*Rogers' 'Italy.'*

In the Sacristy of the Carmine are frescoes of the life of S. Cecilia, by *Agnolo Gaddi*.

In the choir is the fine tomb to the Gonfalonier, Piero Soderini (buried in Rome), by *Benedetto da Rovezzano*. It

<sup>1</sup> 'If any seek the marble or my name,  
This church shall be the marble—and the name,  
Yon oratory holds it. Nature envied  
My pencil's power, as Art required and loved it—  
Thence was it that I died.'

was because this Soderino was simple and had a good heart that Macchiavelli wrote the famous epigram :—

‘La notte che morì Pier Soderini  
L’ alma n’ andò dell’ inferno alla bocca ;  
E Pluto le gridò : Anima sciocca,  
Che inferno ? va nel limbo de’ bambini !’<sup>1</sup>

In the north transept (1675) is the tomb of S. Andrea Corsini, and great reliefs, by *Foggini*, relating to his life. Andrea Corsini was a Carmelite monk, Bishop of Fiesole, canonised by Urban VIII. in 1629.

In the *Cloisters* are remains of a fresco of the consecration of the church by *Masaccio*. Little is visible but the figure of a man in a yellow dress, supposed to represent Giovanni de’ Medici : above are traces of a fresco of hermits sitting before their cells. Another fresco, on the same wall, representing a knight and a nun presented to the Virgin by their patron saints, is attributed to *Giovanni da Milano*.

In the second cloister a Pietà signed ‘Hieronymus de Brixia, 1504,’ is interesting as the work of a rare artist, the Brescian Carmelite *Girolamo d’ Antonio*.

The street beyond the Piazza del Carmine leads to the Porta S. Frediano, which dates from 1324. Here Charles VIII. entered Florence, Nov. 17, 1494. Between this gate and the Porta Romana is the old *Jewish Cemetery*. The *Church of S. Frediano* is modern. The original convent of S. Maria Maddalena de’ Pazzi stood here ; the cell of the saint is now a chapel.

<sup>1</sup> ‘The night that Peter Soderini died,  
His soul flew down unto the mouth of hell :  
“What ? Hell for you ? You silly spirit !” cried  
The fiend : “your place is where the babies dwell !”’  
*Symonds’s ‘ Renaissance in Italy.’*

## CHAPTER VI.

### EXCURSIONS ROUND FLORENCE.

From the *Porta S. Gallo* (Fiesole, Pratolino, Caffaggiolo).

THE old city of Fiesole, about three miles distant, is one of the most conspicuous features in all views from Florence, cresting a hollow in the hill-tops to the north-east of the city.

Carriage for afternoon, 8 frs. Omnibus, three times a day, 50 c. Omnibus to the *Porta S. Gallo* (whence it is a walk of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles), 10 c.

The road to Fiesole is the second of those which turn to the right outside the *Porta S. Gallo*. The nearest way is that which follows the right bank of the Mugello as far as the *Villa Palmieri* (Dow-Countess of Crawford and Balcarres), and then ascends between walls to *S. Domenico di Fiesole*, half-way up the hillside. The convent of this name (right) was united to *S. Marco*, and was the oldest Dominican foundation at Florence. It was here that *Fra Angelico* lived as a monk, and from hence that he took his name. The only memorial of him is a much-injured picture from his hand in the choir of the church, which also contains a Baptism of Christ by *Lorenzo di Credi*. The famous Coronation of the Virgin in the Louvre, by *Fra Angelico*, came from this church.

Below the road, on the left, marked by its old campanile, is *La Badia di Fiesole*, built by Cosimo Vecchio in 1462. Its terrace has a lovely view. The church contains a relief by *Desiderio da Settignano*, and the refectory a fresco by *Giovanni di S. Giovanni* of the angels ministering to Christ in the Wilderness. The abbey was long the residence of the

Cavaliere Francesco Inghirami, the Patriarch of Etruscan antiquities.

A little to the right of S. Domenico is the *Villa Landore* (once Gherardesca), where our great poet, Walter Savage Landor, passed many years of his unhappy married life. It is in the parish of *Majano*, of which a history has lately been written by Mr. Temple Leader, who has a beautiful villa there, and which is the native place of many distinguished men, amongst the best known of whom are Benedetto and Giulio da Majano.

‘I stuck to my Boccaccio haunts, as to an old home. . . . My almost daily walk was to Fiesole, through a path skirted with wild myrtle and cyclamen ; and I stopped at the cloister of the Doccia, and sate on the pretty melancholy platform behind it, reading, or looking through the pines down to Florence.’—*Leigh Hunt*.

‘On either side of Majano were laid the two scenes of the “Decameron” of Boccaccio ; the little streams that embrace it, the Affrico and the Mensola, were the metamorphosed lovers in his *Nimphale Fiesolano* ; within view was the Villa Gherardi, before the village the hills of Fiesole, and at its feet the Valley of the Ladies. Every spot around was an illustrious memory. To the left, the house of Machiavelli ; still farther in that direction, nestling amid the blue hills, the white village of Settignano, where Michelangelo was born ; on the banks of the neighbouring Mugnone, the house of Dante ; and in the background, Galileo’s villa of Arcetri and the palaces and cathedral of Florence. In the centre of this noble landscape, forming part of the village of S. Domenico di Fiesole, is Landor’s villa. The Valley of the Ladies was in his grounds ; the Affrico and Mensola ran through them ; above was the ivy-clad convent of the Doccia overhung with cypress ; and from his entrance-gate might be seen Valdarno and Vallombrosa.’—*Forster’s ‘Life of Landor.’*

Landor wrote himself of his Florentine homes :—

‘From France to Italy my steps I bent,  
And pitcht at Arno’s side my household tent.  
Six years the Médicean Palace held  
My wandering Lares ; then they went afield,  
Where the hewn rocks of Fiesole impend  
O’er Doccia’s dell, and fig and olive blend.  
There the twin streams in Affrico unite,  
One dimly seen, the other out of sight,

But ever playing in his smoothen'd bed  
 Of polisht stone, and willing to be led  
 Where clustering vines protect him from the sun,  
 Never too grave to smile, too tired to run.  
 Here, by the lake, Boccaccio's fair brigade  
 Beguiled the hours, and tale for tale repaid.  
 How happy ! Oh, how happy had I been  
 With friends and children in this quiet scene !  
 Its quiet was not destined to be mine ;  
 'Twas hard to keep, 'twas harder to resign.'

A steep footway ascends, by the chapel of S. Ansano, to the gates of the *Villa Mozzi*,<sup>1</sup> a beautiful old palace with balustraded terraces and gardens of ancient cypresses, built by Cosimo Vecchio, and the favourite residence of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

'In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, Lorenzo delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment.

'Never could the sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched ; never could more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them ; not with all the magnificence that the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral ; a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head ; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates, as Michelangelo styled them, worthy of Paradise ; the tall and richly decorated belfry of Giotto ; the church of the Carmine, with the frescoes of Masaccio ; those of Santa Maria Novella (in the language of the same great man), beautiful as a bride ; of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the cathedral ; of S. Marco, and of S. Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi ; the numerous convents

<sup>1</sup> This was one of the four country residences of Cosimo ; the others were Carreggi, Cafaggiolo, and Trebbia.



that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government that was rapidly giving way before the citizen-prince who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the signory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelf aristocracy, the exclusive, but not tyrannous faction that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family, before they fell, as others had already done, in the fruitless struggle against the House of Medici, itself destined to become the abode of the victorious race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolution that had raised them to power.'—Hallam, *'Literature of Europe.'*

The place is well described by the verses of Politian:—

'Hic resonat blando tibi pinus amata susurro;  
Hic vaga coniferis insibilat aura cupressis;  
Hic scatebris salit, et bullantibus incita venis  
Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos. . . .  
Talia Faesuleo lentus meditabar in antro,  
Rure suburbano Medicum, qua mons sacer urbem  
Maeoniam, longique volumina despicit Arni,  
Qua bonus hospitium felix, placidamque quietem  
Indulget Laurens, Laurens non ultima Phoebi  
Gloria, jactatis Laurens fida anchora Musis.'—*Rusticus.*

From the little platform outside the villa gates the view is exquisitely beautiful—of Florence and the rich plain of the Arno, with the villa-dotted hills and the surrounding chain of amethystine mountains. Perhaps spring, when the purple cloud-shadows are falling over the delicate green of the young corn-fields, and when the tulips and anemones make every bank blaze with colour, is the most beautiful season.

A few steps now bring us into the piazza of *Fiesole*, the ancient *Faesulae*, and it is strange, within sight of the city and its great cathedral, to find this ancient village-bishopric, with a cathedral and Palazzo Pretorio. Yet, in the words of Fazio degli Uberti—

'Chi Fiesol hedificò conobbe el loco  
Come già per gli cieli ben composto.'

It was hither that Catiline fled from Rome after his con-

spiracy, and the fancy of its historian, Malespini, has made a romance for Fiesole founded on the story of 'Catellino,' who wages war against Fiorino, King of Rome. The latter is killed in battle, and the new city, Fiorenza Magna, is founded in his memory. Afterwards the new city finds a friend in Attila, who destroys Florence and rebuilds Fiesole. Dante alludes to Fiesole as if it were the cradle of Florence:—

‘Ma quell’ ingrato popolo maligno,  
Che discese di Fiesole ab antico,  
E tien ancor del monte e del macigno.’

*Inf.* xv. 61.

The name of Faesulae constantly occurs in history. It is mentioned by Polybius, Sallust, and Procopius, but never as playing any important part. Always a city, it never became great.

‘Milton and Galileo give a glory to Fiesole beyond even its starry antiquity: nor perhaps is there a name eminent in the best annals of Florence to which some connections cannot be traced with this favoured spot. When it was full of wood, it must have been eminently beautiful. It is at present indeed full of vines and olives, but this is not wood, *woody*.’—*Leigh Hunt*.

The *Cathedral*, with its slender crenellated tower, occupies one side of the piazza. It is dedicated to S. Romulo, its first bishop and apostle, who is said to have been a convert of S. Peter, and to have received a special mission from him to preach at Faesulae. Under Nero he was imprisoned and martyred with a dagger. The church was begun in 1028, but little remains of so early a date. It is a basilica, having narrow aisles with cross-arms, and a choir raised above a crypt.

In the chapel on the right of the High-Altar is the tomb of Bishop Salutati, the learned friend of Pope Eugenius IV., executed in 1462 by *Mino di Giovanni* or *da Fiesole*.

‘The bust of Bishop Salutati is certainly one of the most living and strongly characterised “counterfeit presentments” of nature ever produced in marble. Any one who has looked at those piercing eyes, strongly marked features, and that mouth, with its combined bitter-

ness and sweetness of expression, knows that the bishop was a man of nervous temperament, a dry logical reasoner, who, though sometimes sharp in his words, was always kindly in his deeds. From the top of his jewelled mitre to the rich robe upon his shoulders, this bust is finished like a gem. It stands below a sarcophagus, resting upon ornate consoles, upon an architrave supported by pilasters and adorned with arabesques. In design this tomb is perfectly novel, and, as far as we know, has never been repeated, despite its beauty and fitness. Directly opposite is the lovely altar-piece which Mino sculptured by Salutati's order and at his expense. It is divided into three compartments, containing a central group of the kneeling Madonna with the Infant Christ and St. John, on either side of which are statuettes of San Lorenzo and San Remigius, under an entablature on which is placed a poor bust of Our Lord. The Infant Saviour, sitting upon the steps at the Madonna's feet, holds a globe upon his knee, and smilingly stretches out his left hand to the little St. John, who kneels before him in artless simplicity. Upon these children, whose grace and unconsciousness remind us of those of Raffaello, the kneeling Virgin looks down with a gentle smile, her hands crossed upon her breast.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

*S. Maria Primeraria*, a little church in the piazza, contains a tabernacle by one of the Robbias.

The most important remains of the Etruscan fortifications are on the northern brow of the hill, where they rise to a height of from twenty to thirty feet. Behind the cathedral, in a garden, are some remains of the *Roman* (not Etruscan) *Theatre*. There is not much to see, but it is a charming spot half-buried in flowers. Some of the outer wall and of the seats are visible. Some vaults beneath, of *opus incertum*, are called by the Fiesolani '*Le Buche delle Fate*,' or Dens of the Fairies.

In the Borgo Unto is a curious fountain in a subterranean passage approached by a Gothic archway. It is called *Fonte Sotterra*, and its pure waters supply the whole neighbourhood. A stony path, opposite the west end of the cathedral, leads to what was the *Arx* of the ancient city. Here are a *Franciscan Convent* and the *Church of S. Alessandro*, with eighteen cipollino columns. The view is quite glorious.

'A veder pien di tante ville i colli,  
Par che 'l terren ve le germogli, come

Vermene germogliar suole e rampolli.  
 Se dentro un mur, sotto un medesimo nome  
 Fosser raccolti i tuoi palazzi sparsi,  
 Non ti sarian da pareggiar due Rome.'

*Ariosto, Rime, cap. xvi.*

'Few travellers can forget the peculiar landscape of this district of the Apennine, as they ascend the hill which rises from Florence. They pass continually beneath the walls of villas bright in perfect luxury, and beside cypress-hedges, enclosing fair terraced gardens, where the masses of oleander and magnolia, motionless as leaves in a picture, inlay alternately upon the blue sky their branching lightness of pale rose-colour and deep green breadth of shade, studded with balls of budding silver, and showing at intervals through their framework of rich leaf and rubied flower the far-away bends of the Arno beneath its slopes of olive, and the purple peaks of the Carrara mountains, tossing themselves against the western distance, where the streaks of motionless cloud burn above the Pisan sea. The traveller passes the Fiesolan ridge, and all is changed. The country is on a sudden lonely. Here and there, indeed, are seen the scattered houses of a farm grouped gracefully upon the hill-sides—here and there a fragment of tower upon a distant rock; but neither gardens, nor flowers, nor glittering palace-walls, only a grey extent of mountain-ground, tufted irregularly with ilex and olive; a scene not sublime, for its forms are subdued and low; not desolate, for its valleys are full of sown fields and tended pastures: not rich nor lovely, but sunburnt and sorrowful; becoming wilder every instant as the road winds into its recesses, ascending still, until the higher woods, now partly oak and partly pine, drooping back from the central nest of the Apennine, leave a pastoral wilderness of scattered rock and arid grass, withered away here by frost, and there by lambent tongues of earth-fed fire. Giotto passed the first ten years of his life, a shepherd-boy, among these hills; was found by Cimabue, near his native village, drawing one of his sheep upon a smooth stone; was yielded up by his father, "a simple person, a labourer of the earth," to the guardianship of the painter, who, by his own work, had already made the streets of Florence ring with joy; attended him to Florence, and became his disciple.'—*Ruskin*.

In the hills beyond Fiesole is Mr. Leader's beautiful castle-villa of *Vincigliata*, containing great collections of ancient furniture, armour, &c.

About 9 miles from the Porta S. Gallo, on the road to Bologna, is all that remains (not much) of the *Palace of Pratolino*, built by Francesco de' Medici for Bianca Cappello, of whom it was the favourite residence. She was devoted

to magic and the composition of philters and potions, and for generations after her death a room was shown here where it was said that she used to 'distil a cosmetic from the bodies of newly-born infants.' As the home of Bianca, Pratolino is extolled by Tasso.

' Dianzi all' ombra di fama occulta e bruna,  
 Quasi giacesti, Pratolino, ascoso ;  
 Or la tua donna tanto onor t' aggiunge,  
 Che piega alla seconda alta fortuna  
 Gli antichi gioghi l' Apennin nevoso ;  
 Ed Atlante, ed Olimpo, ancor sì lunge,  
 Nè confin la tua gloria asconde e serra ;  
 Ma del tuo picciol nome empi la terra.'—

*Rime*, 360, t. 11.

The palace is now the property of Prince Demidoff. The park is a great resort for picnics from Florence, and contains the colossal statue of the Apennines, attributed to *Giovanni da Bologna*—more curious than beautiful.

A little farther upon this road is the ancient machicolated *Palace of Cafaggiolo*, built, as his residence, by the merchant-prince Cosimo de' Medici, and enlarged by Cosimo I. It was the scene, July 11, 1576, of one of the most startling of the many crimes which mark the story of the Medici. The beautiful Eleanora of Toledo, a niece of the first wife of Cosimo de' Medici, had been married by the Grand-Duke Francesco to his brother Pietro, the most profligate young man in the city. Utterly neglected by her husband, and being only in her twenty-second year, Eleanora, in a letter to the youth Bernardo Antinori, expressed her grief for his banishment to Elba for having killed a man in a scuffle. The letter was intercepted and sent to the Grand-Duke, and the punishment was prompt and terrible. Antinori was recalled from Elba and beheaded; and Eleanora, paralysed with terror, was summoned to her husband's villa of Cafaggiolo. Here he knelt, besought forgiveness from Heaven for the crime he was about to commit, swore never to wed another, and then murdered her. The medical bulletin sent to all foreign courts ascribed the death to heart

complaint, but the truth was avowed by Francesco in a private letter to Philip II. of Spain.

‘If we eliminate the deaths of Don Garcia, Cardinal Giovanni, Duke Francesco, Bianca Capello, and Lucrezia de’ Medici as doubtful, there will still remain the murders of Cardinal Ippolito, Duke Alessandro, Lorenzino de’ Medici, Pietro Bonaventura (Bianca’s husband), Pellegrina Bentivoglio (Bianca’s daughter), Eleanora di Toledo, Francesco Casi (Eleanora’s lover), the Duchess of Bracciano, Troilo Orsini (lover of this Duchess), Felice Peretti (husband of Vittoria Accoramboni), and Vittoria Accoramboni—eleven murders, all occurring between 1535 and 1585, an exact half-century, in a single princely family, and its immediate connections. The majority of these crimes—that is to say, seven—had their origin in lawless passion.’—*Symonds’s ‘Renaissance in Italy.’*

The old royal villa has been sold for next to nothing by the present Government, and the new proprietor has cut down all the fine trees which formerly gave it such a charm. There was a famous manufactory of pottery at Cafaggiolo. Good specimens are now very rare, and fetch enormous prices. *Monte Sinario*, where there is a monastery, may be ascended from hence.

From the *Porta S. Gallo* a road leads through the suburb of *S. Marco Vecchio* to *Settignano* (about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles). Here is the *Villa Buonarroti*, now the property of Signora Teresa Buonarroti. At what time this came into the family is uncertain, but it is tolerably certain that Michelangelo was sent out here as a baby, after Italian custom, to be nursed in a family of *scarpellini* or stone-cutters.

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### From the *Porta S. Croce* (*S. Salvi*).

About 1 mile from the gate, on the road to Rovezzano, is the *Convent of S. Salvi*, containing, in its ancient Refectory, the famous *Cenacolo of Andrea del Sarto*.

‘The *Cenacolo* of *Andrea del Sarto* takes, I believe, the third rank after those of *Leonardo* and *Raffaello*. He has chosen the selfsame moment, “One of you shall betray Me.” The figures are, as usual, ranged on one side of a long table. Christ, in the centre, holds

not correct. Judas is 3rd from left.  
and holds the staff. FLORENCE. hand.

a piece of bread in His hand; on His left is S. John, and on His right S. James Major, both seen in profile. The face of S. John expresses interrogation; that of S. James interrogation and a start of amazement. Next to S. James are Peter, Thomas, Andrew; then Philip, who has a small cross upon his breast. After S. John comes James Minor, Simon, Jude, Judas Iscariot, and Bartholomew. Judas, with his hands folded together, leans forward, and looks down, with a round mean face, in which there is no power of any kind, not even of malignity. In passing from the Cenacolo in the S. Onofrio to that in the Salvi, we feel strongly all the difference between the mental and moral superiority of Raffaele at the age of twenty and the artistic greatness of Andrea in the maturity of his age and talent. This fresco deserves its high celebrity. It is impossible to look on it without admiration, considered as a work of art. The variety of the attitudes, the disposition of the limbs beneath the table, the ample, tasteful draperies, deserve the highest praise; but the heads are deficient in character and elevation, and the whole composition wants that solemnity of feeling proper to the subject.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

It is by the Porta S. Croce that the traveller must leave Florence for the monasteries of the Casentino, if he begins his excursion by driving to Pelago (see ch. vii.).

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From the *Porta S. Miniato* (*S. Miniato in Monte*).

This gate is situated close under the hill of Oltr' Arno, and an avenue of cypresses leads in a few minutes up the steep ascent to the church. On the right of the way a shrine with a picture commemorates a touching incident in the life of S. Giovanni Gualberto, founder of the Vallombrosans.

'Giovanni Gualberto was born at Florence, of rich and noble lineage. When he was still a young man, his only brother, Hugo, whom he loved exceedingly, was murdered by a gentleman with whom he had a quarrel. Gualberto, whose grief and fury were stimulated by the rage of his father and the tears of his mother, set forth in pursuit of the assassin, vowing a prompt and terrible vengeance.

'It happened that, when returning from Florence to the country-house of his father on the evening of Good Friday, he took his way over the steep, narrow, winding road which leads from the city gate to the church of San Miniato-del-Monte. About half-way up the hill, where the road turns to the right, he suddenly came upon his enemy,

alone and unarmed. At the sight of the assassin of his brother, thus, as it were, given into his hand, Gualberto drew his sword. The miserable wretch, seeing no means of escape, fell upon his knees and entreated mercy; extending his arms in the form of a cross, he adjured him by the remembrance of Christ, who had suffered on that day, to spare his life. Gualberto, struck by a sudden compunction, remembering that Christ when on the cross had prayed for His murderers, stayed his uplifted sword, trembling from head to foot; and after a moment of terrible conflict with his own heart, and a prayer for Divine support, he held out his hand, raised the suppliant from the ground, and embraced him in token of forgiveness. Thus they parted; and Gualberto, proceeding on his way in a sad and sorrowful mood, every pulse throbbing with the sudden revulsion of feeling, and thinking on the crime which he had been on the point of committing, arrived at the church of San Miniato, and entering, knelt down before the crucifix over the altar. His rage had given way to tears, his heart melted within him; and as he wept before the image of the Saviour, and supplicated mercy because he had shown mercy, he fancied that, in gracious reply to his prayer, the figure bowed its head. This miracle, for such he deemed it, completed the revolution which had taken place in his whole character and state of being. From that moment the world and all its vanities became hateful to him, he felt like one who had been saved upon the edge of a precipice; he entered the Benedictine order, and took up his residence in the monastery of San Miniato. Here he dwelt for some time a humble penitent; all earthly ambition quenched at once with the spirit of revenge. On the death of the abbot of San Miniato he was elected to succeed him, but no persuasions could induce him to accept of the office. He left the convent, and retired to the solitude of Vallombrosa.—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

The cypress avenue ends in the *Church of S. Salvatore al Monte*, built by *Cronaca* in 1504. Its position is beautiful, and so delighted Michelangelo that he used to call it 'La Bella Villanella.' A wide piazza with terraces, which has been opened beneath this church, is decorated in honour of Michelangelo with copies from several of his statues. Its view over the city and the gardens with which it is embroidered is one of the noblest in Italy.

'The view from San Miniato is best seen towards sunset. From an eminence, studded by noble cypresses, the Arno meets the eye, reflecting in its tranquil bosom a succession of terraces and bridges, edged by imposing streets and palaces, above which are seen the stately cathedral, the church of Santa Croce, and the picturesque tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, while innumerable other towers, of lesser fame and



altitude, crown the distant parts of the city and the banks of the river, which at length—its sinuous stream bathed in liquid gold—is lost sight of amidst the rich carpet of a vast and luxuriant plain, bounded by lofty Apennines. Directly opposite to the eye rises the classical height of Fiesole, its sides covered with intermingled rocks and woods, from amidst which sparkle innumerable villages and villas.'—*J. S. Harford.*

To the right are some of the fortifications which Michelangelo raised in 1529, and which in a certain sense may be regarded as his greatest work, for they enabled Florence to stand 'a spectacle to heaven and earth, the one spot of all Italian ground which defied the united powers of Pope and Cæsar.'

Within these fortifications (the gate is opened by a custode—two soldi) is the beautiful *Church of S. Miniato*, founded in honour of the Florentine martyr who suffered on that spot under Decius in the third century.

'Who that remembers Florence does not remember well the San Miniato in Monte, towering on its lofty eminence above the city, and visible along the Lung' Arno from the Ponte alle Grazie to the Ponte alla Carraja?—and the enchanting views of the valley of the Arno as seen from the marble steps of the ancient church?—and the old dismantled fortress defended by Michelangelo against the Medici?—and the long avenue of cypresses and the declivities robed in vineyards and olive-grounds between the gate of San Miniato and the lofty heights above?

'According to the Florentine legend, S. Minias or Miniato was an Armenian prince serving in the Roman army under Decius. Being denounced as a Christian, he was brought before the emperor, who was then encamped upon a hill outside the gates of Florence, and who ordered him to be thrown to the beasts in the Amphitheatre. A panther was let loose upon him, but when he called upon our Lord he was delivered; he then suffered the usual torments, being cast into a boiling caldron, and afterwards suspended to a gallows, stoned, and shot with javelins; but in his agony an angel descended to comfort him, and clothed him in a garment of light; finally he was beheaded. His martyrdom is placed in the year 254.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

The façade of the church is very like that of S. Maria Novella. The *Interior*, as well as its surrounding platforms, is now used as a kind of Campo-Santo for Florence. The side-walls are covered with ancient frescoes of saints. The roof is of wood. In the apse is a Greek mosaic, representing

Our Saviour, with the Virgin and S. John on one side, and on the other S. Miniato, wearing a regal crown and mantle and holding the Greek cross. In front of the lofty raised choir is the picturesque chapel built in 1448 by *Michelozzo* for Piero de' Medici. The pictures it contains are attributed to *Spinello Aretino*, and here the miraculous crucifix of S. Giovanni Gualberto was formerly preserved. Above the steps of the choir are an exquisitely wrought marble screen and pulpit. The door on the right leads to the sacristy, built 1387, by *Nerozzo degli Alberti*, and decorated with frescoes of the story of S. Benedict, by *Spinello Aretino*.

'La figure principale n'étant pas distinguée des autres par le costume, il a fallu faire ressortir autrement sa supériorité. Spinello était là dans son élément, et nul n'a jamais revêtu saint Benoît de tant de majesté, soit dans l'action, soit dans le repos. Il a su lui conserver cette majesté jusque dans la mort, comme on peut le voir dans la fresque où il est représenté couché sur son lit funèbre. . . . Ce groupe de moines récitant l'office funèbre devant ce corps roidi n'est pas moins admirable sous le rapport de l'ordonnance que sous celui de l'expression à la fois intense et contenue. . . . Il y a un compartiment, le plus mal éclairé de tous, dans lequel Spinello semble avoir voulu rivaliser avec Giotto pour la suavité de l'expression : c'est celui où l'on voit saint Maure et saint Placide remis par leurs parents entre les mains de saint Benoît.'—*Rio, 'L'Art Chrétien.'*

At the end of the nave on the left is a chapel built by *Antonio Rossellino* for Cardinal Jacopo of Portugal, with his tomb, of 1427. That the character of this young man was as angelic as his face we learn from the biographer *Vespasiano*.<sup>1</sup>

'Among his other admirable virtues, Messer Jacopo di Portogallo determined to preserve his virginity, though he was beautiful above all others of his age. . . . In this mortal flesh he lived as though he had been free from it—the life, we may say, rather of an angel than a man. And if his biography were written from his childhood to his death, it would be not only an ensample but confusion to the world. Upon his monument the head was modelled from his own, and the face is very like him, for he was most lovely in his person, but still more in his soul.

'At the head and foot of the sarcophagus, upon which lies the

<sup>1</sup> *Vite di Uomini Illustri.*

marble figure of the young cardinal, are mourning genii, and upon either end of the highly ornamented entablature two kneeling angels, holding in their hands the crown of virginity and the palm of victory. Heavy looped curtains (the only faulty feature in this exquisite monument) fall from the top of the arch above it on either side of a roundel, in which is a most lovely Madonna and Child in alto-relief.

‘Cardinal James, of the royal house of Portugal, who lies here, having lived from his earliest years with peculiar sanctity, as befitted one who was intended to become a priest, was sent to Perugia at the age of nineteen to study canon law. Though only twenty-six at the time of his death, he had received a cardinal’s hat from Pope Calixtus III., and been appointed ambassador from the Florentine Republic to the court of Spain. He was of a most amiable nature, a pattern of humility, and an abundant fountain of good, through God, to the poor; discreet in providing for his servants, modest in ordering his household, an enemy of pomp and superfluity, keeping that middle way in everything which is the way of the blessed. He lived in the flesh, as if he was free from it, rather the life of an angel than a man, and his death was holy as his life had been.’<sup>1</sup>—*Perkins’s ‘Tuscan Sculptors.’*

Near the church is the old *Palace* of the Mozzi family, built in 1294. All around are graves. The view is glorious, especially at sunset.

‘Let us suppose that the Spirit of a Florentine citizen (whose eyes were closed in the time of Columbus) has been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the golden morning, and is standing once more on the famous hill of San Miniato. . . . It is not only the mountains and the westward-bending river that he recognises; not only the dark sides of Mount Morello opposite to him, and the long valley of the Arno that seems to stretch its grey low-tufted luxuriance to the far-off ridges of Carrara; and the steep height of Fiesole, with its crown of monastic walls and cypresses; and all the green and grey slopes sprinkled with villas which he can name as he looks at them. He sees other familiar objects much closer to his daily walks. For though he misses the seventy or more towers that once surrounded the walls and encircled the city as with a regal diadem, his eyes will not dwell on that blank; they are drawn irresistibly to the unique tower, springing, like a tall flower-stem towards the sun, from the square turreted mass of the Old Palace in the very heart of the city—the tower that looks none the worse for the four centuries that have passed since he used to walk under it. The great dome, too, greatest in the world, which, in his early boyhood, had been only a daring thought in the mind of a small, quick-eyed man—there it raises its large curves still, eclipsing the hills. And the well-

<sup>1</sup> Vespasiano Bisticci, *Vite di Uomini Illustri del Secolo xv.*

known bell towers—Giotto's with its distant hint of rich colour, and the graceful spired Badia, and the rest—he looked at them all from the shoulder of his nurse.

“‘Surely,” he thinks, “Florence can still ring her bells with the solemn hammer-sound that used to beat on the hearts of her citizens and strike out the fire there. And here, on the right, stands the long dark mass of Santa Croce, where we buried our famous dead, laying the laurel on their cold brows, and fanning them with the breath of praise and of banners. But Santa Croce had no spire then: we Florentines were too full of great building projects to carry them all out in stone and marble; we had our frescoes and our shrines to pay for, not to speak of rapacious condottieri, bribed royalty, and purchased territories, and our façades and spires must needs wait. But what architect can the Frati Minori have employed to build that spire for them? If it had been built in my day, Filippo Brunelleschi or Michelozzo would have devised something of another fashion than that—something worthy to crown the church of Arnolfo.” . . . It is easier and pleasanter to recognise the old than to account for the new. And there flows Arno, with its bridges just where they used to be—the Ponte Vecchio, least like other bridges in the world, laden with the same quaint shops, where our Spirit remembers lingering a little, on his way perhaps to look at the progress of that great palace which Messer Luca Pitti had set a-building with huge stones got from the hill of Bogoli close behind.’  
—George Eliot, ‘Romola.’

S. Miniato may be approached from the Porta Romana by the enchanting drive of *Le Colle*, which winds with ever-varying views.

‘Monti superbi, la cui fronte Alpina  
Fa di se contro i venti argine e sponda!  
Valli beate, per cui d’onda in onda  
L’Arno con passo signoril cammina!’

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From the *Porta Romana*—*Poggio Imperiale*; the *Certosa of the Val d’Emo* and the *Sanctuary of the Madonna del Impruneta*; *Bellosguardo*.

A carriage to the Impruneta costs about 10 frs.

Close to the gate is the entrance of the fine cypress avenue of the *Poggio Imperiale*, leading to a palace built

for the Grand-Duchess Maddalena of Austria, wife of the Grand-Duke Cosimo II. It is now given up to the *Conservatorio della SS. Annunziata*, for the benefit of young women of the better classes.

‘Ce palais fut autrefois la villa Baroncelli. On rapporte qu’un membre de cette ancienne famille, Thomas Baroncelli, fort dévoué à Côme I<sup>er</sup>, étant allé de sa villa à la rencontre de son maître lorsqu’il revenait de Rome, fut si ravi de le revoir avec le titre de grand-duc que lui avait accordé le pape Pie V., qu’il en mourut de joie : enthousiasme de l’esprit de servitude, qui doit sembler aujourd’hui bien étrange !’—*Valery*.

Behind the palace rises the hill of Arcetri, celebrated for its sweet wine called La Verdea :—

‘Altri beva il Falerno, altri la Tofa,  
Altri il sangue che lacrima il Vesuvio ;  
Un gentil bevitor mai non s’ingolfa  
In quel fumoso e fervido diluvio.  
Oggi vogl’ io che regni entro a’ miei vetri  
La Verdea soavissima d’ Arcetri.’—*Redi*.

Here, amid the vineyards, but not far from the road, is the *Torre del Gallo*, which is believed to have been the observatory of Galileo, where he studied the moon.

‘The moon whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fiesole,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.’—*Milton*.

‘He took me up to the Star Tower of Galileo amongst the winding paths of the hills, with the grey walls overtopped by white fruit blossoms, and ever and again, at some break in their ramparts of stone, the gleam of the yellow Arno water, or the glisten of the marbles of the city shining on us far beneath, through the silvery veil of the olive-leaves.

‘It was just in that loveliest moment when winter melts into spring. Everywhere under the vines the young corn was springing in that tender vivid greenness that is never seen twice in a year. The sods between the furrows were scarlet with the bright flame of wild tulips, with here and there a fleck of gold where a knot of daffodils nodded. The roots

of the olives were blue with nestling pimpernels and hyacinths, and along the old grey walls the long, soft, thick leaf of the arums grew, shading their yet unborn lilies.

'The air was full of a dreamy fragrance; the bullocks went on their slow way with flowers in their leathern frontlets; the contadini had flowers stuck behind their ears or in their waistbands; women sat by the wayside, singing as they plaited their yellow curling lengths of straw; children frisked and tumbled like young rabbits under the budding maples; the plum-trees strewn the green landscape with flashes of white like newly fallen snow on Alpine grass slopes; again and again amongst the tender pallor of the olive woods there rose the beautiful flush of a rosy almond-tree; at every step the passer-by trod ankle-deep in violets.

'About the foot of the Tower of Galileo ivy and vervain, and the Madonna's herb, and the white hexagons of the stars of Bethlehem grew amongst the grasses; pigeons paced to and fro with pretty pride of plumage; a dog slept on the flags; the cool, moist, deep-veined creepers climbed about the stones; there were peach-trees in all the beauty of their blossoms, and everywhere about them were close-set olive-trees, with the ground between them scarlet with the tulips and the wild rose bushes.

'From a window a girl leaned out and hung a cage amongst the ivy-leaves, that her bird might sing his vespers to the sun.

'Who will may see the scene to-day.

'The world has spoiled most of its places of pilgrimage, but the old Star Tower is not harmed as yet, where it stands amongst its quiet garden-ways and grass-grown slopes, up high amongst the hills, with sounds of dripping water on its court, and wild wood-flowers thrusting their bright heads through its stones. It is as peaceful, as simple, as homely, as closely girt with blossoming boughs and with tulip-crimsoned grasses now as then, when, from its roof in the still midnight of far-off time, its master read the secrets of the stars.'—*Pascarel*.

'Nearer we hail

Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of old  
For its green vine; dearer to me, to most,  
As dwelt on by that great astronomer,  
Seven years a prisoner at the city-gate,  
Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be  
His villa (justly it was called the Gem)!<sup>1</sup>  
Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw  
Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars!  
Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight  
Glimmered, at blush of morn he dressed his vines,  
Chanting aloud in gaiety of heart

<sup>1</sup> Il Giojello.

Some verse of Ariosto !—There, unseen,<sup>1</sup>  
 Gazing with reverent awe—Milton his guest,  
 Just then come forth, all life and enterprise ;  
*He* in his old age and extremity  
 Blind, at noonday exploring with his staff ;  
 His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,  
 His eyeballs idly rolling. Little then  
 Did Galileo think whom he received :  
 That in his hand he held the hand of one  
 Who could requite him—who would spread his name  
 O'er lands and seas—great as himself, nay greater ;  
 Milton as little that in him he saw,  
 As in a glass, what he himself should be,  
 Destined so soon to fall on evil days  
 And evil tongues—so soon, alas ! to live  
 In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,  
 And solitude.'—*Rogers' 'Italy.'*

'It is difficult to conceive what Galileo must have felt, when, having constructed his telescope, he turned it to the heavens, and saw the mountains and valleys in the moon.—Then the moon was another earth ; the earth another planet ; and all were subject to the same laws. What an evidence of the simplicity and the magnificence of nature !

'But at length he turned it again, still directing it upward, and again he was lost : for he was now among the fixed stars ; and if not magnified as he expected them to be, they were multiplied beyond measure.

'What a moment of exultation for such a mind as his ! But as yet it was only the dawn of day that was coming ; nor was he destined to live till that day was in its splendour. The great law of gravitation was not yet to be made known : and how little did he think, as he held the instrument in his hand, that we should travel by it as far as we have done ; that its revelations would ere long be so glorious !'—*Sir John Herschel.*

Close to the Porta Romana is the *Pottery of the Fratelli Cantagalli*, in which a manufactory of artistic maioliche—decorative and useful—has recently been established. The proprietors have aimed at reviving the decorative taste which inspired artists of the sixteenth century in the famous potteries of Cafaggiolo, Urbino, Pesaro, and Gubbio. All the artists employed have been taught by the study not only

<sup>1</sup> Milton went to Italy in 1638, and visited Galileo, who, by his own account, had already become blind. In December 1637 he was forced to reside at Arcetri by an order of the Inquisition.

of the ancient maioliche in the different Italian museums, but of the fifteenth and sixteenth century frescoes. It is thus sought to give the manufacture an exclusively Italian character.

A road which turns to the right at the Pian dei Giullari leads to *S. Margherita a Montici*, with fine views.

About  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Porta Romana, by the direct road beyond the village of Galuzzo, is the *Certosa of the Val d' Emo*. The position is beautiful, with lovely views, and the convent crowning a cypress-covered hill is very picturesque. The Certosa was founded in 1341 by Niccolò Acciajuolo, Grand Seneschal to Queen Joanna of Naples, and its fortifications were especially granted by the Republic. In 1875 there were nineteen monks here.

The principal *Church* is excessively rich ; decorated with frescoes, marbles, and *pietra-dura*. The pictures relating to the life of S. Bruno are by *Poccetti*. To the right, through the chapel of S. John Baptist, which has a good picture by *Benvenuti*, we enter a beautiful Gothic church of 1300, of which the architecture is attributed to Orcagna. It contains some good Florentine stained glass ; a picture of S. Francis receiving the Stigmata by *Cigoli* ; a Crucifixion by *Giotto* ; and a picture by *Fra Angelico*.

In the *Crypt*, before the high-altar, are the noble tombs of the founder and his family.

‘Whether Andrea Orcagna built the Certosa near Florence is uncertain ; but the monuments of its founder, Niccolò Acciajuolo, and his family, which exist in its subterranean church, belong to his time, and were perhaps executed by some of his scholars. The tomb of Niccolò (Grand Seneschal of the Kingdom of Naples under Queen Joanna I., ob. 1366) consists of his recumbent statue, clad in armour placed high against the wall, beneath a rich Gothic canopy. His son, Lorenzo, upon whose funeral obsequies he spent more than 50,000 gold florins, lies below under a marble slab, upon which is sculptured the effigy of this “youth of a most lovely countenance, cavalier and great baron, tried in arms, and eminent for his graceful manners and his gracious and noble aspect.” Next him lie his grandfather and his sister Lapa.’ —*Perkins’s ‘Tuscan Sculptors.’*

‘The general design of Niccolò’s tomb is very peculiar, Gothic



certainly, but almost transitional to the Cinquecento. Niccolò, the Grand Seneschal, founder of the convent, was a noble character. The family, originally from Brescia, and named after the trade they rose by, attained sovereignty in the person of Ranier, nephew of the Seneschal, styled Duke of Athens and Lord of Thebes and Argos and Sparta. He was succeeded by his bastard son Antony, and the latter by two nephews, whom he invited from Florence, Ranion, and Antony Acciajuoli; the son of the latter, Francesco, finally yielded Athens to Mahomet II. in 1456, and was soon afterwards strangled by his orders at Thebes.—*Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

In a side chapel of the crypt is the tomb of Angelo Acciajuolo, Bishop of Ostia, 1550, by *Donatello*, with a border of fruit and flowers by *Giuliano di San Gallo*. A small *cloister* has some lovely stained glass by *Giovanni da Udine*. The chapter-house contains a Crucifixion by *Mariotto Albertinelli*; a Madonna and Child with Saints by *Perugino*; and in the middle of the pavement, the noble tomb of Lionardo Bonafede, Bishop of Cortona, and Superior of this convent (ob. 1545), by *Francesco di San Gallo*, son of Giuliano.

‘It is very carefully modelled; the flesh parts are well treated, and the drapery is disposed in natural folds. It has almost the effect of a corpse laid out for burial before the altar, and produces a striking effect.’—*Perkins.*

Two and a half miles farther, by a long but easy ascent, beautifully situated amid the olive-clad hills, is the famous shrine of *La Madonna dell' Impruneta*, one of the most important places of pilgrimage in Tuscany. The church was built in 1593 by Francesco Buondelmonti, and adorned in the seventeenth century by the Confraternità of the Stigmata of S. Francesco with its handsome Doric atrium. Here is preserved the famous image attributed to S. Luke the Evangelist, but which the learned Dr. Lami says was the work of one Luca in the eleventh century, who, on account of his piety, was called saint, whence the tradition. It is said to have been found by a workman, buried in the soil of Impruneta, and to have uttered a cry as the spade struck it. On all great occasions of danger, pestilence, or famine this

Madonna has been carried in state by a barefooted procession to Florence, but even then has always been veiled—'The Hidden Mother.' Over the high-altar is a crucifix by *Giovanni da Bologna*; and in the Sacristy a curious Madonna and Saints of the School of Giotto. In the nave are pictures by *Jacopo da Empoli*, *Passignano*, and *Cigoli*. The church is backed by the Poggio S. Maria, and occupies one side of an immense piazza, decorated with loggias of 1663–1670. Here on S. Luke's Day, October 18, is held the



La Madonna dell' Impruneta.

*Fair of the Impruneta*, for horses, mules, &c., frequented by all the country round, and a most picturesque sight. The piazza is the subject of a picture by Callot.

We must turn to the right from the Porta Romana to ascend the hill of Bellosguardo, for the sake of the view.

'From Tuscan Bellosguardo,  
Where Galileo stood at nights to take  
The vision of the stars, we have found it hard,  
Gazing upon the earth and heavens, to make  
A choice of beauty.'—*E. Barrett-Browning*.

At the foot of the hill is the *Church of SS. Francesco di Paola*, containing the noble tomb of Benozzo Federighi, Bishop of Fiesole, ob. 1455, by *Luca della Robbia*.

‘The admirably truthful figure of the dead bishop, clad in his episcopal robes, is laid upon a sarcophagus within a square recess, whose architrave and side-posts are decorated with enamelled tiles, painted with flowers and fruits coloured after nature. At the back of the recess, filling up the space above the sarcophagus, are three half-figures, of Christ, the Madonna, and S. John; all the faces are expressive, and that of the Saviour is especially fine, and full of mournful dignity. Around the top of the sarcophagus runs a rich cornice, below which are sculptured two flying angels, bearing between them a garland, containing an inscription setting forth the name and titles of the deceased.’  
—*Perkins’s ‘Tuscan Sculptors.’*

‘Above is a half-length figure of Christ rising from the tomb with the Virgin and S. John on either side, and the whole is framed by a frieze of enamelled tiles, on which bouquets of lilies and roses, mingled with clusters of pears and medlars and fir-cones, are painted on a flat surface. “Cosa maravigliosa e rarissima!” exclaims Vasari, who says with truth that the hues of both fruit and flowers are as natural and brilliant as if they had been painted in oils.’—*Brit. Quart. Rev.*, Oct. 1885.

‘Ce monument est un des plus beaux chefs-d’œuvre de la sculpture sépulcrale du XV<sup>e</sup> siècle, et l’on comprend qu’Averulino, l’écrivain didactique le plus accrédité de cette époque, ait placé son auteur sur la même ligne que Donatello.’—*Rio*.

Most lovely is the view from the summit of the hill.

‘I found a house, at Florence, on the hill  
Of Bellosguardo. ’Tis a tower that keeps  
A post of double observation o’er  
The valley of the Arno (holding as a hand  
The outspread city) straight toward Fiesole  
And Mount Morello and the setting sun,—  
The Vallombrosan mountains to the right,  
Which sunrise fills as full as crystal cups  
Wine-filled, and red to the brim because it’s red.  
No sun could die, nor yet be born, unseen  
By dwellers at my villa; morn and eve  
Were magnified before us in the pure  
Illimitable space and pause of sky,  
Intense as angels’ garments blanched with God,

Less blue than radiant. From the outer wall  
Of the garden, dropped the mystic floating grey  
Of olive-trees (with interruptions green  
From maize and vine) until 'twas caught and torn  
On that abrupt black line of cypresses  
Which signed the way to Florence. Beautiful  
The city lay along the ample vale,  
Cathedral, tower and palace, piazza and street ;  
The river trailing like a silver cord  
Through all, and curling loosely, both before  
And after, over the whole stretch of land  
Sown whitely up and down its opposite slopes  
With farms and villas.'

*E. Barrett-Browning, 'Aurora Leigh.'*

The scenery of the hills behind Bellosguardo is that of *Monte Beni*, so beautifully described by Hawthorne.

'The Umbrian valley opens before us, set in its grand framework of nearer and more distant hills. It seems as if all Italy lay under our eyes in this one picture. For there is the broad, sunny smile of God, which we fancy to be spread over this favoured land more abundantly than on other regions, and beneath it glows a most rich and varied fertility. The trim vineyards are there, and the fig-trees, and the mulberries, and the smoky-hued tracts of the olive-orchards ; there, too, are fields of every kind of grain, among which waves the Indian-corn. White villas, grey convents, church spires, villages, towns, each with its battlemented walls and towered gateway, are scattered upon this spacious map ; a river gleams across it ; and the lakes open their blue eyes in its face, reflecting heaven, lest mortals should forget that better land, when they behold the earth so beautiful.

'What makes the valley look still wider is the two or three varieties of weather often visible on its surface, all at the same instant of time. Here lies the quiet sunshine ; there fall the great patches of ominous shadow from the clouds ; and behind them, like a giant of league-long strides, comes hurrying the thunderstorm, which has already swept midway across the plain. In the rear of the approaching tempest brightens forth again the sunny splendour, which its progress has darkened with so terrible a form.

'All around this majestic landscape, the bald-peaked or forest-crowned mountains descend boldly upon the plain. On many of their spurs and midway declivities, and even on their summits, stand cities, some of them famous of old ; for these have been the seats and nurseries of early Art, where the flower of Beauty has sprung out of a rocky soil, and in a high, keen atmosphere, when the richest and most sheltered gardens failed to nourish it.'—*'Transformation.'*

On a spur of the hill to the north of the wooded height of Bellosguardo is the *Convent of Monte Oliveto*, containing in its Refectory an Annunciation of *Domenico Ghirlandajo*. Hence one may descend to the iron bridge which leads to the cascade.

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From the *Porta S. Frediano (La Badia di Settimo, Signa, Malmantile, Artemino)*.

This side of Florence is less well known than the others, but by no means less interesting. The road runs through an exquisitely rich and fertile valley, and there is a tramway by which Lastra a Signa may be reached in one hour from the Piazza Castello at Florence (fare—1st cl. 70 c., 2nd cl. 50 c.). On the right of the valley is a beautiful chain of mountains, of which the principal is *Monte Morello*, which serves as a weather-gauge to the whole countryside, according to the old proverb :

‘ Quando monte Morello ha il cappello,  
Villan, prendi il mantello.’

Four and a half miles from Florence, half-a-mile to the right of the road, near the village of S. Colombano, is the old *Convent of La Badia di Settimo*, now a villa. Founded by a Conte di Borgomuro, about 984, it has most noble machicolated walls and a fine old gateway, the front of which is decorated with a figure of Christ throned between two saints, one of the largest works of terra-cotta in Tuscany—built, not let into the wall. The beautiful campanile, after the model of S. Niccolò at Pisa, was built by Niccolò Pisano. In the church are a Robbia frieze and a rich altar of *pietra-dura*. Some pictures by Verocchio and Ghirlandajo were removed to the Uffizi in 1884. In Lent, 1067, 8000 persons collected here to witness the trial by

fire, in which the Vallombrosan monk, Pietro Aldobrandini (afterwards canonised as S. Pietro Igneo), walked barefooted, unhurt, through a furnace, to prove an accusation of simony brought by S. Giovanni Gualberto against Pietro di Pavia, Bishop of Florence.

On the left of the road are the great villa of *Castel Pucci*, now a lunatic asylum, and the charming old *Villa of Castagnolo*, which was once the property of the Arte della Lana, but in 1210 was bought by a Della Stufa, who belonged to the Arte della Tela. Of this family were the Beato



Badia di Settimo.

Girolamo of the Minori Osservanti di S. Francesco, and the Beato Lottaringo, one of the seven founders of the S. Annunziata. Many points on the hills behind Castagnolo are full of picturesque interest. Artists will draw the wide-spreading portico and lovely view of *S. Martino delle Palme*.

Half-a-mile farther is the interesting old town of *Lastra a Signa*, preserving intact its machicolated mediæval walls and its three gateways. It contains many picturesque architectural fragments, especially a vaulted and frescoed loggia, very rich in colour, above which is the modern theatre,

Signa is well worth a visit by those who stay long in Florence, and may be reached by railway. Its population is entirely employed in the plaiting of straw hats—*cappelli di paglia*.

‘The hills lie quiet and know no change ; the winds wander amongst the white arbutus-bells and shake the odours from the clustering herbs ; the stone-pines scent the storm ; the plain outspreads its golden glory to the morning light ; the sweet chimes ring ; the days glide on ; the splendours of the sunset burn across the sky, and make the mountains as the jewelled thrones of the gods. Signa, hoary and old, stands there unchanged—Signa is wise. She lets this world go by, and sleeps.’—*‘Signa.’*



Malmantile.

Two and a half miles from Signa, by a steep ascent (a carriage from the station to go and return costs 8 francs), is the curious fortified village of *Malmantile*. The road thither, beneath the old convent of S. Lucia, through a mountain gorge, is lovely, and the place itself, on the wild hill-top, is very curious, being so strongly fortified, yet so small. It long resisted a siege by the Florentines, which is the subject of the curious poems ‘L’ Assedio’ and ‘La Scacciata di Malmantile,’ written by Lippo Lippi early in the seventeenth century. The walls now enclose only a single street of cottages.

The lovely effects of the morning mist in this enchanting district are described by Ouida :—

‘There had been heavy rains at night, and there was, when the sun rose, everywhere, that white fog of the Valdarno country which is like a silvery cloud hanging over all the earth. It spreads everywhere and blends together land and sky ; but it has breaks of exquisite transparencies, through which the gold of the sunbeams shines, and the rose of the dawn blushes, and the summits of the hills gleam here and there with a white monastery, or a mountain belfry, or a cluster of cypresses seen through it, hung in the air as it were, and framed like pictures in the silvery mist.

‘It is no noxious steam rising from the rivers and the rains ; no grey and oppressive obliteration of the face of the world like the fogs of the north ; no weight on the lungs and blindness to the eyes ; no burden of leaden damp lying heavy on the soil and on the spirit ; no wall built up between the sun and man ; but a fog that is as beautiful as the full moonlight is—nay, more beautiful, for it has beams of warmth, glories of colour, glimpses of landscape such as the moon would coldly kill ; and the bells ring, and the sheep bleat, and the birds sing underneath its shadow ; and the sun-rays come through it, darted like angels’ spears : and it has in it all the promise of the morning, and all the sounds of the waking day.’—‘*Signa.*’

Three miles beyond Signa is the delightful Medici villa of *Artemino*, with lovely views towards Florence. In this neighbourhood also, much nearer Signa, is the noble villa of *Le Selve*, which belonged to Filippo Strozzi, who married the famous Clarice, daughter of Pietro de’ Medici. Afterwards the villa belonged to the Salviati. It was from one of its beautiful loggias that Galileo discovered the constellation of Jupiter. Close by is an old monastery, with the chapel where S. Andrea Corsini said his first mass. The lower hills are covered with vineyards, producing the wine of which Redi sings :—

‘La rugiada di Rubino,  
Che in Valdarno i colli onora,  
Tanto odora,  
Che per lei suo pregio perde  
La brunetta  
Mammoletta,  
Quando spunta dal suo verde.’ .



From the *Porta al Prato*  
(*Poggio a Cajano, Petraja, Careggi*).

About 1 mile from this gate is the handsome *Villa Demidoff*, and a mile farther is the village of *Peretola*, where pink lilies of the valley may be found in spring. Hence a dull road (with a tram from the Piazza S. Maria Novella, a branch from that to Prato) to the left leads (about 10 miles from Florence) to the *Villa of Poggio a Cajano*, which was built by *Giuliano di San Gallo* for Lorenzo the Magnificent, and became one of his favourite retreats. Hither Lorenzo came frequently for the sake of his favourite amusement of hawking, accompanied by Pulci, who cared little for the diversion. '*La Caccia con Falcone*' describes him as missing, and having hidden himself in a wood to make poetry.

The vault of the great saloon was considered by Vasari to be the largest of modern times. It was painted by order of Leo X. with frescoes by the great masters of the period, intended as allegorical of the glories of the Medici, viz:—

*Franciabigio*. The Return of Cicero from Exile—typical of the return of Cosimo to Florence.

*Andrea del Sarto*. The Presents sent from Egypt to Cæsar—typical of the presents of the Sultan to Lorenzo. 'A variety and richness of episodes like those with which we become familiar in the works of Paul Veronese.'<sup>1</sup>

*Pontorno*. The Banquet given to Scipio by Syphax—typical of the banquet given to Lorenzo by the King of Naples.

*Pontorno*. Titus Flaminius rejecting the ambassadors of Antiochus—typical of Lorenzo annihilating the plans of Venice in the Diet of Cremona.

The rooms (with little of the original furniture remaining) are to be seen in which the Grand-Duke Francesco I. died, October 19, 1587, and on the following day his wife, the beautiful Bianca Cappello. The story of Bianca is a long romance. Daughter of a proud Venetian noble, Bartolomeo Cappello, she eloped with Pietro Bonaventuri, a young Florentine, by whom she was already with child, and she

<sup>1</sup> Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

was married to him at his mother's house in the Piazza S. Marco at Florence. Here she attracted the favour of Francesco de' Medici, eldest son of Duke Cosimo, and he made her his mistress. Bonaventuri was shortly after murdered by bravoës in the employment of the Ricci, with a daughter of whose house he had intrigued. After the accession of Francesco to the throne, and the death of his duchess, Giovanna of Austria, Bianca was married to the Grand-Duke in the Palazzo Vecchio, June 5, 1578, and enjoyed her dearly bought honours for eight years, until she perished with her husband, under strong suspicions of poison, during a visit of the Grand-Duke's brother and successor Ferdinando, who had always been the bitterest enemy of Bianca. Then Francesco was buried with all pomp in the family mausoleum at S. Lorenzo, but Bianca, wrapped in a sheet, was thrown into the common grave for the poor, under the nave of the same church.

‘ There, at Cajano,  
Where when the hawks were mewed and evening came,  
Pulci would set the table in a roar  
With his wild lay—there, where the sun descends,  
And hill and dale are lost, veiled with his beams,  
The fair Venetian died, she and her lord—  
Died of a posset drugged by him who sate  
And saw them suffer, flinging back the charge  
The murderer on the murdered.’

*Rogers' 'Italy.'*

The low-lying *Park*, with its ugly rows of poplars, and damp shrubberies and summer-houses on the river Ombrone, is greatly admired by the Florentines, but will not be thought worth a visit by foreigners, though there is an old proverb which says—

‘ Val più una lastra di Poggio a Cajano  
Che tutte le bellezze d' Artemino.’

The breed of buffaloes, afterwards so common in Italy, was first introduced at Poggio a Cajano by Lorenzo de' Medici.

About 4 miles from the Porta al Prato (most easily reached by tram from S. Maria Novella, or by rail, the station of Castello being close by; an order should be obtained from a banker) is the charming *Villa of Petraja*. It was bought by Ferdinando I., and adorned by *Buontalenti*. One tower only remains of the castle of the Brunelleschi, its ancient owners, who defended it in 1364 against the Pisans under the Condottiere Sir J. Hawkwood, who was then fighting against Florence. The gardens, on the southern slope of the Apennines, are most lovely. A beautiful fountain by *Tribolo* is surmounted by a Venus of *Giovanni da Bologna*: it is pronounced by Vasari to be 'the most beautiful of all fountains.' The loggie are adorned with frescoes by *Il Volterrano*. Here Scipione Ammirato, under the eyes of Cosimo and his son Ferdinando, wrote that history of Florence which procured him the name of the New Livy. The gardens have been greatly injured since the palace was occupied by Madame Miraflores, first the mistress and then the wife of King Victor Emmanuel.

In the valley below Petraja is the villa of *Castello*, which was the residence of the Medici before their elevation to the sovereignty. It was afterwards enlarged by *Tribolo* for Cosimo I., who died here of a malignant fever, April 1, 1574. Its beautiful fountain has a group of Hercules and Antaeus by *Ammanato*.

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About  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, either from the Porta al Prato or the Porta S. Gallo, is *Careggi* (Count Boutourlin), the most bewitching of all the Medicean villas, built in the most lovely situation for Cosimo Pater Patriae by *Michelozzi*. Its gardens are exquisitely beautiful, and its ancient rooms are full of interesting souvenirs of Lorenzo de' Medici. Here every 7th of November the banquet was held which

celebrated the birthday of Plato, and here Lorenzo lived happy in the cherished society of his especial friends, Pico della Mirandola and Politian. Here he watched over the education of Marsilio Ficino (who died here in the villa), the son of his physician, who was brought up in his house, and loved by him as a son, and hence he wrote to him when absent—‘Come to see me, dear Marsilio, as quickly as you can, and do not forget to bring with you the book of the divine Plato upon the sovereign good. There is no effort which I do not make to discover the path of true happiness. Come, I beg you, and do not forget to bring with you also the lyre of Orpheus.’ Here also it was that Lorenzo had his famous botanical garden. Here Pope Leo X. passed his childhood. Here (where on August 1, 1464, Cosimo Pater Patriae had died) what he called ‘the last evening of his winter’ came to Lorenzo the Magnificent. When forewarned by the symptoms of his illness that his end was approaching, he felt more strongly than ever his doubts and disquietude as to a future state. At the same time he was filled with anxieties as to the future political career of his son Pietro. On April 8, 1492, feeling that the supreme moment was at hand, he sought courage from his friend Politian, from whom he could not bear to be separated, and then, having taken the hand of Politian, and having demanded Pico della Mirandola, he discussed philosophy with him until the coming of Savonarola.

‘Lorenzo on that day was more conscious than he had yet been that his death was near at hand. He had called his son Pietro to him, had given him his parting advice, and had bid him a last farewell. When his friends, who were not allowed to be present at that interview, returned to the chamber, and had made his son retire, as his presence agitated Lorenzo too much, he expressed a wish to see Pico della Mirandola again, who immediately hastened to him. It appeared as if the sweet expression of that benevolent and gentle young man had soothed him a little, for he said to him, “I should have died unhappy if I had not first been cheered by a sight of thy face.” Pico had no sooner retired than Savonarola entered, and approached respectfully the bed of the dying Lorenzo, who said that there were three sins he wished to confess to him, and for which he asked absolution: the sacking of Volterra; the money taken from the *Monte delle Fanciulle*, which had

caused so many deaths ; and the bloodshed after the conspiracy of the Piazzì. While saying this he again became agitated, and Savonarola tried to calm him, by frequently repeating, "God is good, God is merciful !" Lorenzo had scarcely left off speaking, when Savonarola added, "Three things are required of you." "And what are they, father?" replied Lorenzo. Savonarola's countenance became grave, and, raising the fingers of his right hand, he thus began : "First, it is necessary that you should have a full and lively faith in the mercy of God." "That I have most fully." "Secondly, it is necessary to restore that which you unjustly took away, or enjoin your sons to restore it for you." This requirement appeared to cause him surprise and grief ; however, with an effort, he gave his consent by a nod of his head. Savonarola then rose up, and while the dying prince shrank with terror upon his bed, the confessor seemed to rise above himself when saying, "Lastly, you must restore liberty to the people of Florence." His countenance was solemn, his voice almost terrible ; his eyes, as if to read the answer, remained fixed intently on those of Lorenzo, who, collecting all the strength that nature had left him, turned his back on him scornfully, without uttering a word. And thus Savonarola left him without giving him absolution ; and the Magnificent, lacerated by remorse, soon after breathed his last.'—*Pasquale Villari*. (Translation by *Leonard Horner*.)

## CHAPTER VII.

### VALLOMBROSA AND THE CASENTINO.

Travellers who visit Vallombrosa alone will do well to drive direct from Florence. Vallombrosa may easily be visited in a long summer day. Carriages, at fixed and moderate prices, may be obtained from Francesco Somigli, Piazza dei Giudici.

Those who visit La Vernia and Camaldoli may take the first train to the station of Pontassieve, and there, from Giuseppe Fabbrini, Locanda del Vapore (not from the vetturini at the station, whose horses are wretched), may engage a *legnetto* at 12 frs., or a carriage for four people at 20 frs. a day, for the excursion. Those who wish to find their carriage ready at the station must write beforehand.

With the carriage it will be best to proceed first to the *Croce di Savoia* at Vallombrosa, going next day to La Vernia, and sleeping at Bibbiena. Thence one must return as far as Poppi to take the new road to Camaldoli.

La Vernia is the most remarkable of the monasteries; then, from its situation, Vallombrosa. Camaldoli is chiefly worth while to those who are interested in the story of S. Romualdo. The accommodation at Vallombrosa is tolerable and at Camaldoli is good.

THE picturesque village of *Pelago* is about 5 miles from Pontassieve. Hence a new carriage-road ascends through pine woods, which recall Norway or Switzerland, to the beautiful meadows, fresh with running streams and most brilliant with spring flowers, at the end of which stands *Vallombrosa* (Inn: *Croce di Savoia*). It would seem as if the recollection of this ascent had suggested the lines of Milton—

‘ So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,

Access denied ; and overhead up grew  
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm  
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view.'—*Paradise Lost*, iv. 131.

' Here sublime

The mountains live in holy families,  
 And the slow pine woods ever climb and climb  
 Half up their breasts, just stagger as they seize  
 Some grey crag, drop back with it many a time,  
 And struggle blindly down the precipice.

O waterfalls

And forests ! sound and silence ! mountains bare  
 That leap up peak by peak and catch the palls  
 Of purple and silver mist to rend and share  
 With one another, at electric calls  
 Of life in the sunbeams,—till we cannot dare  
 Fix your shapes, count your number ! we must think  
 Your beauty and your glory helped to fill  
 The cup of Milton's soul so to the brink,  
 He never more was thirsty when God's will  
 Had shattered to his sense the last chain-link  
 By which he had drawn from Nature's visible  
 The fresh well-water. Satisfied by this,  
 He sang of Adam's paradise and smiled,  
 Remembering Vallombrosa. Therefore is  
 The place divine to English man and child,  
 And pilgrims leave their soul here in a kiss.'

*Eliz. Barrett-Browning.*

Originally Vallombrosa bore the name of Acqua Bella. The convent owes its origin to the penitence of S. Giovanni Gualberto (see S. Miniato), who first lived here in a little hut. Other hermits collected around him, and as the numbers increased, he found it necessary to form the community into an order and gave them the rule of S. Benedict, adding some additional obligations, especially that of silence. Yet the rule was less severe than that of the Camaldolese. Only twenty years had passed from the time of his death, when Giovanni Gualberto was canonised, and within the first century of its existence his order possessed fifty abbeys. The

abbots of Vallombrosa sate in the Florentine Senate, with the title of Counts of Monte Verde and Gualdo, and they could arrest, try, and imprison their vassals without reference to any other court. The habit of the Vallombrosans was light grey, but the late monks wore a black cloak and a large hat when abroad. The greatest severity was used towards them during the suppression of the religious orders,



Vallombrosa.

and scurrilous libels upon the past history of Vallombrosa were purposely circulated. Yet the records of the Archivio show that in old times as many as 229,761 loaves of bread were distributed here to the poor in three years (1750-53), not inclusive of the hospitalities of the Foresteria, and in the same short space of time as many as 40,300 beech-trees were planted on the neighbouring mountains by the monks.



The buildings of Vallombrosa are inferior in interest to those of other sanctuaries, and it owes its celebrity chiefly to its beautiful name and to the allusion of Milton. The church is handsome. The vast convent was chiefly built, as it now stands, by the Abbot Averardo Nicolini in 1637. While the monks remained, strangers were always hospitably received here.

‘ Vallombrosa ;  
Così fu nominata una badia  
Ricca e bella, nè men religiosa  
E cortese a chiunque vi venia—’

*Orlando Furioso*, xxii. 36.

Since the suppression under the Sardinian Government, the place has lost many of its characteristic features, and the monastic buildings are used as a Pension in the summer.

All around the former convent are woods, the woods which came back to Milton's memory when he wrote :—

‘ Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,  
High overarch'd, imbower ’—

(*Paradise Lost*, i. 303)

and which in the present century have been celebrated in a poem by Alphonse de Lamartine. But nowhere has the mad destruction of trees in Italy been carried to such an excess as at Vallombrosa. An Englishman vainly offered to pay the fullest timber price for some of the finest trees which adorned the ascent from Pelago if they might be left standing in their places ; his offer was refused, and every tree of any age or beauty was destroyed. The noble wood on the ridge of the hill which sheltered all the young plantations has been ruthlessly annihilated in the same way. Away with it, cut it down, root it up, is always the cry of an Italian official against a fine tree—and all remonstrance is in vain.

It is worth while to ascend to the Hermitage and Chapel of *Il Paradisino*, some way farther up the mountain, for the sake of the view. The scagliola decorations in the chapel were executed by Henry Hugford, an Englishman, who sought a retreat here.

A very long ascent from Pontassieve, of ten dreary miles, leads to the entrance of the Casentino. Near the summit is the miserable village of *Consuma*, which derives its strange name from the death of one Adam, who was burnt alive here for having forged false florins of the Republic at the instigation of the counts of Romena. A short distance beyond and we look down upon the rich valley of the Upper Arno, called *Il Casentino*. Hence we first catch sight, in the distance to the left, of the arid brown steep of Alvernia, 'the Holy Mountain' of S. Francis. The road passes through the village of *Borgo alla Collina*, with a castle which was bestowed by the Florentine Republic upon Cristofano Landino, as a reward for his commentary on Dante; he is preserved like a mummy in the parish church. Descending into the valley, we cross the plain of *Campaldino*, where the Ghibelline troops of Arezzo were completely routed by the Florentine Guelfs, and where their famous warrior-bishop, Guglielmo Ubertini, was killed, June 11, 1289. Dante was present.

'C'est dans la plaine de Campaldino, aujourd'hui riant et couverte de vignes, qu'eut lieu un rude combat entre les guelfes de Florence et les *fuorisciti* gibelins, secondés par les Arétins. Dante combattit au premier rang de la cavalerie florentine, car il fallait que cet homme, dont la vie fut si complète, avant d'être théologien, diplomate, poète, eût été soldat. Il avait alors vingt-quatre ans. Lui-même racontait cette bataille dans une lettre dont il ne reste que quelques lignes. "A la bataille de Campaldino, le parti gibelin fut presque entièrement mort et défait. Je m'y trouvai novice dans les armes; j'y eus grande crainte, et, sur la fin, grande allégresse, à cause des diverses chances de la bataille." Il ne faut pas voir dans cette phrase l'aveu d'un manque de courage, qui ne pouvait se trouver dans une âme trempée comme celle d'Alighieri. La seule *peur* qu'il eut, c'est que la bataille ne fût perdue. En effet, les Florentins parurent d'abord battus; la cavalerie arétine fit plier leur infanterie; mais ce premier avantage de l'ennemi le perdit en divisant ses forces.

'A cette courte campagne nous devons peut-être un des morceaux les plus admirables et les plus célèbres de *la Divine Comédie*. Ce fut alors que Dante fit amitié avec Bernardino della Polenta, frère de cette Françoise de Ravenne que le lieu de sa mort a fait appeler à tort Françoise de Rimini. On peut croire que l'amitié du poète pour

le frère l'a rendu encore plus sensible aux infortunes de la sœur.'—  
*Ampère.*

Crowning a hill about a mile to the right of the road is the town of *Poppi*, the old capital of the Casentino. Its castle, something like the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence on a small scale, was built by *Arnolfo del Cambio*, in 1274, for Count Simone, grandson of Count Guido Guerra. It stands grandly at the end of the town, girdled by low towers. In



In the Castle of Poppi.

its courtyard is a most picturesque staircase, quite different (as will be seen by the annexed woodcut) from that of the Bargello at Florence, which is wrongly said to have been copied from it. In the chapel are frescoes attributed to *Spinello Aretino*. A chamber is shown as that of 'la buona Gualdrada,' mentioned by Dante (*Inf.* xvi. 37), the beautiful daughter of Bellincione Berti, who declared to Otho IV., when he demanded her name, that she was the daughter of

a man who would compel her to embrace him ; upon which the maiden herself arose and said, 'No man living shall ever embrace me, unless he is my husband.' Dante stayed here as the guest of the Contessa Battifolli.

About 4 miles beyond Poppi is the pleasant little town of *Bibbiena* (*Inn: Locanda di Fr. Amadori*), which contains a fine work of one of the Robbias, in the *Church of S. Lorenzo*. Here Bernardo Dovizi, 1470-1520, was born, the secretary and friend of Giovanni de' Medici, who, when raised to the pontificate as Leo X., made him Cardinal Bibbiena. Raffaele painted the fine portrait of this Cardinal now in the Pitti Palace, and might, had he been willing, have married his niece.

Forsyth recalls how Bibbiena has been

'Long renowned for its chestnuts, which the peasants dry in a kiln, grind into a sweet flour, and then turn into bread, cakes, and *polenta*. Old Burchiello sports on the chestnuts of Bibbiena in these curious verses, which are more intelligible than the barber's usual strains :—

"Ogni castagna in camicia e 'n pelliccia  
Scoppia, e salta pel caldo, e fa trictacche,  
Nasce in mezzo del mondo in cioppa riccia ;  
Secca, lessa, e arsiccia  
Si da per frutte a desinar e a cena ;  
Questi sono i confetti da Bibbiena."

Here we must leave our carriage, and engage horses for the ascent to *La Vernia*, or Alvernia. The convent occupies the summit of a mountain, which was bestowed upon S. Francis, in 1224, by the knight Orlando da Chiusi, who was moved thereto by the preaching of the saint in the castle of Montefeltro. 'I have a mountain,' said Orlando, 'in Tuscany, a devout and solitary place, called Mount Alvernia, far from the haunts of men, well fitted for him who would do penance for his sins, or desires to lead a solitary life ; this, if it please thee, I will freely give to thee and thy companions for the welfare of my soul.' S. Francis gladly accepted, but the monks who first took possession of the rocky plateau, and built cells there with the branches of

trees, had to have a guard of fifty armed men to protect them from the wild beasts.

Our path crosses the torrent Corselone, and then begins at once to ascend. The whole of the way is alive with the recollections of S. Francis, as given in the *Fioretti*. It was in the woods which we pass through that he vanquished demons in conflict, during his first ascent, while his companions, overwhelmed with fatigue, had fallen asleep in the shade. Then,—

‘Beating his breast, he sought after Jesus, the beloved of his soul, and having found Him at last, in the secret of his heart, now he spoke reverently to Him as his Lord, now he made answer to Him as his judge, now he besought Him as his father; now he conversed with Him as his friend. On that night and in that wood, his companions, awaking and listening to him, heard him with many tears and cries implore the Divine mercy on behalf of sinners.’

Leaving the wood we enter upon the steeper and hotter part of the ascent, where—

‘The next morning his companions, knowing that he was too weak to walk, went to a poor labourer of the country, and prayed him, for the love of God, to lend his ass to Brother Francis their father, for he was not able to travel on foot. Then that good man made ready the ass, and with great reverence caused S. Francis to mount thereon. And when they had gone forward a little, the peasant said to S. Francis, “Tell me, art thou Brother Francis of Assisi?” And S. Francis answered, “Yes.” “Take heed, then,” said the peasant, “that thou be in truth as good as all men account thee; for many have great faith in thee, and therefore I admonish thee to be no other than what the people take thee for.” And when S. Francis heard these words, he was not angry at being thus admonished by a peasant, but instantly dismounting from the ass, he knelt down upon the ground before that poor man, and, kissing his feet, humbly thanked him for that his charitable admonition.’

We skirt the stream, which the legend says issued forth from the hard rock by virtue of the prayers of S. Francis, and lastly, as we reach the green meadows below the convent, we see, upon the right, a group of old trees, shading some rocks and untouched by the axe, for—

‘As they drew near to Alvernia, it pleased S. Francis to rest a while

under an oak, which may still be seen there, and from thence he began to consider the position of the place and the country. And while he was thus considering, behold there came a great multitude of birds of divers regions, which, by singing and clapping their wings, testified great joy and gladness, and surrounded S. Francis in such wise that some perched on his shoulders, some on his arms, some on his bosom, and others at his feet, which when his companions and the peasant saw, they marvelled greatly; but S. Francis, being joyful of heart, said to him, "I believe, dearest brethren, that our Lord Jesus Christ is pleased that we should dwell on this solitary mount, inasmuch as our brothers and sisters, the birds, show such joy at our coming."<sup>1</sup>



Approach to La Vernia.

From hence we see the conventual buildings most picturesquely grouped on the perpendicular rocks, which rise abruptly from the grass, and backed by woods of pine and beech. Here it was that Brother Leo often imagined that—

‘He beheld S. Francis rapt in God and suspended above the earth, sometimes at the height of three feet above the ground, sometimes four, sometimes raised as high as the beech-trees, and sometimes so exalted in the air, and surrounded by so dazzling a glory, that he could scarce endure to look upon him.’

<sup>1</sup> Madame George Sand declared herself to have the same extraordinary attractive power over all animals which characterised S. Francis.

A rock-hewn path takes us to the arched gateway of the sanctuary, which has been greatly enlarged at many different periods since its foundation by S. Francis in 1213, but which to Roman Catholics will ever be one of the most sacred spots in the world, from its connection with the saint, who always passed two months here in retreat, and who is here believed to have received the stigmata, by which he was more especially likened to the great Master whose example he was always following.

‘ Nel crudo sasso, intra Tevere ed Arno,  
Da Cristo prese l’ ultimo sigillo  
Che le sue membra du’ anni portarno.’

*Dante, Par. xi. 106.*

‘ It was here that S. Francis learned the tongues of the beasts and birds, and preached them sermons. Stretched for hours motionless on the bare rocks, coloured like them, and rough like them in his brown peasant’s serge, he prayed and meditated, saw the vision of Christ crucified, and planned his order to regenerate a vicious age. So still he lay, so long, so like a stone, so gentle were his eyes, so kind and low his voice, that the mice nibbled bread-crumbs from his wallet, lizards ran over him, and larks sang to him in the air. Here, too, in those long solitary vigils, the Spirit of God came upon him, and the spirit of Nature was even as God’s Spirit, and he sang: “*Laudato sia Dio mio Signore, con tutte le creature, specialmente messer lo frate sole; per suor luna, e per le stelle; per frate vento, e per l’aria e nuvolo, e sereno, e ogni tempo.*” Half the value of this hymn would be lost were we to forget how it was written, in what solitudes and mountains far from men, or to ticket it with some cold word like Pantheism. Pantheism it is not, but an acknowledgment of that brotherhood, beneath the love of God, by which the sun and moon and stars, and wind and air and cloud, and clearness and all weather, and all creatures, are bound together with the soul of man.

‘ Here is a sentence of *Imitatio* which throws some light upon the hymn of S. Francis, by explaining the value of natural beauty for monks who spent their lives in studying death. “If thy heart were right, then would every creature be to thee a mirror of life and a book of holy doctrine. There is no creature so small and vile that does not show forth the goodness of God.” With this sentence bound about their foreheads, walked Fra Angelico and S. Francis. To men like them the mountains, valleys, and the skies, and all that they contained, were full of deep significance. Though they reasoned “*de conditione humane miserie,*” and “*de contemptu mundi,*” yet the

whole world was a pageant of God's glory, a poem to His goodness. Their chastened senses, pure hearts, and simple wills were as wings by which they soared above the things of earth, and sent the music of their souls aloft with every other creature in the symphony of praise. To them, as to Blake, the sun was no mere blazing disc or ball, but an innumerable company of the heavenly host, singing, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty." To them the winds were brothers, and the streams sisters—brethren in common dependence upon God their father, brethren in common consecration to His service, brethren by blood, brethren by vows of holiness. Perfect faith rendered this world no puzzle; they overlooked the things of sense because the



The Gate of La Vernia.

spiritual things were ever present, and as clear as day. Yet they did not forget that spiritual things are symbolised by things of sense; and so the smallest herb of grass was vital to their tranquil contemplations. We, who have lost sight of the invisible world, who set our affections more on things of earth, fancy that because these monks despised the world, and did not write about its landscapes, therefore they were dead to its beauty. This is mere vanity: the mountains, stars, seas, fields, and living things were only swallowed up in one thought of God, and made subordinate to the awfulness of human destinies. We to whom hills are hills, and seas are seas, and stars are ponderable quantities, speak, write, and reason of them as of objects interesting in themselves. The monks were less concerned about such things because they only



found in them the vestibules and symbols of a hidden mystery.'—*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. xiv.

La Vernia is one of the few great religious shrines which have not been confiscated by the avarice of the Sardinian Government. Fortunately it originally belonged to the Arte di Lana, who conceded it to the Grand-Dukes; they in their turn made it over to the Municipality of Florence, who have defended their property. Annually the representatives of the Municipality come in mediæval fashion, plant their standard on the convent platform, and inspect the buildings and woods. A hundred and seven brown Franciscan monks still reside in the vast buildings. They all change their names when they 'enter into religion,' and take that of some saint to whom they especially devote themselves. On payment of the sum of 100 frs. any peasant may become a Franciscan monk, with the prospect of eventually entering the priesthood. At La Vernia about 125 frs. are required at the end of the novitiate for *titolo di vestiario*, or the expense of the habit. Strangers are most hospitably received by the monks, and share with them the fare which they have, though it is of a most wretched description. They have no property whatever except the garden where their salad is raised, and the neighbouring bosco. In the summer, when the air is always fresh on these mountain heights, and the woods resound with nightingales, their residence is pleasant enough, but it is terribly severe during the nine months of winter, and the cold is intolerable in their fireless cells. Eight hours of the twenty-four are passed in the church, one hour and a half being soon after midnight. Thrice in the week the monks kneel in the midnight around the marble slab where the stigmata were inflicted, and as the five lamps in memory of the five wounds of S. Francis are extinguished, they scourge themselves in the total darkness, and the clashing of the iron chains of their self-inflicted punishment mingles with the melancholy howl of the winds around the stone corridor. Twice in the twenty-four hours they join in a chanting procession down the long covered gallery on

the mountain edge in honour of the stigmata. During the remaining hours those monks who have to preach study for their sermons (the famous preacher Ferrara is a Franciscan), the doctors of the poor employ themselves in the *spezieria*, others perform the manual labour of the vast establishment. They take little notice of the events of the outer world, and, as far as is apparent, seem contented with their monotonous lot. We asked some of them if they never felt tired of it—‘Ah no; life is so short, but eternity so long.’ Seeing the exquisite beauty of the bosco in spring, with its carpet of violets, primroses, daffodils, cyclamen, squills, saxifrage, and a thousand other flowers, we asked a monk if their loveliness was not a pleasure to him—‘Ma perchè? non mi sono mai confuso con la botanica,’ was the answer.

Subsisting entirely on the alms of the surrounding farmers and contadini, the monks, after a fashion, pay back what they have received on the great festas when the pilgrimages to La Vernia take place. Then all the pilgrims, often to the number of 300, are received, and, if they require it, are fed; not in guest-rooms, of which there are only twenty-four, these being generally required for ‘personaggi,’ but encampments are made for them in the bosco, or on the broad flagged terraces, upon which the brown figures of the monks—as they pace up and down and are relieved against the pale blue distance of the mountains—look as if the statues of S. Francis and S. Antonio had stepped from their niches and come back into life.

‘Je me sentais avec Dante en ce lieu tout plein de la mémoire des miracles de saint François, sur cet âpre rocher de l’Apennin, d’où s’est répandu sur le monde l’ordre fameux qui a régénéré le catholicisme du moyen âge, et dont le poète du catholicisme et du moyen âge a si magnifiquement exalté le fondateur. La foi du XIII<sup>e</sup> siècle était encore là. Le frère Jean-Baptiste me conduisit aux divers lieux témoins des merveilles opérées par saint François. En me racontant ces merveilles, il semblait les voir. “C’est ici,” disait-il, “que le miracle s’accomplit; le saint était là où je suis.” Et, en prononçant ces paroles, la physionomie, la voix, les gestes du frère Jean-Baptiste exprimaient une invincible certitude. Il m’a montré des rochers fendus et brisés par

quelque accident géologique, et m'a dit : "Voyez comme le sein de la terre a été déchiré dans la nuit où le Christ est descendu aux enfers pour y chercher les âmes des justes morts avant sa venue ! Comment expliquer autrement ce désordre ? Ceci, ce n'est pas moi qui vous le raconte : vous le voyez de vos yeux, vous le voyez !"

'J'écoutais avec d'autant plus d'intérêt, que Dante fait allusion à la même croyance. Pour passer dans le cercle des violents, il lui faut franchir un éboulement de rochers auquel Virgile, son guide, attribue une semblable origine. Il le rapporte de même au tremblement qui agita l'abîme le jour où le Christ descendit. Virgile dit exactement à Dante ce que me disait le frère Jean-Baptiste.'<sup>1</sup>—*Ampère.*

The principal *Church* contains several fine works of *the*



Courtyard, La Vernia.

*della Robbia family*, that of the Ascension being quite magnificent. The church opens upon the terraced platform where Orlando finally made over the mountain to the saint, and where, on their first arrival—

'S. Francis caused his companions to sit down, and taught them the manner of life they were to keep, that they might live religiously in this solitude ; and, among other things, most earnestly did he enjoin on them the strict observance of holy poverty, saying, "Let not Orlando's charitable offer cause you in any way to offend against our lady and mistress, holy Poverty." God has called us into this holy religion for

<sup>1</sup> *Inf.* xii. 34.

the salvation of the world, and has made this compact between the world and us, that we should give it good example, and that it should provide for our necessities. Let us, then, persevere in holy poverty; for it is the way of perfection, and the pledge of eternal riches.'

Close by is the site of the great beech-tree, which overshadowed the first cell—*tuguriolo*—of S. Francis, *atto e divoto alla orazione*—in which he lived while the convent was building, and where he sought the guidance of God by making the sign of the cross over his Bible, and then opening it at a venture. Each time the book opened at the story of the passion of our Saviour, and hence he deduced that the remaining years of his life (for he was already in failing health) were to be as one long martyrdom, and that, in the words of his biographer Celano, 'through much anguish and many struggles he should enter the kingdom of God.' The stone altar is shown whither Christ descended to hold visible converse with his servant. Beneath this is a chaotic valley of rocks, rising in huge and fantastic pinnacles against one another, and, according to the legend, riven and reft into these strange forms at the time of the crucifixion. Over these rocks, fifty-three mètres high, it is said that the Devil hurled S. Francis, and the hole is shown upon which he lodged, when 'the stone became as liquid wax to receive him.' In the inmost recesses of the deepest cleft is the secret caverned space, where, perpetually chanting the penitential Psalms, S. Francis passed the 'Lent of S. Michael.' One monk alone, Brother Leo, was permitted to approach him, once in the day with a little bread and water, and once at night, and, when he reached the narrow causeway at the entrance, was bidden to say, '*Domine labia mea aperies*;' when, if an answer came, he might enter the cell and repeat matins with his master; but if there was silence he must forthwith depart. In a second cave, covered with iron to prevent its being carried away piecemeal by the faithful, is a great flat stone—'*il letto di San Francesco*.' Outside is the point of rock where—

'Through all that Lent, a falcon, whose nest was hard by his cell, awakened S. Francis every night a little before the hour of matins by

her cry and the flapping of her wings, and would not leave him till he had risen to say matins ; and if at any time S. Francis was more sick than ordinary, or weak, or weary, that falcon, like a discreet and charitable Christian, would call him somewhat later than was her wont. And S. Francis took great delight in this clock of his, because the great carefulness of the falcon drove away all slothfulness, and summoned him to prayers ; and, moreover, during the day-time she would often abide familiarly with him.'

In another chapel is shown the grave of all the monks of La Vernia who have died in 'the odour of sanctity,' that is, who have been distinguished by blue lights—corpse-candles—hovering over their dead bodies. In another is the cell of S. Bonaventura, in another that of S. Antony of Padua, who came here into retreat, but was driven away by ill-health. The Chapel of the Stigmata contains one of the largest and grandest works of *Andrea della Robbia*—a Crucifixion, with the Virgin and S. John, S. Jerome and S. Francis, standing at the foot of the cross, surrounded by the most beautiful weeping and adoring angels.

'The great church contains one of *Andrea della Robbia's* sweetest Nativities, together with an Annunciation very like the lunette of the Spedale degli Innocenti ; in the Chiesina we have a large relief of the Madonna giving the measure of the chapel to S. Bonaventura, dated 1486 ; while the Chapel of the Stigmata—the Holy of Holies—has a grand Crucifixion, the finest rendering of the subject in Della Robbia art. The heads of the saints, S. John, S. Benedict, and others, at the foot of the cross, are unequalled in beauty of expression ; that of Francis himself, in its intensity of yearning, reminds us of S. Giovanni Gualberto in Perugino's Vallombrosa altar-piece, and every shade of grief and wonder is displayed in the gestures and faces of the angels hiding their eyes and clasping their hands wildly together, as they hover round the dying Lord. Nowhere does *Andrea* better reveal the depths of feeling that lived in his gentle breast ; never before had terra-cotta been used to express passion so profound, or emotions of so varied and subtle a nature.'—*Brit. Quart. Review*, Oct. 1885.

This chapel occupies that point in the desert where the story tells that—

'S. Francis, being inflamed by the devout contemplation of the Passion of Jesus Christ, beheld a seraph descending from heaven with six fiery and resplendent wings, bearing the image of One crucified.'

And while S Francis marvelled much at such a stupendous vision, it was revealed to him that by Divine Providence this vision had been shown to him that he might understand that not by the martyrdom of his body, but by the consuming fire of the soul, he was to be transformed into the express image of Christ. 'Then did all the Mont' Alvernia appear wrapped in intense fire, which illuminated all the mountains and valleys around, as it were the sun shining in his strength upon the earth, whence the shepherds who were watching their flocks in that country were filled with fear, as they themselves afterwards told the brethren, affirming that this light had been visible on Mont' Alvernia for upwards of an hour, and because of the brightness of that light, which shone through the windows of the inn where they were resting, muleteers who were travelling in the Romagna arose in haste, supposing that the sun had risen, and saddled and loaded their beasts; but as they journeyed on they saw that light disappear and the visible sun arise.'

'In this seraphic apparition, Christ spoke certain high and secret things to S. Francis, saying, "Knowest thou what I have done to thee? I have given thee the stigmata which are the ensigns of my Passion, that thou mayest be my standard-bearer." And when the marvellous vision disappeared, upon the hands and feet of S. Francis, the print of the nails began immediately to appear, as he had seen them in the body of Christ crucified. In like manner, on the right side appeared the image of an unhealed wound, as if made by a lance, still red and bleeding, from which drops of blood often flowed and stained the tunic of S. Francis. Although these sacred wounds impressed upon him by Christ afterwards gave great joy to his heart, yet they caused unspeakable pain to his body; so that, being constrained by necessity, he made choice of Brother Leo, for his great purity and simplicity, and suffered him to touch and dress his wounds on all days except during the time from Thursday evening to Saturday morning, for then he would not by any human remedy mitigate the pain of Christ's Passion, which he bore in his body, because at that time our Saviour Jesus Christ was taken and crucified and died for us.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Celano, the earliest biographer of S. Francis, wrote three years after his death, and must have been in possession of everything then known and believed on the subject of the Stigmata. The 'Three Companions' did not compose their narrative until twenty years after his death; but they were his constant companions during his life, and two out of the three are reported to have been with him on Mount Alverno. Bonaventura is the latest of all. His work was written in 1263, thirty-

Another chapel contains an Assumption by one of the Robbias. The Madonna is portrayed as giving the measure of this very chapel to S. Bonaventura, by whom it was built. The measure thus consecrated has never been altered, though an ante-chapel has been added, containing a Robbia Nativity and a Pietà.

'The poor friars of La Vernia are more loved and respected by the people who feed them than any of the chartered orders. Obligated and obliging, they mix intimately with the peasants, as counsellors and comforters and friends. In hospitals, in prisons, and on the scaffold, in short wherever there is misery, you find Franciscans allaying it. Having nothing, yet possessing all things, they live in the apostolical state.'—*Forsyth* (1811).

Most beautiful are the forest walks behind the convent, fragrant with the memories of holy Franciscan monks. 'In these woods,' says Sir J. Stephen, 'S. Francis wandered in the society of Poverty, his wedded wife; relying for support on Him alone by whom the ravens are fed, and awakening the echoes of the mountains by his devout songs and fervent ejaculations.' Here, in the beech avenues, Brother James of Massa beheld in a vision all the Friars-Minor in the form of a tree, from whose branches the evil monks were shaken by storms into perdition, while the good monks were carried by the angels into life eternal. Here the venerable Brother John of Fermo wandered, weeping and sighing in the restless search after divine love, till, when his patience was sufficiently tried, Christ the Blessed ap-

seven years after the death of the saint; but he had lived all his life among those who had known and loved Francis, and had the fullest information at his command.

'Contemporary witnesses of perfect trustworthiness and high character believed in the fact of the Stigmata, and vouch for it. It is not an afterthought, a pious invention for the use of a canonising Pope, but the evident belief of the time, arising out of something in the life of Francis which attracted the wonder and curiosity and eager guesses of his companions. With a few exceptions, the wonder was received with perfect faith by his generation. It was affirmed and proclaimed authoritatively by two Popes, who were his personal friends, and must have had means of knowing whether the tale was false or true. One of them, indeed, Pope Alexander VI., Bonaventura tells us, publicly asserted that he had himself seen the mysterious wounds. The evidence altogether is of a kind which it is almost equally difficult to accept or to reject. There is sufficient weight of testimony, when fully considered, to stagger the stoutest unbeliever; and there is too much vagueness and generality to make the most believing mind quite comfortable in its faith.'—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

peared to him in the forest-path, and, with many precious words, restored to him the gift of divine grace. And 'for a long time after, whenever Brother John followed the path in the forest where the blessed feet of Christ had passed, he saw the same wonderful light and breathed the same sweet odour' which had come to him with the vision of his Saviour. From the highest part of the rock, called *La Penna*, is the most gloripus view. In the depths of the gorges beneath, on one side rises the Arno, and on the other, in the mountain of *La Falterona*, is the source of the Tiber.

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Most travellers will follow the carriage-road from Bibbiena to Camaldoli. The direct path is a wild and most exhausting ride of five hours. Descending between the beautiful moss-grown trees and steep rocks of Alvernia, the way (impossible without a guide) winds through woods to *Soci*, a flourishing village with manufactories of cloth. After this it is a stony road, ascending into arid and hideous earth-mountains. Crossing the highest ridge, it descends rapidly into a deep valley backed by pine-woods, and fresh with streams and flowers, an oasis in a most dreary wilderness. Here, in the depth of the gorge, close to the torrent Giogana, is the immense mass of the *Convent of Camaldoli*, originally called *Fonte Buona*, which was founded by S. Romualdo, about A.D. 1000, and became the cradle of his order.

The ancient buildings were strongly fortified, and successfully withstood a siege by the Duke of Urbino and the Venetians in 1498, when forty of the assailants were killed and the Duke himself wounded. It was again successfully defended against the forces of Piero de' Medici, when he was attempting to regain his lost power in Florence, by the abbot Basilio Nardi, who is introduced by Vasari in one of his battle-pieces in the Palazzo Vecchio. On this occasion, according to monkish legend, S. Romualdo visibly fought in defence of his foundation. The present edifice has little



interest, having been rebuilt under *Vasari* in 1523. The *Foresteria* is now an excellent *Hotel* (*Grande Albergo*) belonging to the proprietors of the *Hotels del Arno* and *Gran Bretagna* at Florence, and forms a delightful summer retreat. From the *Sala dell' Accademia*, 'where Christophorus Landinus, Lorenzo de' Medici, and Marsilius Ficinus held examinations,' there is a beautiful view down the forest-clad gorge. The fine library has been dispersed, and the only literary treasure remaining is a commentary on the earlier part of the Psalms, written by S. Romualdo in the eleventh



Camaldoli.

century. The church contains some pictures by *Vasari*. The grave of a Bishop of Antwerp, who died here, a refugee from persecution, has the touching inscription: 'Hic jacet Cornelius Fran. de Nelli, Episc. Anverp., peccator et peregrinus.' In the *Cappella del Infermeria* is a Christ in the Desert—a good work of *Raffaellino del Garbo*. The famous painter on glass, Guglielmo da Marcilla (1475–1537), bequeathed his property with his body to the monks of Camaldoli. The dependent buildings of the convent included a well-managed farm, a forge, carpenter's shop, a mill, and the *sega* or saw-mill which is worked by the torrent. The

charities of the monks of Camaldoli were proverbial; 1000 families of the Casentino depended on the convent for work or help. In addition to other alms, 600 loaves of bread were weekly prepared in the bakehouse for the destitute poor.

The monks of Camaldoli follow the rules approved in 1671 by Clement X. Their principal observances consist in psalm-singing, meditation, and the labour of their hands. They never meet at a common table except on the great feasts of the Church, and when the General Chapter is sitting. They never eat meat, and that which they call fasting is abstinence from eggs and anything cooked with butter, and on days which are not fast-days their portion is confined to three eggs, or six ounces of fresh or four of salt fish. Their dress is a white robe and scapulary, with a woollen girdle. The famous Cardinal Placido Zurla, and Mauro Cappellari—afterwards Pope Gregory XVI.—were Camaldolese monks. The painters Lorenzo Monaco and Giovanni degli Angeli also belonged to this order.

About an hour's walk through the forest higher up the valley, on a grassy plateau, is a second convent, or rather little street of twenty-four hermitages, called *Il Sacro Eremo*, which is interesting from its connection with the story of S. Romualdo, a member of the noble family of the Onesti of Ravenna, who was led to embrace the monastic life from the horror he experienced when present at a duel in which his father slew a near relation of his house. He first entered the monastery of S. Apollinare in Classe, where his austerities soon made him odious to the more lukewarm monks, and caused him to retire into the deserts of Catalonia, where he was joined by many disciples. In 1009 he received, from the Counts of Maldoli, a gift of the lands upon which this, his greatest monastery, was founded, and which has ever borne the name of Campo-Maldoli, Camaldoli. By the observances which he here added to the rule of S. Benedict, he gave birth to the new order of Camaldoli, which united a cenobite and an eremite life. At the Sacro Eremo he saw in a vision his monks mounting in white robes by a ladder to heaven, and so changed the habit from

black to white.<sup>1</sup> The first inhabitants of the hermitages were the five chosen companions of S. Romualdo—Dagnino, Benedetto, Gisso, Teuzzzone, and Pietro.

‘The whole hermitage is enclosed within a wall; none are allowed to go out of it; but the hermits may walk in the woods and alleys within the enclosure at discretion.

‘Everything is sent them from the monastery in the valley; the food is every day brought to each cell; and all are supplied with wood and necessities, that they may have no dissipation or hindrance in their contemplation. Many hours of the day are allotted to particular exercises, and no rain or snow prevents any one from meeting in the church to assist at the divine office. They are obliged to strict silence in all public common places; and everywhere during their Lents, also on Sundays, Holy days, Fridays, and other days of abstinence, and always from complin till sunrise the next day.

‘For a severer solitude, S. Romualdo added a third kind of life, that of a recluse. After a holy life in the hermitage, the superior grants leave to any that ask it, and seem called by God, to live for ever shut up in their cells, never speaking to any one but to the superior when he visits them, and to the brother who brings them necessities. Their prayers and austerities are doubled and their fasts more severe and more frequent. S. Romualdo condemned himself to this kind of life for several years; and fervent imitations have never since failed in this solitude.’—*Alban Butler*.

The Sacro Eremo or Sant’ Ermo<sup>2</sup> is mentioned by Dante, apropos of the death of Buonconte di Montefeltro, slain on the banks of Archiano, a torrent which flows into the Arno, and has its source near Camaldoli:—

‘Che sovra l’ Ermo nasce in Apennino.’—*Purg.* v. 96.

One of the highest points of the ridge of the *Prato a Soglio* is that called *Poggio a Scali*, which, as Ariosto says—

‘Scopre il mar Schiavo e ’l Tosco  
Dal giogo, onde a Camaldoli si viene.’<sup>3</sup>

The view is certainly one of the finest in this part of

<sup>1</sup> This vision is the subject of the famous altar-piece of Andrea Sacchi, painted for the church of the Camaldolesi at Rome, and now in the Vatican gallery.

<sup>2</sup> The name of the famous Castle of S. Elmo at Naples is a corruption of Sant’ Ermo, and not that of a local saint, as is often supposed.

<sup>3</sup> *Orlando*, iv.

Italy. Schellfels declares that the houses of Forli, Cesena, and Ravenna are visible from hence.

'Dante a certainement gravi le sommet de la Falterona ; c'est sur ce sommet, d'où l'on embrasse toute la vallée de l'Arno, qu'il faut lire la singulière imprécation que le poète a prononcée contre cette vallée tout entière. Il suit le cours du fleuve, et, en avançant, il marque tous les lieux qu'il rencontre d'une invective ardente. Plus il marche, plus sa haine redouble de violence et d'âpreté. C'est un morceau de topographie satirique dont je ne connais aucun autre exemple.'—*Ampère*.

Hence we may

'Pursue

The Arno from his birthplace in the clouds,  
So near the yellow Tiber's—springing up  
From his four fountains on the Apennine,  
That mountain-ridge a sea-mark to the ships  
Sailing on either sea. Downward he runs,  
Scattering fresh verdure through the desolate wild,  
Down by the City of the Hermits, and the woods  
That only echo to the choral hymn ;  
Then through these gardens to the Tuscan sea,  
Reflecting castles, convents, villages,  
And those great rivals in an elder day,  
Florence and Pisa.'—*Rogers' Italy*.

It is a most savage ride (or rather walk, for the path in places is most precipitous) of four hours from Camaldoli to Pratovecchio. The road to Pontassieve ascends by the fine old castle of Romena, where the poet visited his friend the Ghibelline chieftain, Count Alessandro da Romena. It is mentioned by Dante in the words of Maestro Adamo the coiner :—

'Ivi è Romena, là dov' io falsai  
La lega suggellata del Batista,  
Perch' io il corpo suso arso lasciai.'—*Inf.* xxx. 73.

Near this is the church where Landino, the first commentator of Dante, is shown as a mummified saint. Lovers of Dante will certainly seek for the *Fonte Branda*, a thread of water falling into a stone basin in a brick wall, which naturally, and not the fountain of Siena, is that alluded to by Maestro Adamo when, amid the torments of hell, he says

that he would rather see his tempters brought to the same suffering than be refreshed by the clear waters of his home.

‘Per Fonte Branda non darei la vista.’

Hence we look down upon the whole valley of the Casentino, and—

‘Li ruscelletti, che de’ verdi colli  
Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,  
Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli.’—*Inf.* xxx. 64.

Another castle in this neighbourhood, *Porciano*, was visited by Dante, who thence addressed a letter upbraiding the Florentines for resisting the Emperor—‘Scritta in Toscana sotto la fonte d’Arno, 11 Avrile, 1311.’

The drive from Pontassieve to Florence has much beauty, and skirts the windings of the Arno, lying in the low bed which Dante calls

‘La maladetta e sventurata fossa.’

It must have been from this road that Michelangelo, as he rode away to Rome for the building of S. Peter’s, turned round, and, beholding the dome of the cathedral in the grey of the morning, exclaimed, “Come te non voglio, meglio di te non posso.”

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